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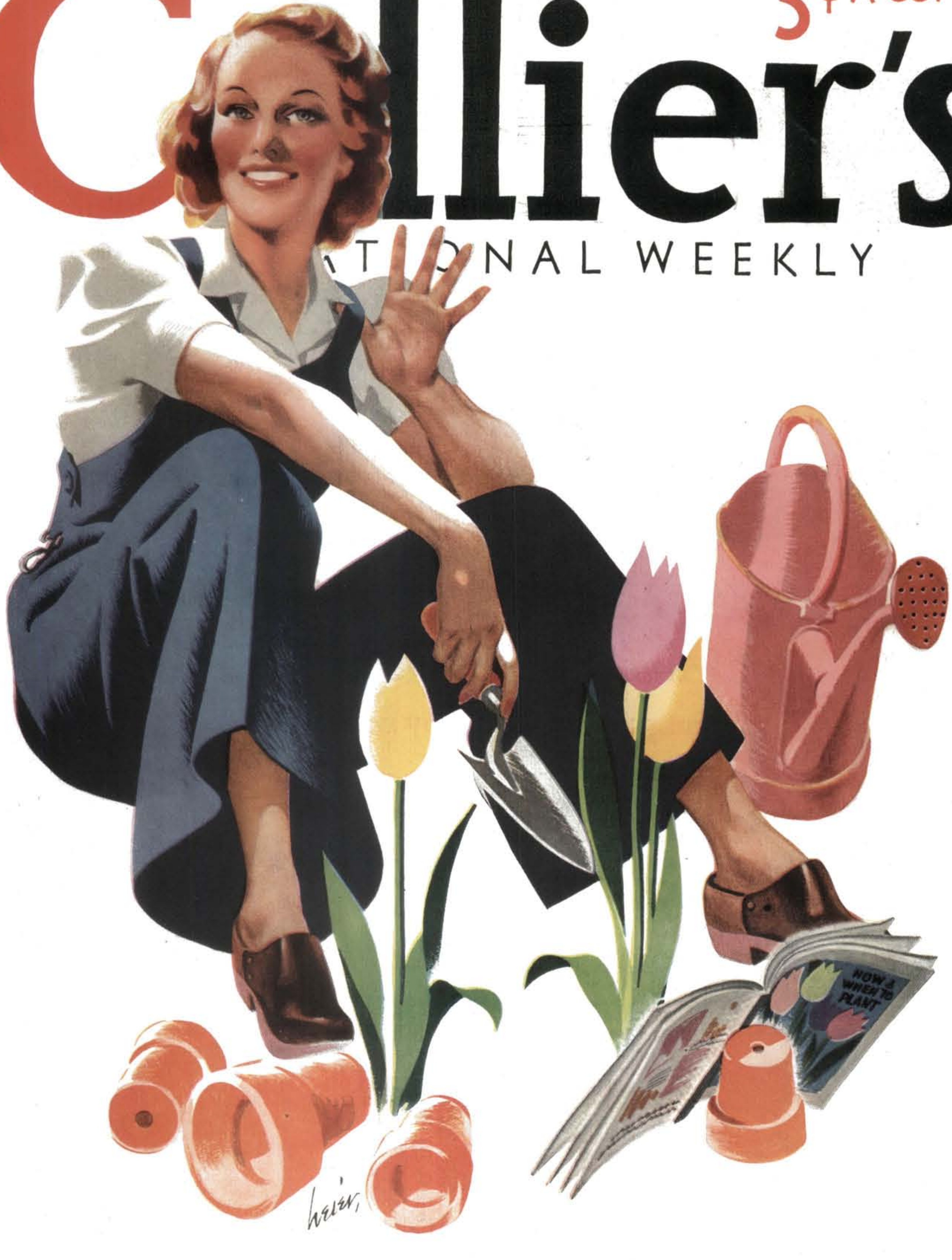
May 21, 1938

5¢ A COPY

C llier's

ATIONAL WEEKLY



BROTHER ORCHID By RICHARI

MRS J O MAJOR
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May 21, 1938

KENNETH ROBERTS

In drafting the manuscript of *Northwest Passage*, his great novel of French and Indian Wars and the gargantuan Major Robert Rogers, Kenneth Roberts wrote more than 2,000,000 words with his Parker Vacumatic; then rewrote and altered his rough draft to its final version of 300,000 words. The same unfailing pen helped Mr. Roberts create his famous portraits of Cap Huff and Benedict Arnold in *Arundel* and *Rabble In Arms*; of King Dick, Capt. Boyle and Daniel Marvin in *The Lively Lady* and *Captain Caution*.

North West Passage
Chapter I
back-yard statesmen
Rewrite the entire beginning
KENNETH ROBERTS
NORTHWEST PASSAGE

Above—Reproduction of page 1 of original manuscript of "Northwest Passage"

He wrote America's Best Seller

with America's Best-Selling Pen—

and you can get its Twin at any nearby Pen counter!

No payment has been or will be made to Mr. Roberts for the use of his name in this advertisement; and The Parker Pen Company, at his suggestion and to show its appreciation, will this summer provide funds to send a welfare worker with the Grenfell Mission to Labrador.

It has What It Takes to give men SECOND SIGHT, because it holds twice as much ink and shows when to refill—hence, writes years on end without running dry unexpectedly

Yes, people who have what it takes to win distinction, use the pen that has what it takes to speed them on their way.

That's because the revolutionary Parker Vacumatic won't short circuit the batteries of your brain by running dry just when your best ideas are coming thick and fast. Its transparent laminations let you see at all times how much ink you have to spare, so you can refill at any odd moment.

Its Scratch-proof Point is so utterly compliant to your hand that you figuratively write, as one delighted user says, "like a ball of fire,"—"more deftly and tirelessly than ever in my life," says another. And, mind you, this point of precious Platinum and Solid Gold is now tipped with genuine Osmiridium—twice as costly as ordinary iridium.

Not only a wholly original style (smart, exclusive laminated Pearl and Jet) but 30 years ahead in mechanism, too. A patented Diaphragm Filler eliminates rubber ink sacs, piston pumps—14 old-time parts—makes room for 102% more ink than even in our famous Duofold. All this with no increase in size. Hence its barrel is gracefully slenderized for restful balance not possible before with this extraordinary ink capacity.

See this pedigreed Beauty at any nearby pen counter. And look for the smart ARROW Clip—this identifies the genuine. The Parker Pen Co., New York, Chicago, San Francisco. Factories: Janesville, Wis., and Toronto, Can.

We recommend Quink, the new Pen-cleaning ink, for fountain pens of all makes. 15¢, 25¢ and up.

COPR. 1938, THE PARKER PEN CO.

Parker
VACUMATIC

New Jewel Case in stunning Jet Plastic with Gold trimming designed for Parker by one of America's leading Silversmiths, included with Parker Vacumatic Pen and Pencil Sets at $8.50, $11.25, $12.75 and $15.

PENS $5 $7.50 $8.75 $10

PARKER

Full **TELEVISION** *ink supply*

(Less than actual size)

HOLDS 102% MORE INK THAN OUR FAMOUS DUOFOLD

Parker

VACUMATIC REG. T.M.

GUARANTEED MECHANICALLY PERFECT

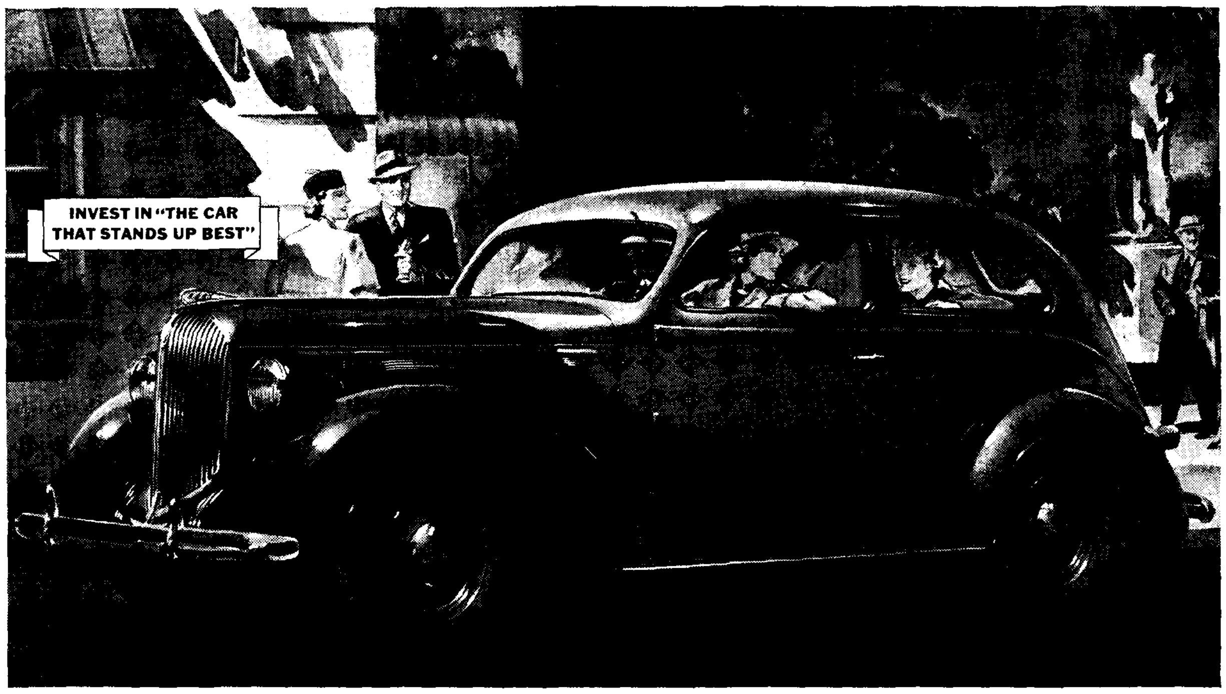
Junior or Juniorette, $5 • Standard or Slender Standard, $7.50 • Major, $8.75
Maxima or Senior Maxima, $10 • *Pencils to match, $3.50, $3.75, $4, $5*

THE NEW "ROADKING" RIDE IS THE SENSATION OF THE LOW-PRICE FIELD

☛ **Since you bought your last car there have been many improvements...**

☛ **Today's cars handle easier; have greater comfort, safety and economy.**

☛ **The leading lowest-priced cars cost about the same—but there are many important differences in engineering—advantages Plymouth alone offers. Find out about the new Plymouth today.**



PLYMOUTH "Roadking" $685
5-PASSENGER SEDAN

—"Detroit delivered price," including front and rear bumpers and bumper guards, spare wheel, tire and tube, foot control for headlight beam with indicator on instrument panel, ash-tray front and rear, sun visor, safety glass and big trunk space (19.3 cubic feet). Plymouth "Roadking" models start at $645; "De Luxe" models slightly higher. Plymouth prices INCLUDE ALL FEDERAL TAXES. State, local taxes not included. Convenient time payments.

BIGGEST OF THE 3 The Plymouth "Roadking" is by far the biggest and roomiest of the three leading lowest-priced cars—nearly 7" longer than one; more than 10" longer than the other. It has extra head room, leg room and shoulder room. The new Plymouth steers and handles easier—and has a sensational new ride that is absolutely amazing.

GREATER COMFORT This new Plymouth's "live" rubber body mountings block out road vibration. Big, airplane-type shock-absorbers soak up bumps, jolts. Noise is hushed with "radio studio" sound-proofing. Seats are "chair-high," deep-cushioned, restful.

FINER PERFORMANCE All Plymouth models have the big, 82-horsepower, "L-head" engine—giving *both* brilliant performance and outstanding economy. Owners report 18 to 24 miles per gallon of gasoline...and remarkably *low* oil consumption.

LOWER UPKEEP Plymouth's upkeep costs are considered the *lowest* of all low-priced cars. The new Plymouth alone offers you all these money-saving features . . . 4-ring pistons, silent, chain-driven camshaft, full-length water jackets, Hypoid rear axle, exhaust valve seat inserts, and the famous Plymouth Floating Power engine mountings.

MORE SAFETY The new Plymouth's double-action hydraulic brakes are the safest type made... the hand-brake is a completely separate system. Plymouth's all-steel body (completely rust-proofed) has a Safety Styled interior!

STANDS UP BEST Plymouth's better engineering has earned for Plymouth the reputation of "the car that stands up best!" Be sure to see and drive this big new Plymouth before you buy. Phone your nearby Plymouth dealer today. PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Michigan.

TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES' ORIGINAL AMATEUR HOUR, COLUMBIA NETWORK, THURS., 9-10 P. M., E. D. S. T.

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

THE "ROADKING"
THE "DE LUXE"

Collier's

May 21, 1938

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Next Week

RICHMOND swept by flames, its wrecked streets sprayed with lead from shells exploding in the arsenal; a howling mob sacking the capital of the dying Confederacy; the rumble and thud of advancing troops. And Chris Moltan, Colonel Moltan of the Confederate Army, swinging a saber in the swirling smoke in defense of a girl.

His enemy's sister, Peggy Blackfort. She was forbidden to speak to him. And the shadow of death changed nothing for the Blackforts. Clifford Dowdey takes you to witness dramatic scenes in a war-stricken city. The story is called "No More Cavaliers."

THE officer of the deck on the dirigible Macon when she plunged into the Pacific was Lieutenant George W. Campbell. The experience shook the lieutenant but not his faith in dirigibles. He believes they have a place, in peace and war, that no other form of aircraft can fill. Every year someone preaches a final funeral oration over them. But "They Won't Stay Down." As the German LZ-130 prepares for her first cruise across the Atlantic, Lieutenant Campbell explains the reasons for the continued use of the dirigible.

OLD man Dawson was always polite when he gave the boys a strapping. "Just try to modulate that awful howl a little," he would say. And Louie and Joey would try, because it was awfully embarrassing to go back to their seats after howling so loud. But neither strapping, embarrassment nor threat of reform school could keep them away from "The Circus." When it came to town Joey and Louie were there, from four-thirty in the morning until the truant officer caught up with them. The story is by William Saroyan.

QUENTIN REYNOLDS takes you to visit the most astounding of movie families, "The Amazing Selznicks." In their fortunes you will read the history of the industry.

IT WAS just too bad that the day when everything went wrong was also Bill Brophy's "Wedding Day." When you're supervisor in an airplane manufacturing plant you can't let trifling matters like a marriage interfere with your work. But try to explain that to a girl. Mr. Brophy's attempt is described by Hurd Barrett.

RICHARD SHERMAN, Dorothy Ducas, John Hawkins, Charles Moran, Colette, Ernest Haycox, Mignon G. Eberhart and others make contributions. Don't miss a bet.

●

This Week

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COVER HENRY HEIER

Any Week

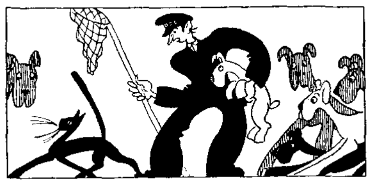
NO ONE we know of has given the problems of this country more concentrated thought than Mr. Fred Josephson of Washington, D. C., who reports: "What we need are a few old-fashioned politicians on the quarterdeck and bridge. The old boys weren't in the business of government for fun nor to experiment with slide rules and British theories. They were there to fill their pockets. And to fill their pockets they had to see to it that there was something to fill them with. And they did. As it is now . . ."

WE GOT to discussing Mr. Josephson's idea with one of Mr. Harry Hopkins' important assistants. He was inclined to agree—anyway, to the extent that relief should be on a dole basis and administered by municipal and state politicians. "As between work relief and the hand-out racket," said he, "I agree with the schoolboy who, when asked which was the more valuable, the sun or the moon, replied: 'Oh, the moon—sure.' When his teacher asked him why, he replied: 'The moon is more valuable because it shines at night when you need light.' "

WE PAUSE here to assure Mr. J. C. (Bill) Crosno of Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, that no one shudders harder than we when an injustice is done a hero or the honored name of a hero. In John T. Flynn's article occurred the sentence: "The only time Congressman Will Rogers had a real fight was when some fellow named Sam Houston ran against him." Mr. Crosno advises us that the "some fellow named Sam Houston" is the grandson of General Sam Houston. We had intended to say no more than that, but, having asked several young people we met to identify General Sam, we find that we must go farther and explain that the general was the intrepid soldier who wrenched Texas loose from Mexico, the first President of Texas and later its governor. It's a nasty situation when an important person like Mr. Flynn can dismiss so illustrious a name as Houston so lightly. But there is probably some sort of a moral in the fact that several of those young folks we interviewed got the general all mixed up with John Brown (whose body we celebrate), the movies and the Chicago Black Sox scandal.

AND Mr. Robert Thompson of St. Paul, Minnesota, notifies us that there is scarcely a whole suspender on the farms of North Dakota and Minnesota. As we understand it potato growers in Hawaii looked the world over a few years ago for seed that would thrive best on their island. After much research they found such seed potatoes in North Dakota and Minnesota. Subsequently, to those two states came Mr. Henry Wallace's crop limitation program. And very recently to the hungry populaces of St. Paul and Minneapolis came several carloads of Hawaiian potatoes. It was then that suspenders began popping like machine guns, several innocent bystanders, including representatives of the United States Department of Agriculture, being severely wounded by the flying buttons and buckles.

WHILE the rest of us were writing telegrams, holding our breath, wringing our hands, rushing the children into bombproof cellars and moving to Canada lest Congress pass the reorganization bill, thereby reducing this country to a jungle status, Los Angeles was even more terrified. Its city government was in the throes of a dog and cat quarantine upheaval. Howls from dog and cat owners were even louder than the cries of their darlings. Until the dog catchers said they'd have nothing to do with cat catching and anyway nobody could catch a cat. So the best minds of Los Angeles decided to go after the dogs and the hell with cats. And it wasn't until after that decision that it was discovered that the National House of Representatives had saved us all from going to the dogs. All this comes from Miss Caroline Beranger of Hollywood.



ONE of our favorite politicians is the Honorable Alfalfa Bill Murray of Oklahoma. Another admirer of Mr. Murray is Mrs. Mary S. Terrance of Tulsa. She says that a delegation of Mexican politicos sought out Mr. Murray, bent, for some reason, on convincing him that Mexico had done a very wise thing in expropriating those oil fields. "With this oil," they told Mr. Murray, "Mexico can do anything. We are strong. Now we can attempt anything without fear." And the gallant Mr. Murray replied:

"SO? TRY eating it." W. D.

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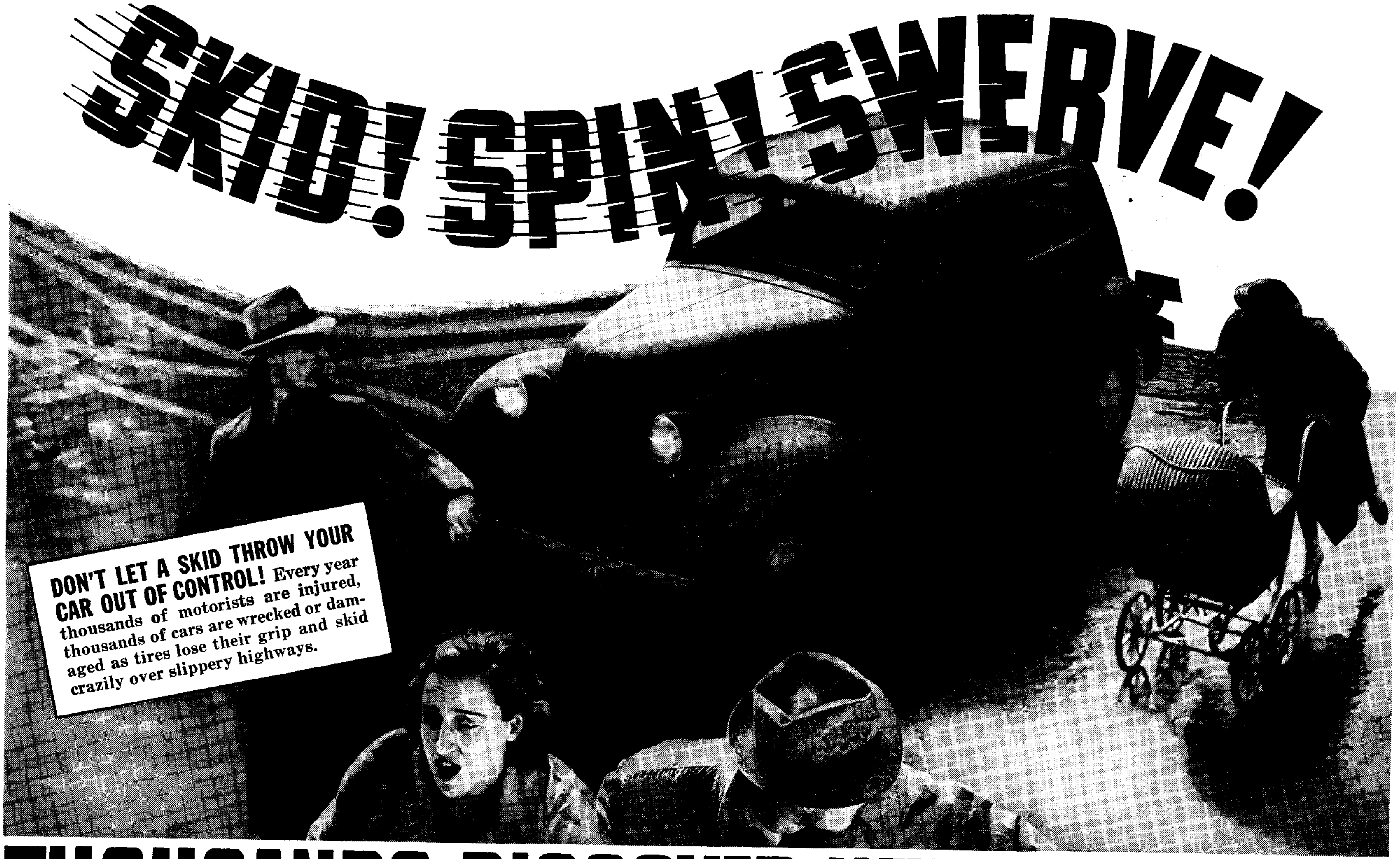
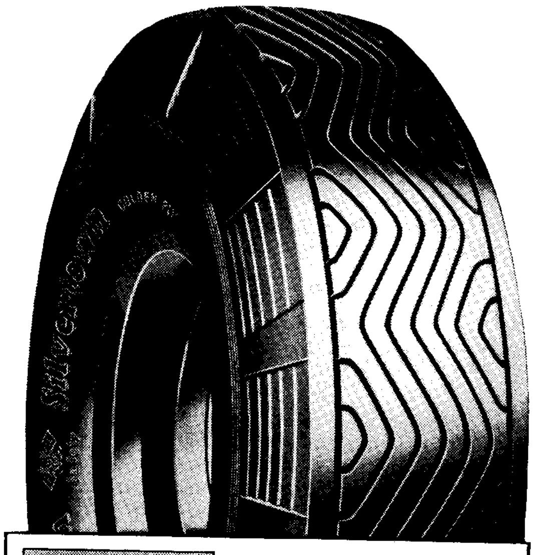
SKID! SPIN! SWERVE!

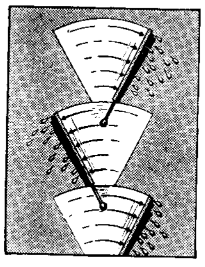


DON'T LET A SKID THROW YOUR CAR OUT OF CONTROL! Every year thousands of motorists are injured, thousands of cars are wrecked or damaged as tires lose their grip and skid crazily over slippery highways.

THOUSANDS DISCOVER NEW TIRE SAFETY

Read Why This New Kind of Tire Will Give You The Quickest Non-Skid Stops You've Ever Seen!





LIFE-SAVER TREAD ACTS LIKE A BATTERY OF WINDSHIELD WIPERS. Just look at the row upon row of never-ending spiral bars in this new Life-Saver Tread. Then you'll understand why it acts like a battery of windshield wipers, sweeps the water right and left, forces it out through the deep grooves, making a DRY TRACK for the rubber to grip.

IT'S *here to save your life!* It's here to give you the greatest protection you've ever had on any road, wet or dry—curved or straight!

That's because the new Goodrich Safety Silvertown has the amazing Life-Saver Tread which produces a *road-drying action* that stops you *quicker, safer* on wet roads than you've ever stopped before—protects you against the "hazard zone" of motoring.

At the first sign of a skid the never-ending spiral bars of this flatter, broader Life-Saver Tread sweep into action and, like a battery of windshield-wipers, create a *dry track* under your car—give you a "toe hold" grip on wet, slippery roads.

On dry roads, too, this streamlined Goodrich Silvertown will bring you a new feeling of security the way it hugs curves and gives a smoother, more comfortable ride at all speeds.

Golden Ply Blow-Out Protection, Too

It's a life-saver—and that "goes double." Because Silvertowns are also the *only* tires in the world that give you the vital blow-out protection of the famous Golden Ply.

Before you hear the ear-splitting BANG! of a dangerous high-speed blow-out—*before* you experience that "pit-of-the-stomach" feeling that comes when a skid zig-zags your car wildly over a wet, glassy road—stop at any Goodrich dealer or Goodrich Silvertown Store for these long-mileage, life-saving tires. Treat yourself to Goodrich *two way* protection against SKIDS and BLOW-OUTS—*at no extra cost!*

Read the Report from America's Largest Independent Testing Laboratory

"BOTH regular, and also the premium-priced tires of America's six largest tire manufacturers were submitted to a series of exhaustive road tests made over a three months' period by us, to determine their resistance to skidding and wear, with the following results:

"NON-SKID—The new Goodrich Silvertown with the Life-Saver Tread gave greater skid resistance than any other tire tested, including those tires listed at from 40% to 70% higher in price.

"MILEAGE—The Goodrich Silvertown gave more non-skid mileage than any of the other tires tested in its own price range—averaged 19.1% more miles before the tires wore smooth.

"BLOW-OUT PROTECTION—Despite the severe nature of these tests, no Silvertown blew out, or failed from any cause, while two tires of other makes failed."

PITTSBURGH TESTING LABORATORY

The new Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown

SKID PROTECTION OF LIFE-SAVER TREAD ◆ GOLDEN PLY BLOW-OUT PROTECTION

MANY A MAN MAKES THIS BIG MISTAKE

I used to be invited everywhere. Then gradually people quit asking me. It had me puzzled.

My girl (do you like her?) began to act distant, too. Once she showed me a Listerine ad and asked me if I had read it. I muffed that one.

The boss got tough, too. 'You're not getting in to see the big shots the way you used to,' he said, 'what's the trouble?'

That jolted me. I tried to explain but there wasn't any explanation. What he said was true.

Then on Valentine's Day I got one of those ridiculous comics we kids used to send.

—and boy, did I get a laugh! This is what it said:
'You might be welcome every day
If you would keep your breath okay.'

'Some wisecracker has been reading the ads and is trying to get my goat,' I told myself—then I turned it over.

'You may think this is a joke,' was written in a bold hand, 'but it is far from it. Take this hint for your own good.' It was signed—'A Friend.'

I tried to laugh it off, but I couldn't—that note was in earnest. I hated to think that such a hint was necessary—but, mister, I took it.

Evelyn and I are engaged. Things are getting better at the office, too. What a chump a fellow is not to take precautions against halitosis.

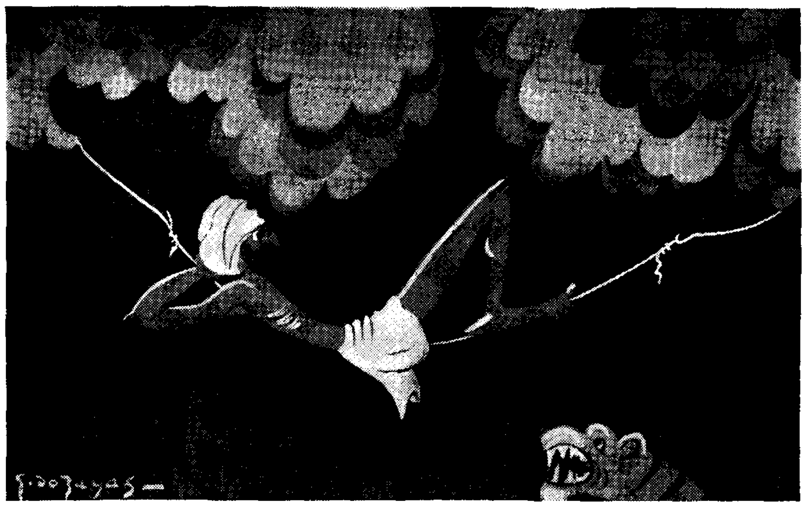
You may take it for granted that your breath is agreeable, *but is it?* How do you know at this moment that it is not offensive to others? The insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath) is that you yourself never know when you have it. And even your best friend won't tell you.

Everyone is likely to have halitosis at some time or other. Ninety per cent of cases, says one dental authority, are due to fermentation of bits of food particles skipped by the tooth brush and left clinging to mouth surfaces.

A quick, safe way to guard against unpleasant breath is to rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic. Listerine quickly halts fermentation and checks the odors it causes. When you wish to put yourself on the safe side, do not trust to ordinary mouth washes which may be devoid of deodorant power. Use only Listerine Antiseptic.

Lambert Pharmacal Co., *St. Louis, Mo.*

Before any appointment use* LISTERINE *to end Halitosis (Bad Breath)



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

India contains many Hindu ascetics who live on a wire in order to attain spiritual perfection. Having renounced all earthly desires and pursuits, they spend virtually every waking hour lying on a slack wire hung between two trees in a forest.

Fox-hunting conditions now can be determined scientifically by a scentometer that analyzes the many meteorological factors controlling the diffusion of scent. First, five concentric dials are set for temperature, humidity, amount of cloud and the direction and velocity of the wind. Then numerical values, between two parallel wires, are added and "the sum represents the percentage of scent to be expected within the next few hours."

To prevent the use of the "Personal" columns of London newspapers for espionage activity, Scotland Yard reads every one for a possible hidden message. Not long ago one seemingly innocent advertisement, using the name and address of a real firm, was found to be a clever note from one spy to another. After every other word had been deleted, it read: "Send reports of new engine and performance details to Blank Street."

The largest national flag in history, so far as is known, is one of the Stars and Stripes, made by a New York company for a Detroit department store in 1923. This flag, which cost $2,700, is more than 20,700 square feet in area.

Some persons become very seasick by merely standing on the deck of a vessel that, lying in the still water and tied to a pier, has no perceptible motion.

Glamis Castle in Glamis, Scotland, the former home of the present Queen Elizabeth of England and that of her ancestors since the 14th century, has contained for several hundred years a mysterious walled-up room whose story is told only to each succeeding heir on his 21st birthday. Many of them have promised to divulge this secret when they learned it. But none have ever done so and several have been morbidly affected by it for the rest of their lives.

One of the most dangerous places for fish is in the Pacific Ocean, off the coast of South America, where the cold Peruvian current from the south meets the warm "El niño" current from the north. Millions of fish are killed here annually, as they swim from one current to the other, by the sudden change in temperature.—*By Bob Musel, New York City.*

Six counties of this country—Cook in Illinois, Los Angeles in California, Philadelphia in Pennsylvania, Wayne in Michigan, New York in New York and Cuyahoga in Ohio—contain one tenth of the population of the United States and produce one fourth of the business pay roll.—*By Helen Rennicker, New York City.*

During the past 250 years in many churches in Dresden, Germany, operas have been sung, symphony concerts have been played and orchestras have even accompanied the choirs. The custom, started by Augustus II, came to an end only a few weeks ago, although for generations many worshipers have felt that drums and cornets sounded incongruous in church music.

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"SIS SAYS SHE'S OUT!"

DON'T LET "5 O'clock Shadow" GET YOU A COOL RECEPTION

If she's out to you when she's in to others – perhaps "5 O'Clock Shadow" is to blame. No woman likes that messy beard growth which appears prematurely in late afternoon . . . Gem Razor's scientifically built bevel head gets the beard at skin level; the 50% thicker Gem Blade, stropped 4840 times to super-sharpness, leaves behind not the slightest trace of whiskers! Be clean all day the Gem way!

FREE TRIAL OFFER!

The most amazing offer Gem ever made! You get chrome-plated Gem Razor – 5 Gem Blades plus 2 *Free Trial Blades* – 1938 washable streamlined case – all for 69¢! Use the 2 trial blades! If you don't get the world's best shaves, you get your money back! Get yours today!

Gem Div., Amer. Safety Razor Corp.

69¢ SPECIAL
AT ALL DEALERS
GEM

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GEM MICROMATIC RAZOR *and* BLADES

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And the Mimeograph is an efficient servant to both. It may be a much more personal thing to you than you have ever imagined—a direct or indirect contributor to your welfare, usefulness, and happiness. It is sometimes a wonderment to us that so many women are important factors in Mimeograph service and enthusiastic users of the complete process. We are proud of this gracious approbation. And that is one good reason why our new Mimeograph 100 has been made a thing of beauty and simple operation. It was designed to be the finest device ever developed for the speedy and impressive duplication of typing, line drawings, forms, etc.—and is accepted as such by unnumbered thousands of men and women who help do the work of the world. For full particulars write A. B. Dick Company, Chicago, or see classified telephone book for local address.

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Brother Orchid

By Richard Connell

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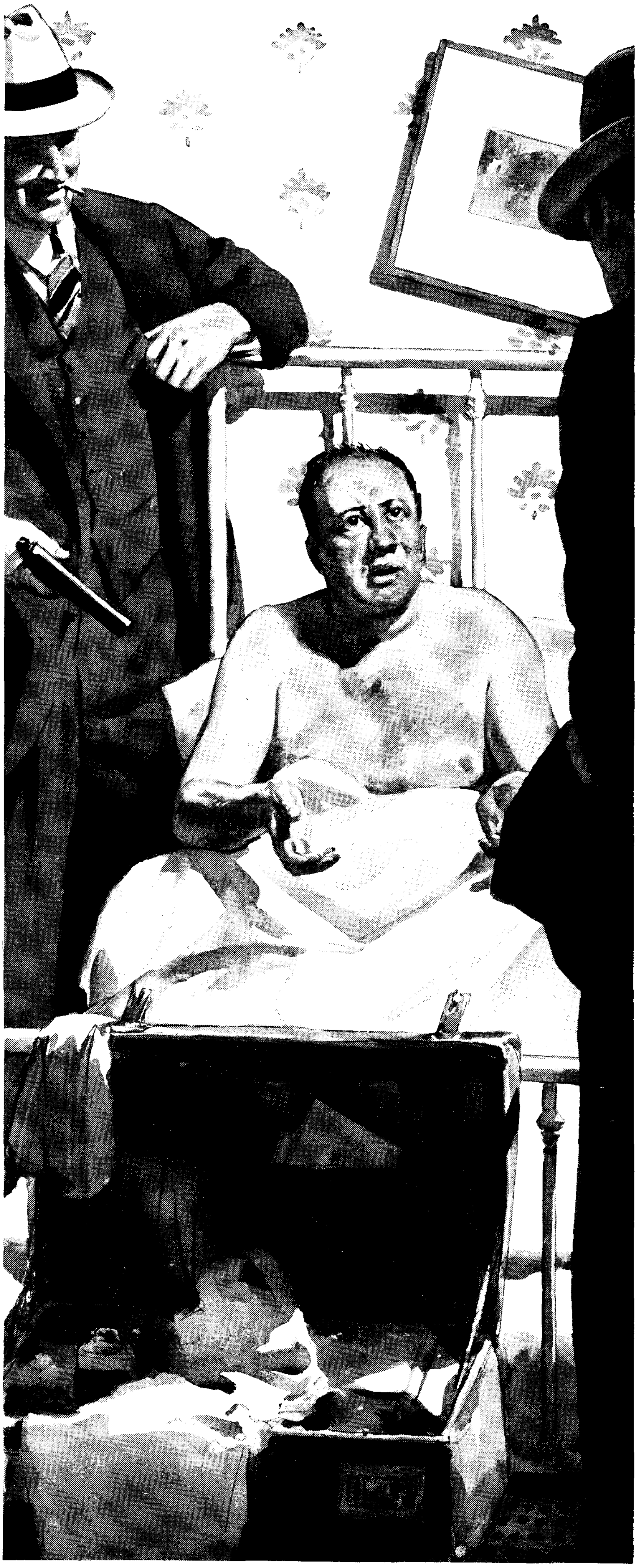


"Listen, fellas," said Little John, "if I get a break you get five grand." "Got it on you, darling?" asked the freckled man

"BE SMART," the warden said. "Go straight."

A grin creased the leather face of Little John Sarto.

"I *am* goin' straight," he said. "Straight to Chi."

"I wouldn't if I were you, Sarto."

"Why not? I owned that burg once. I'll own it again."

"Things have changed in ten years."

"But not me," said Little John. "I still got what it takes to be on top."

"You didn't stay there," the warden observed.

"I got framed," Sarto said. "Imagine shovin' me on the rock on a sissy income-tax rap!"

"It was the only charge they could make stick," the warden said. "You were always pretty slick, Sarto."

"I was, and I am," said Little John.

The warden frowned. "Now look here, Sarto. When a man has done his time and I'm turning him loose, I'm supposed to give him some friendly advice. I do it, though I know that in most cases it's a farce. You'd think men who'd done a stretch here in Alcatraz ought to have a sneaking notion that crime does not pay; but while I'm preaching my little sermon I see a faraway look in their eyes and I know they're figuring out their next bank job or snatch."

"Don't class me with them small-time heisters and petty-larceny yeggs," said Little John. "I'm a born big shot."

"You're apt to die the same way," said the warden dryly.

"That's okay, net, by me," said Little John. "When I peg out I want to go with fireworks, flowers and bands; but you'll have a beard to your knees before they get out the last extra on Little John Sarto. I got a lot of livin' to do first: I got to wash out the taste of slum with a lakeful of champagne, and it'll take half the blondes in the Loop to make me forget them nights in solitary. But most of all I got to be myself again, not just a number. For every order I've took here on the rock, I'm goin' to give two. I'm goin' to see guys shiver and jump when I speak. I've played mouse long enough. Watch me be a lion again."

The warden sighed. "Sarto," he said, "why don't you play it safe? Stay away from Chicago. Settle in some new part of the country. Go into business. You've got brains and a real gift for organization. You ran a big business once—"

"Million a month, net," put in Sarto.

"And you're only forty-six and full of health," the warden went on. "You can still make a fresh start."

"Using what for wampum?" asked Little John.

"You've got plenty salted away."

Sarto laughed a wry laugh.

"I got the ten bucks, and the ticket back to Chi, and this frowsy suit the prison gimme, and that's all I got," he said.

"Don't tell me you're broke!"

"Flat as a mat," said Little John. "I spent it like I made it—fast. A king's got to live like a king, ain't he? When I give a dame flowers, it was always orchids. My free-chow bill ran to a grand a week. They called me a public enemy but they treated me like a year-round Sandy Claws. . . . But I ain't worryin'. I was born broke. I got over it."

A PRISON guard came in to say that the launch was ready to take Sarto to the mainland.

"Well, goodby, Warden," said Sarto jauntily. "If you ever get to Chi gimme a buzz. I'll throw a party for you."

"Wait a minute," said the warden. "I can't let you go till I make one last attempt to start you on the right track. I know a man who'll give you a job. He runs a big truck farm and—"

He stopped, for Sarto was shaking with hoarse laughter.

"Me a rube?" Little John got out. "Me a bodyguard to squashes? Warden, the stir-bugs has got you."

"It's a chance to make an honest living."

"Save it for some cluck that would feel right at home livin' with turnips," Sarto said. "I got other plans."

The siren on the launch gave an impatient belch.

"So long, Warden," said Little John. "I won't be seein' you."

"You're right there," the warden said.

Sarto's face darkened at the words. "Meanin' Chi might be bad for my health?"

"I've heard rumors to that effect," replied the warden.

"I've heard 'em for years," said Little John. "They're a lotta rat spit. Plenty guys has talked about what they was goin' to do to me. I always sent flowers to their funerals—you heard about that." He chuckled.

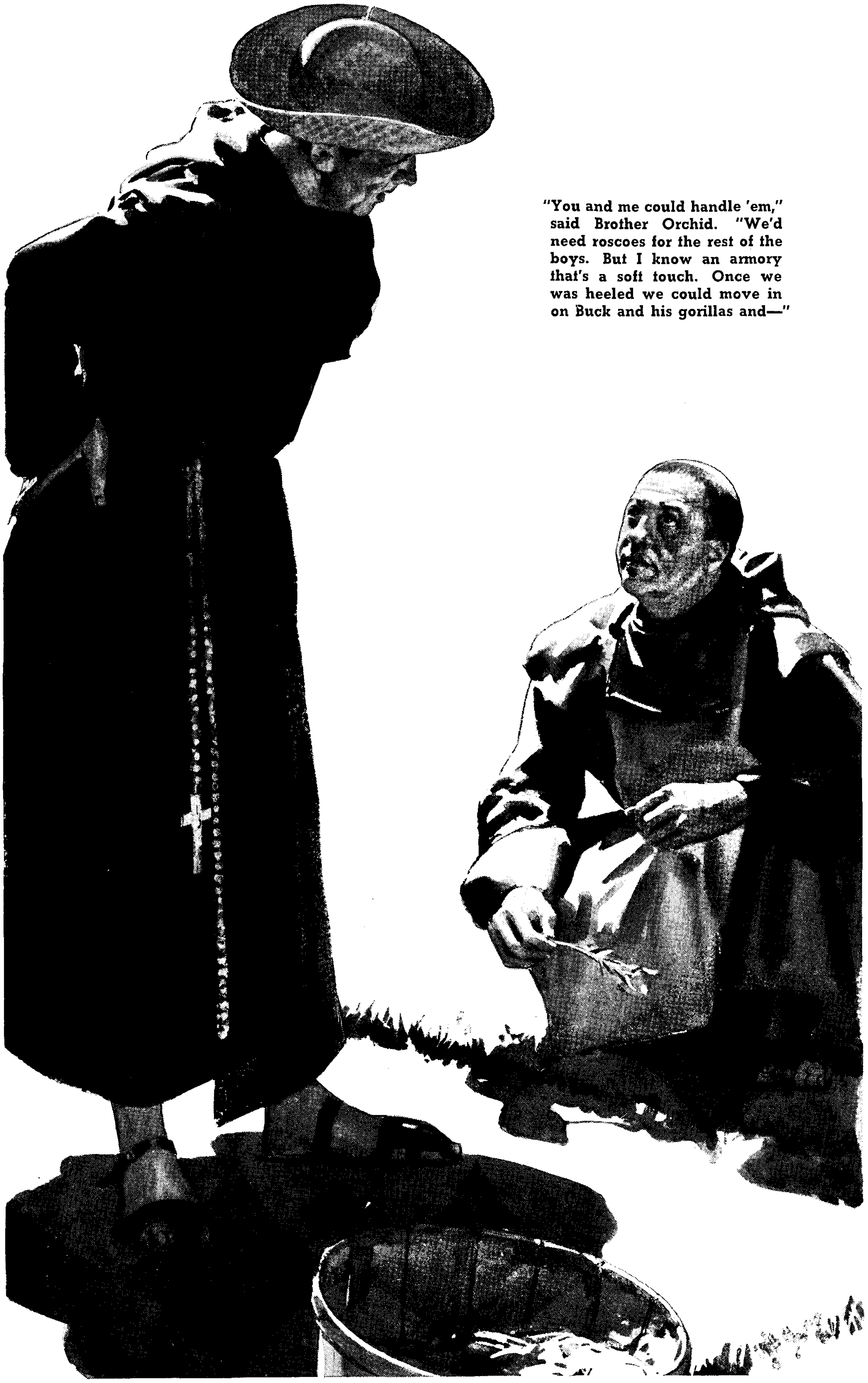
"A big heart of forget-me-nots with 'Sorry, Pal' in white orchids on it."

"All right, wise guy," the warden said. "Go to Chicago. The sooner you get rubbed out the better for everybody. You're no good and you never will be."

"Atta clown," said Little John Sarto. "Always leave 'em laughin' when you say goodby."

Laughing, he started out toward the big gray gate.

Deep in the woods in an out-of-the-world corner of Michigan, squat, unkempt Twin Pine Inn hides itself. It was silent that summer night, and dark save for a single window in the taproom. Behind the customerless bar, Fat Dutchy was drinking his fourth rock-and-rye.



"You and me could handle 'em," said Brother Orchid. "We'd need roscoes for the rest of the boys. But I know an armory that's a soft touch. Once we was heeled we could move in on Buck and his gorillas and—"

"Stick 'em up. This is a heist."

The voice, low and with a snarl in it, came from the doorway behind him. Up went Fat Dutchy's hands.

"Easy with the rod," he whimpered. "There ain't a sawbuck in the joint."

"Not like the good old days," the voice said.

Dutchy turned his head. Little John Sarto was standing there with nothing more lethal in his hand than a big cigar. Dutchy blinked and goggled.

"Well, grease ball, do I look funny?" Sarto demanded.

"No—no—boss, you ain't changed a bit."

"I don't change," Sarto said. "Gimme a slug of bourbon."

Fat Dutchy sloshed four fingers of whisky into a glass. His hand trembled. Liquor splashed on the bar.

"What you got the jits about?" asked Sarto.

"You gimme a turn comin' in like you was a ghost or sumpin'," said Fat Dutchy. He wiped sweat from his mottled jowls with the bar rag. Sarto gulped his drink.

"Business bad, eh?"

"It ain't even bad, boss. It just ain't."

"Cheer up, pig puss. You'll soon be scoffin' filly miggnons smothered with century notes," Sarto said. "I'm back."

FAT DUTCHY rubbed his paunch and looked unhappily at the floor.

"Things is different," he said.

Sarto banged his glass down on the bar.

"If one more lug tells me that, I'll kick his gizzard out," he said. "Now, listen. I'm holin' up here till I get my bearin's. Soon as I get things set, I'm goin' to town. But first I gotta contact some of the boys."

Fat Dutchy played nervously with the bar rag.

"Gimme another slug," Sarto ordered. "I got a ten-year thirst."

Fat Dutchy poured out the drink. Again his shaking hands made him spill some of it.

"Here's to me," said Sarto, and drank. "Now, listen: I want you to pass the office along to certain parties that I'm here and want to see 'em, pronto. For a starter, get in touch with Philly Powell, Ike Gelbert, Ouch O'Day, Willie the Knife, Benny Maletta, French Frank, Hop Latzo, Al Muller and that fresh kid that was so handy with a tommy gun—"

"Jack Buck?"

"Yeah. I may need a torpedo. When I fell out, he had the makin's of a good dropper. So get that phone workin', lard head—you know where they hang out."

"Sure," said Fat Dutchy. He held up his hand and ticked off names on his thick fingers.

"Ike Gelbert and Al Muller is in the jug doin' life jolts," he said. "Philly Powell and French Frank was crossed out right at this bar. Ouch O'Day throwed an ing-bing and was took to the fit house; the G-boys filled Benny Maletta with slugs and sent Willie the Knife to the hot squat; I dunno just where Hop Latzo is but I've heard talk he's at the bottom of Lake Mich in a barrel of concrete. So outa that lot there's only Jack Buck left and I don't guess you wanna see him—"

"Why not?"

"He's growed up," said Fat Dutchy. "He's the loud noise now. What rackets there is, Jack Buck's got 'em in his pocket."

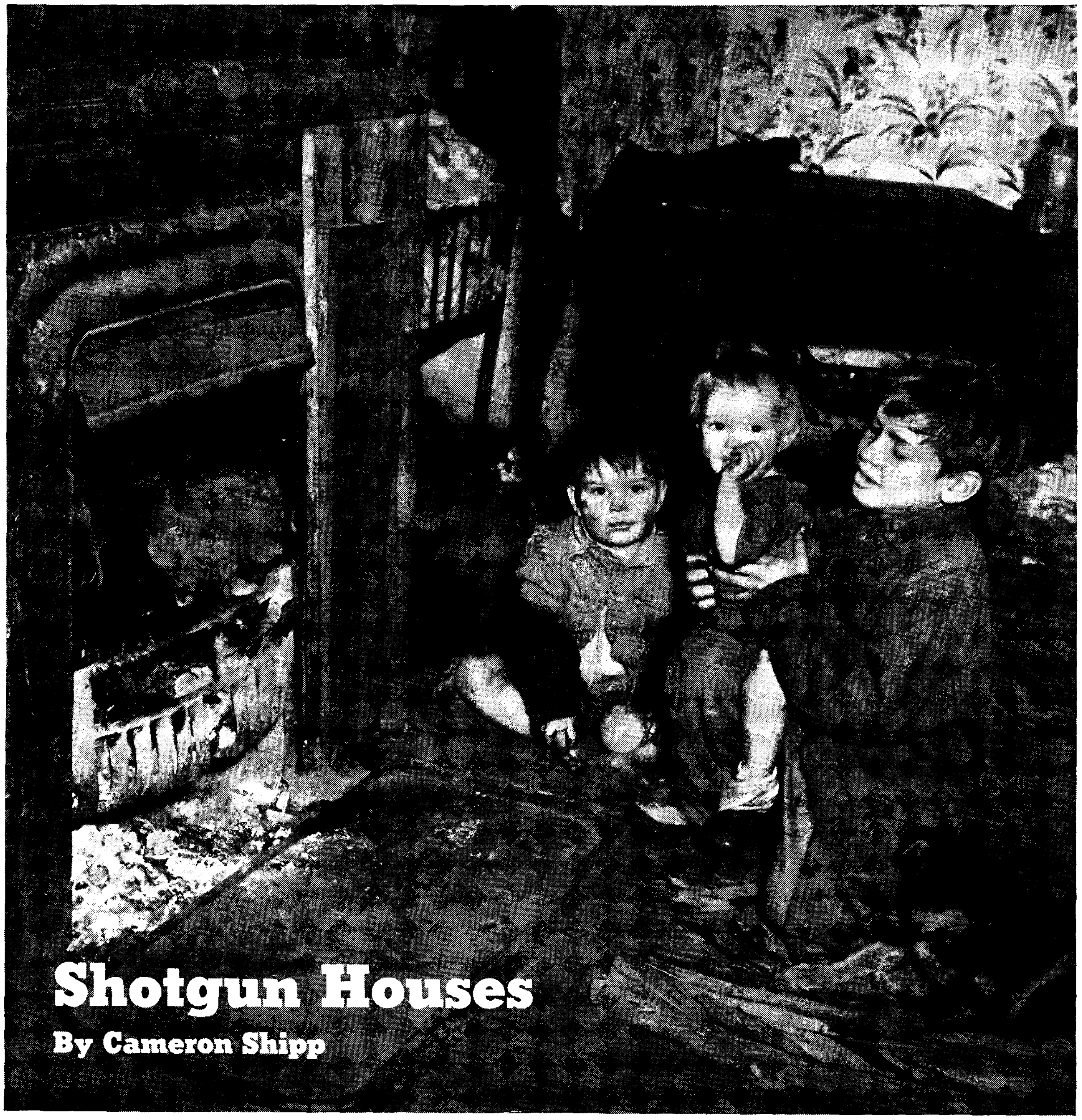
"I'll whittle him down to his right size," said Sarto.

"Jack's in strong. He's waitin' for you, boss, and he ain't foolin'. The boys tell me it's worth three G's to the guy that settles you."

(*Continued on page 73*)

Shotgun Houses

By Cameron Shipp



BLACK STAR

The vastly overcrowded, two- to four-room shacks called "shotgun houses" are usually heated by a single fireplace

Mary and Joe and their four children sleep, cook, live and entertain in two dingy rooms. Rent—two dollars a week. And all the millions we have spent for slum clearance can't help

WE CALL them shotgun houses in the South because there's a theory, supported by the most graphic sort of evidence in the houses themselves, that the landlords built them by shooting double-barreled charges of nails at piles of old lumber, then tossing on shingles during a high wind. Another theory is that a blast from a 20-gauge would collapse a slum dwelling in any local Black Bottom or Skeeter Hollow in one rattle of old clapboard.

That goes for New Orleans, where the shotgun houses are humped in the rear like camel backs and are made of cypress to last forever; for Memphis, where rattle-tangle shanties sprawl along the bluff of the Mississippi; for Charleston, where the slums look so romantic that etchers and arty photographers find them as profitable as the grilled iron gates of the fine families.

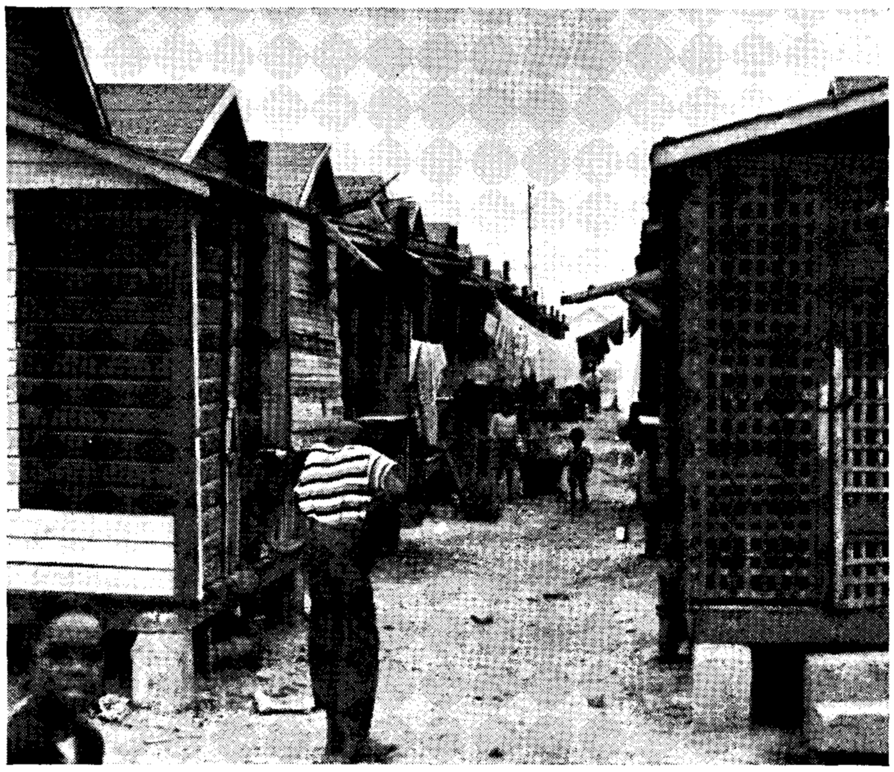
This is a story about the just-discovered Southern slums, where one third of the Confederacy lives (no mansions, no faithful old darkies or mint-sprigged juleps here), and that's the squalid part of it. And about some scandalous twenty per cent profits the landlords make on wretchedness, some lordly politics after the Southern manner, and about the magnificent puttering of the New Deal in slum clearance projects that, after spending $28,000,000 from your taxes, has yet to put a slum dweller in a new house. That's the funny part. Tragic, if you will.

You might live in a Southern city for many years without noticing slums that are as wretched and disease-ridden as any lower East Side tenement ever was, or you might do as I did, take an air liner above the flat, pale green and clay of the Southeast from North Carolina to Louisiana without seeing a shotgun house. You'd see a water-color kind of country cut by tan rivers and gashed red by soil erosion. You might note from the air some few share-cropper shambles and some good, broad farms, and in the cities you might feel romantic about the decay of historical mansions now operated as dejected boardinghouses. But you wouldn't see the slums, more than likely, because these disreputable dwellings are either on the other side of the tracks where you wouldn't go, or are crouched so closely under the shadows of the city hall that you wouldn't notice. Fact is, the South has only recently become aware of them after half a century and is wondering, with considerable hullabaloo and argument, what to do about it.

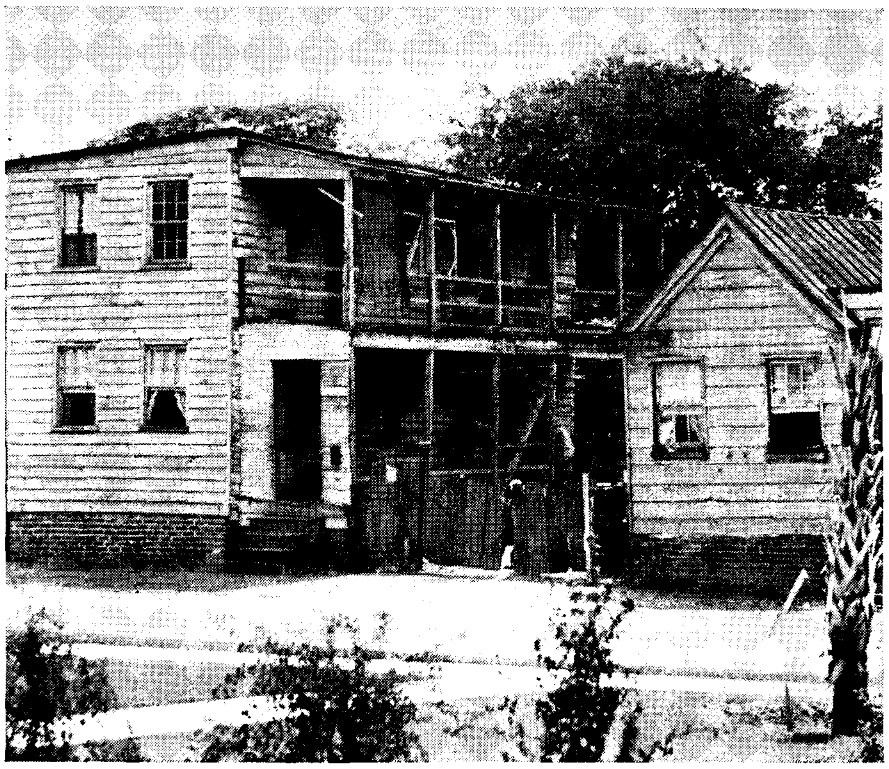
We'll drop out of the air on Charlotte and inspect some shotgun houses. We find most of them in communities known as Black Bottom, Blue Heaven and Skeeter Hollow, along the creeks and behind the factories.

Mary and Joe Black, whose grandparents were slaves, live in one of the thousand little slum houses owned by the president of a country club. They pay two dollars a week rent and their address is Black Bottom—that's at the foot of the hill topped by the gay and odorous Blue Heaven. Theirs is one of the two-room houses sprawling across a soupy creek of excrement and chemicals. The house is about twenty years old. The roof is partly covered with gnarled, curled-up shingles that rattle off in small winds. Sideboards fly loose like the ribs of a carcass.

Mary and Joe and their four children sleep, cook, live and entertain in their two rooms. They fetch their water from a spigot attached to an outdoor toilet twenty yards away. The same spigot and toilet serve four houses, or about twenty persons. In the winter—and never believe that the South is all sun and mammy songs—both toilet and spigot freeze and about two thousand Negroes make what use they can of the creek.



GLOBE



Above, left: A "street" in Florida's Negro settlement. The present method of resettlement can't help them

Above, right: In front of the yard of Meeting Street Court, for whites, stand the shacks of Charleston Negroes

Left: Meeting Street Manor, Charleston, defeats the purpose for which it was built. Slum dwellers can't afford it

They light their home by kerosene lamps and heat it with a small fireplace or a tin stove. Like other slum houses, this one has no screens, for there is no city ordinance that requires them. A few shotgun houses have electricity, but inquiries at electrical inspectors' offices always revealed that they'd prefer they didn't—the wiring is invariably so bad that the threat of a holocaust, sweeping up little pine houses in one hot breath, is a constant one. No fire truck could reach Black Bottom, for it has neither streets nor sidewalks.

Joe and Mary live there happily enough, after the fashion of their kind, unaware that a few people consider them a grave social and economic problem. They are beset only by the rent man.

If Joe has been solacing himself with rotgut again and is currently sweating it out on the chain gang, Mary stretches her four-dollar-a-week salary as a cook a little leaner for fatback, greens and cornmeal, and takes another ten-cent chance on the butter-and-egg numbers racket. The rent man will be around Saturday, and the rent man always gets his money. Likely as not, this collector is also a deputy sheriff, for convenience, but it doesn't really matter. If the money isn't on the barrel head, eviction is merely a matter of his saying the word. The Southern Negro hasn't learned even the rudiments of dodging the rent. He pays because the white man tells him to pay. Where he gets the cash is no concern of the president of the country club.

Not all of Charlotte's slums are segregated in robustly named hollows, nor are they so segregated everywhere else in the South. The shotgun houses teeter uphill from creeks and cringe against the gates of the best manors of the city, and under the shadows of the new and unpaid-for courthouse and municipal building. Not far from a utility office I struck a match in a tin-plated hut to see a black child coughing out her life with tuberculosis. This was the Dying Place. The Negroes laugh, unreal about such things, and pay seventy-five cents a week for the house. Old and helpless people creep there when other rents become too steep.

Profits from Filth and Squalor

Most of the slums in this city are old, more than twenty years, perhaps, and only a handful are relatively new despite a pressing housing shortage. This is because a city council of a decade ago became housing-conscious and decreed that all future dwellings must be equipped with inside toilets and running water, and must also conform to certain safety requirements.

This humanitarian gesture bothered the twenty-per-cent landlords not at all. They built no more. They patched up the spider-legged shotguns from time to time in so far as was necessary to keep them from falling down, and houses that were intended for four persons now commonly accommodate ten or fourteen.

Retroactive ordinances and condemnatory proceedings are obviously the idealistic imaginings of women's clubs and crusading newspapers. The same landlords who own the shotguns also own the factories, the big stores, the best law practices and the most councilmen.

Perhaps you question the twenty per cent profit. Well, it often goes even higher. The value of a shotgun house is hard to estimate, for they are commonly traded, sold in blocks, or swapped for other real estate. But a handsome figure would be $400, and a minimum rent would be $2 a week. That figures a $104-a-year return, or twenty-six per cent. Taxes are negligible. Upkeep is nothing. And collections are as certain as that the next mayor will be a Democrat.

These notes on North Carolina's Queen City, "The Friendly City," which holds a world record for churchgoing, are nothing peculiar. The shotgun houses are the residences of one third of the population between Baltimore and New Orleans, and whether they are examined in a Tennessee mountain hamlet or in the fish-head filth of Charleston's back alleys, they are virtually the same. The problem of where to keep the Negroes and po' white trash is about the same, and, with some admirable exceptions, the attitude of the master classes is fundamentally the same: Don't those Yankees know that if we'd put such people in nice houses they'd break out the windows and tear off the roof inside of a week? I found that "shotgun house" is a precise term, used everywhere.

In New Orleans they have a variety called camel backs. The shotguns of Louisiana Avenue, the Irish Channel and the *Vieux Carré* were built by landlords who schemed a scheme to escape part of their taxes and make their slums last forever. To accomplish the first, they built the little houses, row on row, back to back, one story high on the street, two stories high in the rear. There's the camel hump. To insure durability, they used cypress from the Louisiana swamps.

Most of the 168,000 slum dwellers of New Orleans' 502,000 population live in the camel backs—and they have other peculiarities besides the hump. The camel rears against a device of bawdy ingenuity, the two-story outdoor privy.

This thing rises behind each house and serves four families, for the camel backs are split in the middle, lengthwise. Ground-floor residents hurry across the back yard. Upstairs people trot across a plank.

Sweetening New Orleans

New Orleans is probably the most surveyed city in the South, but with all its able local enthusiasts it has done nothing about its slums. The city was founded in 1718, laid out on a plan by Engineers de la Tour and Pauger, in 1850 engineers named Pilis and d'Hemecourt drew some pictures. Since then, scores of boards and zoning experts have had sessions at New Orleans, and today Colonel L. Kemper Williams, Architect M. H. Goldstein and Miss Anne Robertson are among the leading projectors. Very likely New Orleans will get a project under way soon, but the problem of sweetening parts of Delachaise, Liberty, Loyola, Saratoga and the fringes of the old city will be immense. Social reform was tried in New Orleans just after the war when there was a scandal about certain enterprising madams of Basin Street. It was proposed to tax the bagnios, to license them and to close them down. But the first ladies of the town killed that scheme promptly by decreeing that even to admit certain conditions existed was an affront to Southern womanhood.

City housing surveys are dull, so we'll spare you. One third of New Orleans' people live in the camel backs, in houses of "block construction," an

(Continued on page 46)

The Glass Slipper

By Mignon G. Eberhart

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

The Story Thus Far:

RETURNING from the opera one evening, Rue Hatterick, wife of Brule Hatterick, a noted Chicago surgeon, receives an appalling shock. Her escort, "Andy" Crittenden—Doctor Andrew Crittenden, her husband's protégé and closest friend—informs her that she may be arrested at any moment on a serious murder charge. He implores her to let him take her to Canada. He tells her that he loves her.

The situation is indeed alarming: Rue (Hatterick's second wife) had once been a trained nurse. She and another nurse, Juliet Garder, had attended Crystal Hatterick, Brule's first wife, when, slightly ill, she had been Andy Crittenden's patient. Quite unexpectedly, when she had seemed to be well on the road to recovery, Crystal had died—with Rue the only witness. Some ten months later Brule had married Rue. Now, following the receipt of some anonymous letters, the police are investigating that death; Andy feels sure that, should an autopsy reveal the presence of poison in the body, Rue will be in great peril.

But Rue does not run away. With Andy, she returns to her home. There, two members of the police department are awaiting her: Miller and Funk. Miller, the spokesman, says that he has already questioned Juliet Garder. After which, he interrogates Rue. He establishes three vitally important points: (1) When Juliet had gone off duty at 7:00 P. M., Crystal Hatterick had seemed to be doing beautifully; (2) When death had occurred, very suddenly, only Rue had been present; (3) The charts, showing the patient's progress, *are missing!*

Miller, Funk and Andy (who has stood by Rue loyally during her examination) leave. After a time Brule comes in. Rue tells him what has happened, asks him if he thinks that Crystal has been murdered. Brule, shocked, admits that the murder idea should not be dismissed lightly—someone, he admits, might have poisoned his wife.

Living with the doctor and Rue are Madge Hatterick, Brule's daughter by Crystal (the girl hates Rue); and Steven Hendrie, a composer who, a semi-invalid, is under Brule's care. Hendrie is engaged to Alicia Pelham, once Crystal's closest friend. On the day following the police's visit, Rue remains at home. Frightfully nervous, she waits impatiently for news; she waits for a phone call from Andy; she waits for Brule to come home. And, although she does not know it, she waits for a woman who may, possibly, hold the key to the whole strange mystery—the woman who had prepared the last medicine Rue had ever given Crystal. That woman is—*Juliet Garder.*

III

IT WAS late in the afternoon when Juliet arrived, coughing a little from the smoke in the laden air, asking for Mrs. Hatterick.

"Miss Juliet Garder," said Gross at Rue's bedroom door. "She gave me no card."

"I'll come down," said Rue and then changed her mind. The house was quiet except for the distant faint tinkle of the piano in Steven's studio below. It seemed too quiet and too empty and thus too full of a listening quality that only a silent and empty house, cavernous just then with that abnormal twilight, may possess. "Show Miss Garder up here, please," said Rue. "And order tea. Bring it up when it is ready."

He went away. Juliet. Why had she come? But it was obvious: she and Juliet had nursed Crystal, and between them they might be able to piece out a portion of the truth. All at once Rue wondered why she had not thought of going to Juliet. If she had not been so curiously paralyzed with waiting she would have done so; would have gone to the hospital to see Juliet during the nurse's hours off. Her spirits lifted a little.

She had not seen Juliet since her marriage. They had trained together—Juliet a spare, homely girl with broad, hard-working hands; slow of thought, wiry, lonely, always pressed for money, squeezing through her examinations by a hairsbreadth.

They'd nursed together, had gone to hurried matinees and cinemas together. Had borrowed each other's stockings and hats; had jointly hated the head nurse and jointly hero-worshiped Brule Hatterick. Propinquity and shared experience was the basis for their friendship but it was a real friendship. That is, until Rue's marriage, when Juliet had quietly but quite definitely withdrawn. Rue had always felt that Juliet did not approve of her marriage.

But at any rate, Juliet had come now. Rue moved about the room, pulled a chair nearer the fireplace, saw that cigarettes were at hand. It was the first time, really, that Juliet had seen her in her new role.

"Miss Garder," said Gross and disappeared.

"Juliet."

"Hello, Rue."

She shook hands. She was as spare, as plain as ever, with the lines on her thin face as sharply carved. Her brown topcoat was a little shabby, her hat at an unfashionable angle, her pale, friendly brown eyes looked tired and were rimmed with pink. She looked at Rue and blinked slowly and said again: "Hello—Rue—"

"Why, Juliet! What's the matter?"

"N-nothing," said Juliet and went to a chair. She sat down a little unsteadily, fumbling for the arms of the chair.

"Let me take your coat."

"Coat's—all right," said Juliet, staring straight at Rue and making an obvious effort to speak.

"Julie—" Rue checked herself. She went to the girl and took her gloves and the worn purse that seemed about to drop from Julie's shiny, bony fingers. Julie lifted one hand and pushed her hat back on her head and stared glassily at Rue, and Rue caught a whiff of alcohol and cried: "Julie, you're drunk!"

Julie never drank; she was a militant teetotaler and Rue knew it.

"JUST a cocktail," said Juliet, her thin lips pulled apart in a grin that was like a grimace. "Just a little tiny cocktail. Pink. Say, Rue—there was something I came to see you about. This—you know—" She turned and waved a hand at the bed. "Crystal Hatterick. You know — murdered — I know — I know something about that. You know it, too. I came to tell you, but now I'm not going to tell. Understand, Julie—I mean, Rue. You're not to tell a thing. Besides memory is always false. Remember that, Julie—I mean Rue. Rue Hatterick, married to Brule Hatterick. Crystal Hatterick murdered. Memory always false. Tricks you. I was here—in this very room. Remember that screen,"

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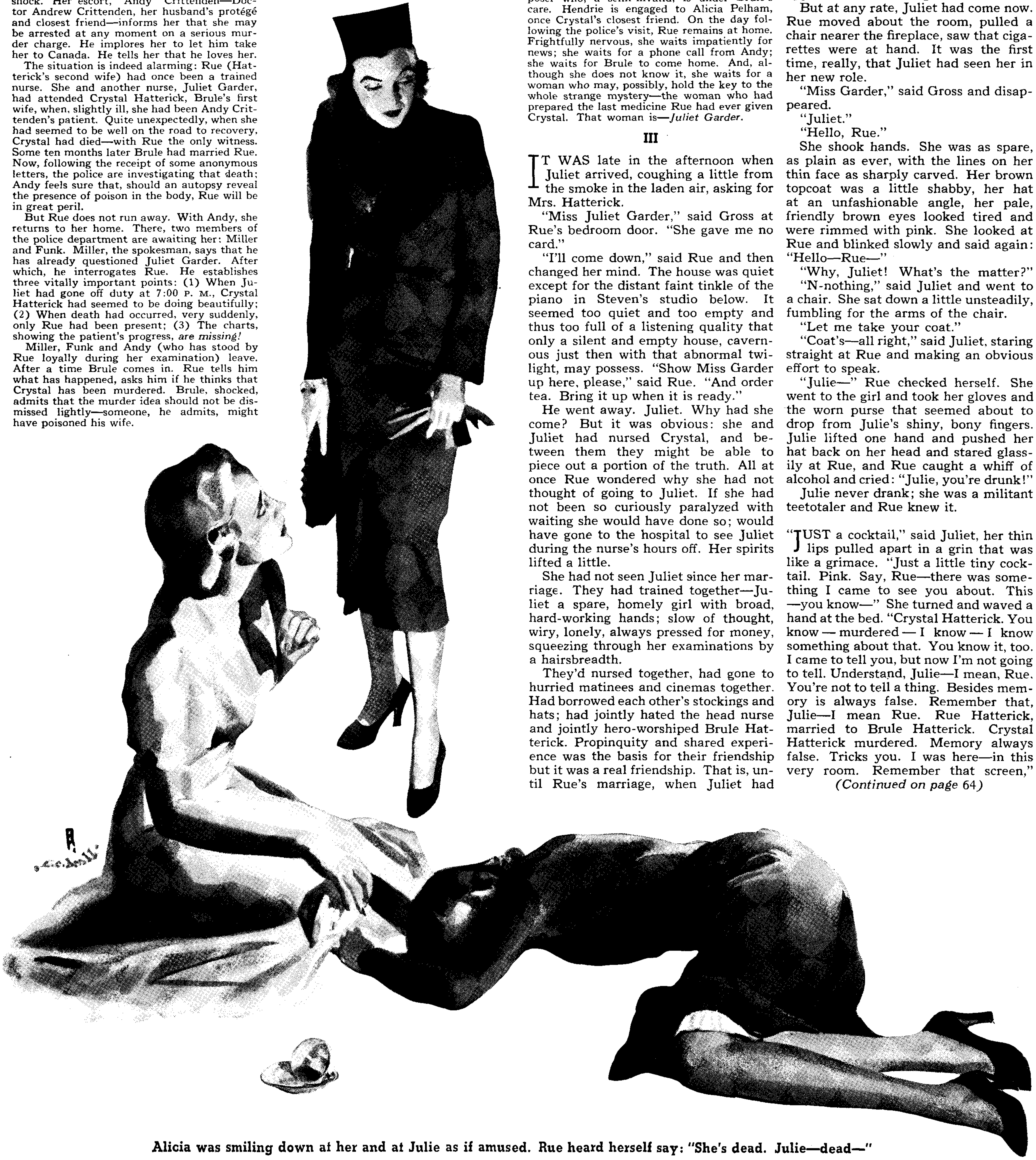

Alicia was smiling down at her and at Julie as if amused. Rue heard herself say: "She's dead. Julie—dead—"

Witness Wanted

By William MacHarg

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS

Evidence pointed one way; but was Detective O'Malley fooled? We ask you for the answer

"COPS don't know what this case is," O'Malley said. "A girl was found dead in Central Park. It looks like a hit-run case, so vehicle homicide cops is working on it. They got me on it too. If them other cops don't know what it is, they can't expect I will. Here's how it was."

He had a photograph. It showed the girl's body lying in the road. She was in evening dress. I guessed that she had been young and must have been quite beautiful. There were tire marks on her ermine coat. Articles were scattered on the road and turf, and a key pasted to the picture had numbers corresponding to other numbers on the articles. The key said: "Left shoe. Handbag. Cigarette case. Handkerchief. Right shoe." At a point on the ground the key said, "Broken glass," and on a tree trunk, "Paint."

"When the car hit her," I said, "her things were scattered all around. Then the car hit a tree."

"I guess so."

"What do they know about the case?"

"Nothing—because we got no witnesses. This girl was named Violet Monday. She was found at three in the morning. She was what they call a party girl—if some guy wanted a girl to go to dinner, he called her up. She went and didn't ask no questions. She lived at different hotels but not very long at none of 'em. Except that, cops can't find out much about her, but we got the names of a lot of guys she was seen with at night clubs and cafés. So now I got to see some of them guys."

He had a list of those he was to see. I went along. We saw a hard-featured youth named Faber.

"You see that dead lady any time the night that she got killed?" O'Malley asked him.

"I didn't."

"You know anything about how she come to get knocked off?"

"I don't. I hardly knew the girl. She was around town the way a lot of other girls are."

"You own a car?"

"I don't."

Then we saw a man named Bowen, and a heavy-set young man named Herch, and a man named Vitry, and a young man named Murriner. Then we saw several others. They all were carefully dressed, groomed and manicured. They all gave us the same sort of answers. Nobody had any idea how the girl had been killed.

We went to homicide headquarters.

"I guess you ain't getting nothing on that Violet Monday business?" O'Malley asked the desk officer.

"Not yet. That broken glass is from a headlight. We had it analyzed to see what it was made of. The report is only two makes of cars have glass of that composition in their headlights. We did the same thing with the paint. Of course we have the tire patterns. Officers have been making inquiries what men whom the girl had been seen with own either of those makes of cars."

The phone rang as we were leaving and the desk cop answered it.

"Hold up a minute," he advised us. "They got a car they think might be the one."

"Yeah? Where?"

He told us. We went to the East Side. The place was a public garage. The car was expensive and luxurious. It didn't have a broken headlight. Vehicle and identification cops were working on it.

"You're getting what?" O'Malley asked one of the cops.

"We got the right car, brother. It's one of those two makes and the fellow that owns it knew the girl. These tires check with the marks on the girl's coat and there's blood under this buggy."

"Who owns the bus?"

"They say his name is Amby."

"First we'll find out about that guy," O'Malley told me.

We had no trouble finding out about him. He was twenty-six years old. He had inherited a lot of money. His

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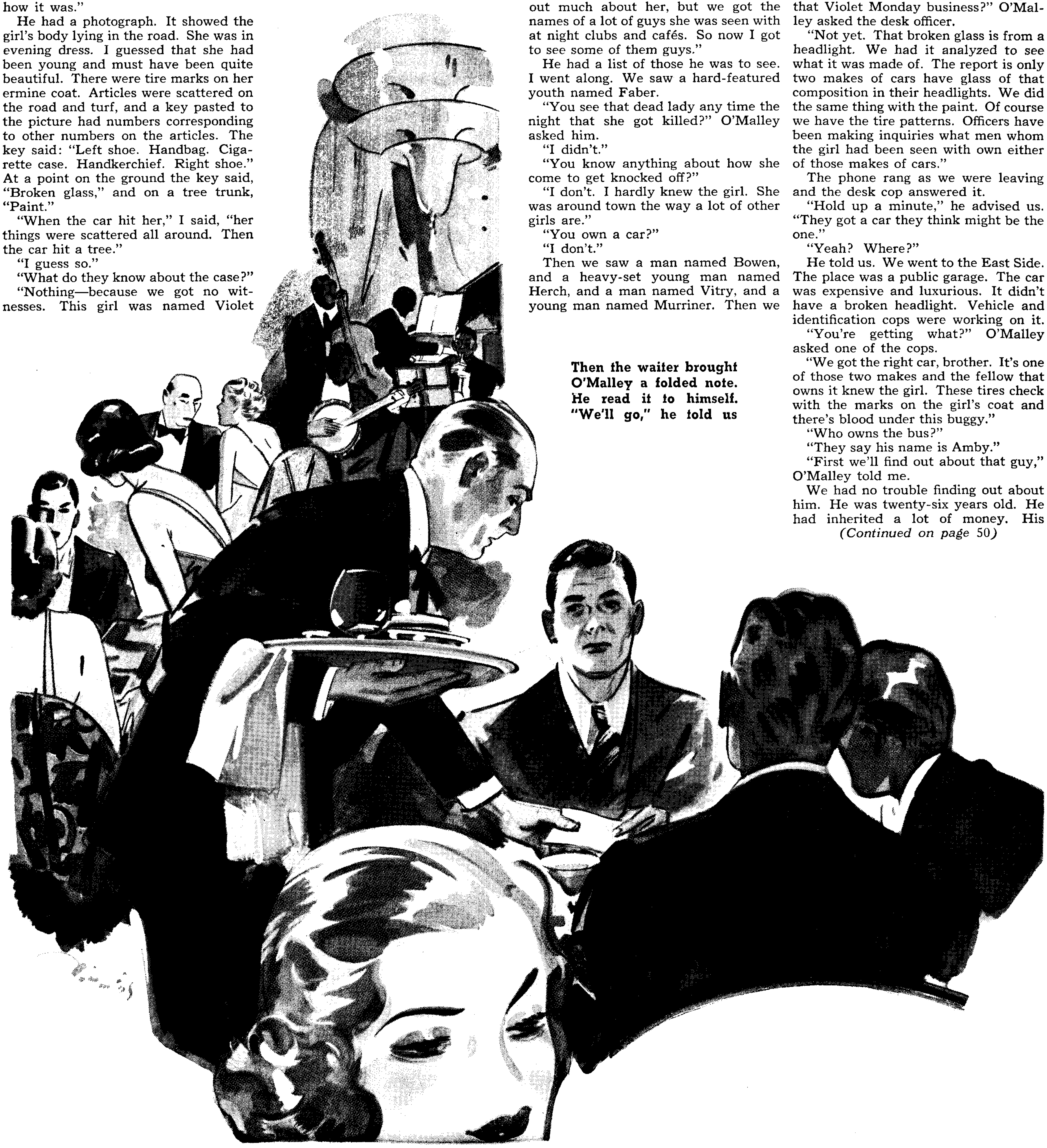

Then the waiter brought O'Malley a folded note. He read it to himself. "We'll go," he told us

I Did So Strike Out!

By
Jack Miley

Dan Casey, the Mighty Casey of Casey at the Bat, who became a baseball legend by striking out at a crucial moment in Mudville's big game

PHOTOGRAPH BY IFOR THOMAS, COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

"OH! SOMEWHERE in this favored land the sun is shining bright,
The band is playing somewhere, and somewhere hearts are light;
And somewhere men are laughing, and somewhere children shout,
But there is no joy in Mudville—mighty Casey has struck out."

The old man shuffled angrily across the parlor floor. His gnarled fingers clutched a yellowed baseball. He was collarless, coatless and a wild shock of gray hair bobbed above his blazing blue eyes. He kicked a piano stool savagely with a slippered foot, then winced in pain. He slapped his baseball noisily against a trembling palm. Then he snorted peevishly:

"I did so strike out, I tell you! I can prove I struck out! It's there in the record books and I got witnesses! See this ball? Well, this is the very ball I didn't hit! I've saved it ever since—it'll be fifty-one years this summer!"

"Now, Pa, don't excite yourself!" admonished the little old lady who sat in the fireside rocker with a lapful of knitting. "We all know you struck out. You never could hit, Pa, you were always striking out."

And there you've got Dan Casey of Casey at the Bat. He is seventy-six years old and lives down in Silver Spring, Maryland, just a feeble bunt from the District of Columbia. It is Casey, you'll remember, who became a fabled figure in baseball legend by striking out at the crucial moment of Mudville's big game. DeWolf Hopper, the actor, carved a great career for himself by reciting Casey at the Bat countless times.

But the hero of Ernest Thayer's poem didn't do so well. For when his playing days were behind him, old Dan wound up on the poop deck of a Binghamton, New York, trolley car. There he rang up nickels and dimes for forty years with his trusty pitching arm. A few years ago he moved to Washington, and more recently he and Mrs. Casey bought themselves a home in Maryland, the state that houses such other baseball greats as Walter Johnson, Home Run Baker and big Jack Bentley, the old Giant pitcher.

When you drop into the Silver Spring post office and ask the young fellow who plays a deep center field behind the special-delivery window where Casey lives, the conversation goes like this:

"What Casey do you want?"

"What Caseys have you got?"

"Well, there's Casey the lawyer, and Casey the cop, and Casey the plumber . . ."

"How about Casey the ballplayer?"

"Oh, you mean the Mighty Casey! He's just down the street, second house from the corner!"

Following these directions, you punch the doorbell of a neat little red brick Colonial dwelling, surrounded by trim hedges and with rosebushes bordering its flagstone walk. Old Dan himself answers your call and he jests: "Yes, I'm Casey, but not so mighty any more!" He invites you inside and you meet Ma, a brisk, birdlike, smiling little woman. After a few polite preliminaries about the weather and the beauties of the Maryland countryside, the interview is under way.

"There was ease in Casey's manner as he stepped into his place,
There was pride in Casey's bearing, and a smile lit Casey's face . . ."

For old Dan stands up there at the inquisitorial plate and the years slip from his stooped shoulders as he takes a cut at the reporter's fast ball. You ask him to tell you the story of how he struck out and Casey is off, as follows:

"I was a left-handed pitcher for the Phillies. I guess you'd call me the Hubbell of my time. We were playing the Giants in the old Philadelphia ball park on the afternoon of August 21, 1887. Tim Keefe was pitching against me and he had a lotta stuff, but I was no slowpoke myself.

"It was the last of the ninth and New York was leading, 4-3. Two men were out, there were runners on second and third and it was my turn at bat. Brother, I was a scared man! They called me the Mighty Casey, but I was never much of a hitter. I could pitch mighty well but I never batted better than .183. I was a sort of a Gomez with that stick; Lefty can't hit the size of his shirt, either.

Then Came That Sinking Feeling

"The fans were cheering for me to knock the ball over the fence, but the only thing that was knocking was my knees! A week before, up in Boston, I'd busted up a game with a lucky homer and the folks thought I could repeat. But I knew different. I looked at the pitcher and he looked at me. I got that sinking feeling.

"When that first ball came over it was fast and a little low. I just stood looking at it as it hit the catcher's glove. I couldn't have hit it with a shovel."

"Close by the sturdy batsman the ball unheeded sped.
'That ain't my style,' said Casey. 'Strike one,' the umpire said."

"Well, that umpire was plenty right for one time. Then came the next pitch."

"He signaled to the pitcher, and once more the spheroid flew:
But Casey still ignored it, and the umpire said, 'Strike two!'"

"Ignore it? I hadn't even seen it! I was too busy getting my head out of the way! I didn't even wave my bat at it, either. Those were two swell called strikes. By then I wished I was somewhere else. Tim Keefe could throw that ball as fast as a fellow shooting at you with a gun." Then the poem said:

"'Fraud!' cried the maddened thousands, and the echo answered, 'Fraud!'
But a scornful look from Casey, and the audience was awed."

"Well, that audience wasn't awed a bit. That was me, not them. Two men on, two strikes on me and the last inning! I knew I had to swing on that next one—so I shut my eyes and swung! You know the rest." Remember the poem?

"They saw his face grow stern and cold; they saw his muscles strain,
And they knew that Casey wouldn't let that ball go by again.
The sneer is gone from Casey's lips, his teeth are clenched in hate,
He pounds with cruel violence his bat upon the plate;
And now the pitcher holds the ball, and now he lets it go,
And now the air is shattered by the force of Casey's blow."

"Well, that was that," sighed old Dan Casey. "For fifty years I've been trying

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Mike Comes to Lunch

By Will F. Jenkins

ILLUSTRATED BY HY RUBIN

Introducing Mike, the parrot you'll want to have on your favorite desert island

IT IS not easy to tell where this story really starts. There was Mike the parrot, hanging on by claw and beak while the storm blew. There were rain, and wind like a solid wall, and spray that blew clear across the island from the weather beach. Mike held on desperately, too busy even to swear. That is one place where the story might begin. But there are other places. Where Atu, the brown man, discovered that Captain Moore, the white man, would not permit the marriage of his half-caste daughter Tanaua, who had been to mission school in Tahiti, to Atu. The reason was economic, because Tanaua and Atu were both born on the same island, and Captain Moore owned every square foot of it. And there was the Reverend Mr. Hooker, who was a truly good man but needed thick eyeglasses. Maybe the story should begin where he lost those glasses in the schooner wreck that threw him and Captain Moore and Atu all together on the island inhabited by Mike the parrot. On Tufuila.

Then Atu plunged for the parrot. Mike jumped. He squawked indignantly. He scuttled away, swearing, and escaped with ridiculous ease

There are yet other places, but to narrate them all would simply be to say that Atu, who was a common sailor on Captain Moore's schooner, dared not marry the girl of his choice because Captain Moore would wreak economic vengeance on Atu and all his relatives. Which is not a novel state of affairs. But since the thing worked out on Tufuila, it has its moments of oddity.

Famine, for example. Mike the parrot could not have imagined famine on Tufuila. To him the island was a sort of paradise, save during a storm. In this one he clung peevishly to his perch, swearing a little from time to time, until the gray roof of clouds thinned and broke into scurrying pieces and the wind moderated. Then it was night, and he stayed still, wet and fretful, through the dark hours. Twice, indeed, he woke and squawked dissatisfiedly to himself, and once toward morning he said, "For God's sake!" But he slumbered off and on until the sun rose and dried him.

Then he was resplendent. He was green and yellow and crimson, with dissipated-looking black patches under his eyes and an appearance of sardonic magnificence. He had an air of sophisticated disillusionment peculiarly his own. It was especially in evidence when, after his wetting, he strode forth to find breakfast and survey the damage done his realm by the storm.

He waddled briskly along the ground for a space, cocking his eyes disapprovingly at the palm fronds broken off and sometimes heaped up by the wind. They got in his way and annoyed him. Presently he took to his wings and clumsily —he was not an aviator—flapped to a point of vantage from which he could take a larger view.

PERCHED in the top of a palm tree, he could look over the whole island. About a mile from end to end. Perhaps half that across. A blue sea breaking tumultuously upon white sands and stretching out indefinitely to an unbroken horizon. Trees in impressive numbers. Not all of them, though, were the coconut palms that in theory shade all tropic islands. Only a few, here and there, bore the thick, dully glistening fibrous husks that surrounded the coconut of legend.

Mike cocked his head on one side and surveyed one part of his domain. He saw wreckage. A smashed boat. But it was not breakfast. He cocked his head on the other side and surveyed another part. He cheered up. With a raucous squawk, he flung himself into mid-air and flapped speedily toward a promising spot. He settled with a rush upon a spindling bush that was unharmed by the storm. He miscalculated its strength, however, and almost toppled to the ground. Clanking, bubbling noises arose instantly. A land crab below him waved formidable pincer claws vaguely aloft.

"Squar-r-r-r!" said Mike, teetering dangerously on the bush. "I've come to lunch!"

The stalk-supported eyes of the land crab regarded him without cordiality. But the pincer claws went back to their appointed task. A coconut had fallen in the storm. The land crab dug out a way to the three eyeholes that are the only vulnerable spots in a coconut shell. It punctured them, and proceeded to withdraw the nut meat in shreds through the tiny orifices. It slobbered and bubbled. It ate greedily—even rather horribly.

MIKE the parrot waited impatiently. He edged back and forth upon the limb, staring down with a yellow-irised eye. He squawked irritatedly. Presently he swore. Repeatedly he iterated with raucous indignation, "I've come to lunch! I've come to lunch!"

But the land crab gorged itself, ignoring him. When at long last it went clanking away, Mike swung down by beak and claw. He found a shred of coconut here, and another there, dropped by the land crab. He ate those shreds. He tried to poke his beak in the opened eyeholes. He failed. He tried to reach in an acquisitive claw. He failed there, also. He squawked angrily. Then he said, "For God's sake!" in a disgusted voice. He went striding away upon his absurd short legs, cocking his head first in one direction and then the other, and generally seeming to disapprove of what he saw.

Presently he came out of a little bowerlike arch of underbrush, still muttering angrily. Then, suddenly, he stopped short with a convulsive outsweep of his wings. He jumped inches into the air, uttering a startled, "Squar-r-r!" Then he stood stock-still and said in a subdued tone, "For God's sake!"

He had walked into and almost upon a foot. A human foot. It was attached to a human leg, and that to a human body. The human was a man; tattered, battered, and unshorn. He slept heavily after the storm, with the scars of many ancient coral cuts upon his legs. His skin was brown. In fact, he was Atu, who dared not marry the half-caste daughter of Captain Moore because of economic vengeance in store.

Mike considered him from every possible angle, backing and sidling all about him, regarding him attentively. Atu slept on. Mike climbed on a fallen branch and looked upon him from this minor elevation. He sidled back and forth, uneasily. Then agitatedly. At last he said severely:

"I've come to lunch!"

The brown man woke swiftly, staring about him. Mike almost danced upon the fallen branch.

"Squar-r-r!" he said raucously. "I've come to lunch!"

Atu's head whirled. He saw Mike, dancing upon his perch. White teeth flashed in Atu's face. He grinned. Then he laughed. He spoke in liquid syllables to which Mike could attach no meaning whatever.

Atu rose and stretched himself. He made no attempt to capture Mike. He grinned at him again, looked about him and up at the treetops overhead, and moved toward the beach.

Mike regarded him indignantly as he moved away. He opened his beak and closed it again. Then he made disgusted sounds to himself. Then he said, "For God's sake!" and climbed down off the branch and waddled at top speed after the man.

ATU came out upon the beach. Surf boomed to right and left. Monstrous combers, yards in height, came rolling in from far offshore, and toppled slowly—making acres of white foam—and raced forward beneath it to reappear as sheets of water sweeping up the beach. In their breaking they made a noise as of continuous thunder. Atu searched the horizon and then went unconcernedly along the beach, glancing at the trees as he walked. His attitude toward the fact of shipwreck was distinctly not that of a white man. He seemed to regard it as an incident, not a disaster. Actually, of course, considering his age and the fact that he desired to marry Tanaua, a mere casting-ashore would seem to him less deplorable than his standing catastrophe of not daring to marry her.

Mike the parrot knew nothing of this. Naturally. Mike was interested in coconuts. He made disgusted noises when Atu left them undisturbed in his walk along the beach. He moved faster than Mike could waddle. Mike flapped his wings and flew rather heavily to a point ahead of him. There he perched on a palm frond and watched him disappointedly. Atu continued his progress along the beach.

Then, quite suddenly, Mike nearly fell out of the tree. A voice beneath him shouted:

"Atu! Atu! Here we are!"

Mike danced agitatedly, sixty feet above ground. He cocked his head this way and that, and at last saw clearly. Atu turned and came swiftly. There arose a babble of voices from the ground.

"Squar-r-r-r!" said Mike, peering down. "Squar-r-r!"

There were two white men below. They talked eagerly to Atu. One of the

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Love Made Simple

By Meyer Levin

ILLUSTRATED BY IRVING NURICK

Mr. Pete Klein learns what happens to wise guys when they start planning a girl's life

IN PETE'S crowd, people were very clever about themselves. They could take their hearts out and put them on the table between the beer mug and the pretzel plate, and with a prodding toothpick they could show you how the thing was put together. They could adjust the thing as easily as a mechanic adjusts a carburetor.

Wisest of them all was Pete Klein; he knew himself as a jockey knows his favorite, his every impulse was premeditated, and he was fond of arranging effects upon himself, letting himself see this person and keeping himself from seeing that person, just as a fat woman schedules her diet.

Sometimes, like the dieting lady, he would deliberately cheat on himself a little. Make a date with Marge, though he knew Marge was dangerous to his *equilibrium. Have a bridge party with* Shirley Matthewson and her sister and brother-in-law, for instance. That was a sweet problem in four-way strain, since Pete knew that Shirley was in love with him, while he didn't care a hoot for her. On the other hand, he could very easily let himself go for Shirley's married sister Rose, while he knew that Rose's husband was fiendishly jealous of her.

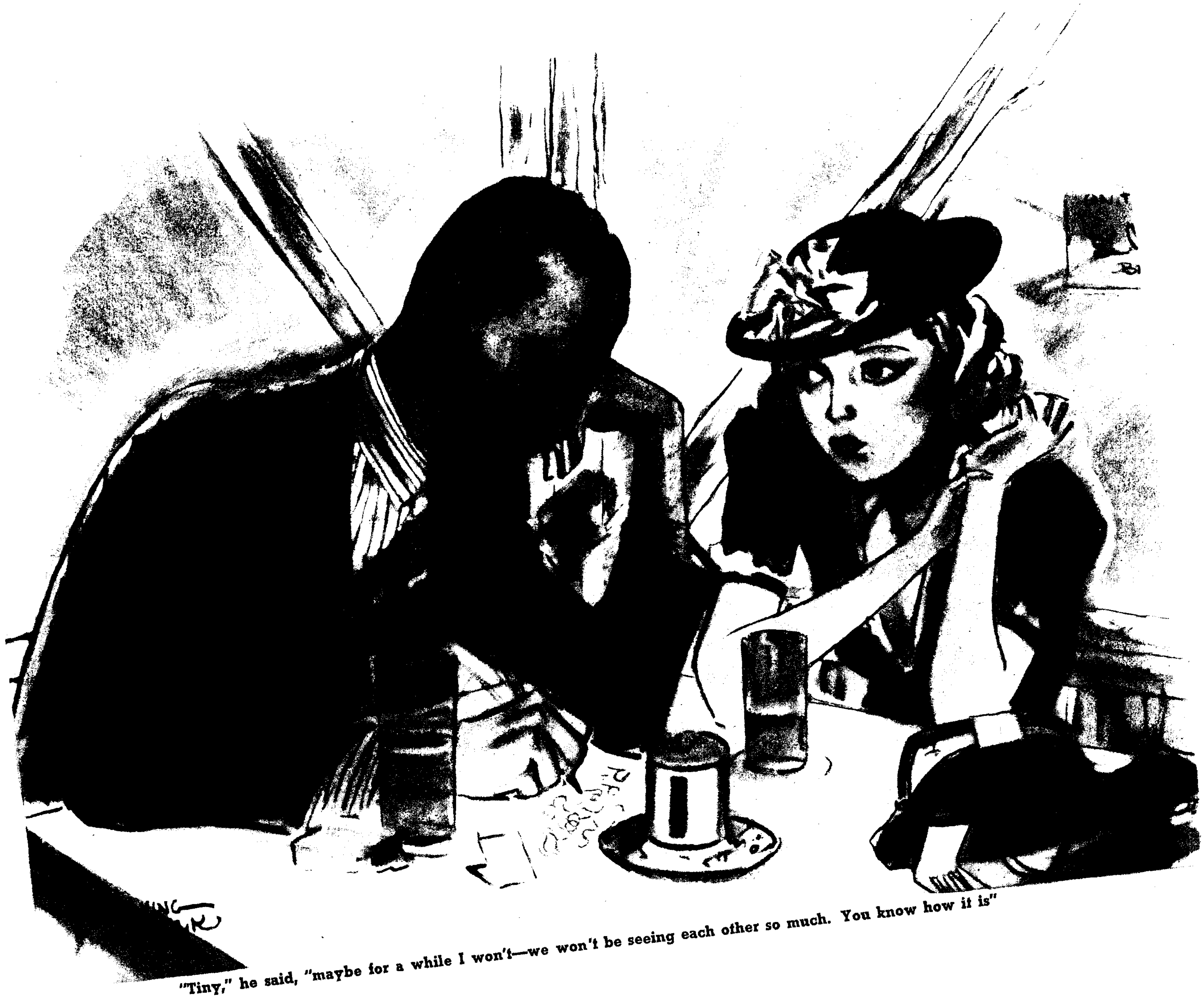
So you see this fellow Pete Klein was quite a master of emotions. In his crowd it got to be known that Pete was very wise—look at the way he took care of himself. Among them, Pete was regarded as a model: a person who had full control of his life.

Because of this, many of his friends, especially women, came to him with their problems. Frequently he was to be seen huddled over a corner beer table at Jean's place, his head bent close to the head of a friend—not always a woman. After the suitable number of beers for preliminary banter, the friend would suddenly remark, "Say, Pete, I got something to tell you—ask you—no kidding; this is serious—" and out would come the heart upon the table, and the prodding would begin.

Pete himself, of course, never had to ask anyone for advice. People knew that Pete lived deeply and fully; that his emotional experience was all-embracing was obvious from the glint of participatory recognition that rose in his eye, no matter what problem one presented to him. It said, "I too have been in that spot. This is what I learned from it; you can benefit by my experience." And he would advise his friends to have children, or not to have children, to try it again or to bust it up for good, as the case might be.

It was known that there had been several girls in his life. One or two he had gone with for as long as six months. Others had been affairs of shorter duration. But when he met Tiny Kogan everyone thought Pete might be satisfied to settle down at last, the two of them looked so right together. It was the first time Pete invited couples to his apartment, with Tiny helping him to entertain, for dinner and bridge, instead of inviting gangs for brawls. Now he would invite one married couple at a time: Jed and Wops Turner or the MacAllisters.

(Continued on page 70)



"Tiny," he said, "maybe for a while I won't—we won't be seeing each other so much. You know how it is"

The enchanting prospect of Miss Deanna Durbin, a star at fifteen with a big future

THE way to handle the young Hollywood folk is to fill them full of the fear of heaven.

For instance:

You meet Deanna Durbin and fix her with a hard eye and say: "Do you mean to sit here and tell me you really get any satisfaction out of giving your autograph to a lot of morons?"

"A lot of whom?" Miss Durbin will say at this point, primly.

"Morons . . . boneheads . . . dimwits. Grown men and women who go around with a book asking people to sign it."

"I don't mind," says Miss Durbin, who is fifteen and entirely self-possessed.

"Do you mean you like to have people point you out on the street as if you were a prize calf at a fair? Do you mean you get any fun collecting clippings that show you are a wonder child and are loved by Eddie Cantor? Do you mean you like to be interviewed by mature men who should be ashamed of such nonsense?"

"I love it," says Miss Durbin.

"Do you realize that by the time you're twenty-five you'll be old and blasé and washed-out?"

At this Miss Durbin abruptly straightens out the leg that has been resting under her and sits straight up on the divan and boggles her eyes out a bit.

"I will *not!*" she cries.

This tends to humanize matters and there is an opportunity to learn that the Durbins originally came from Winnipeg, Canada, but have lived in Hollywood since Deanna was one (or maybe four; what difference?), and that they never had any idea Deanna would be in the movies; she had never been inside a studio, had never seen a star, had never attended an opening night.

The Durbins are justifiably proud of their Hollywood history. They lived in the place and yet refrained from going insane about it. The girls (Edith and Deanna) went to school and Papa had his troubles financially. They had left Winnipeg because of his health, he not doing so well during the hard winters, and as an ex-blacksmith his real-estate dabblings weren't too hot in Southern California. Edith it was who got Deanna started singing. That was five years ago when Deanna was ten. By this time Edith, who is eleven years older than Deanna, was teaching school and throwing a little something into the family pot at the end of the month.

"An hour a week . . . five dollars," said Edith, tossing a light hand. "What's five dollars?"

The Durbins are quick to point out that they had no idea of making Deanna a professional singer. They just thought it would be nice for her to sing.

Deanna gives most of the credit to Edith. Edith hunted up a teacher named Ralph Thomas, who appeared for an hour every Saturday morning and put Deanna through her tra-la-las. After that, the first thing anybody knew, Deanna was popping up at functions around Hollywood, airing her pipes and collecting a free meal and occasionally a stray ten-buck note.

At this juncture in history a group of strange little men labeled M-G-M appeared on the scene and changed the life of the Durbins. It seems that on the M-G-M schedule three years ago was a picture that was to star Madame Schumann-Heink in a story based on her own life. What was needed was a girl who could sing and play the role of the madame as a youngster. Among those who heard the fervid appeals of M-G-M for such a singer was one Jack Sherrill, agent. A friend of his called him up about Deanna and he went to hear her when she was taking her Saturday-morning lesson. She sang Il Bacio, and Sherrill dashed from the house and went galloping through Beverly Hills with the news that the flood was coming.

In no time at all Deanna was out at M-G-M singing Il Bacio for the strange little men, and Papa Durbin was signing a paper saying that Deanna was the property of M-G-M for seven years to come, starting at $150 a week. She made a test and then sat around for six months to start work. She never did start because Madame Schumann-Heink became ill and the picture was abandoned. When it became apparent that no action was possible at Culver City, Sherrill asked permission to place her somewhere else. Metro dropped the option and Deanna landed at Universal.

Observant readers will note that Deanna was signed by Universal before Eddie Cantor took her on the air. This ruins the theory that she was discovered by Cantor but doesn't destroy the fact that her first radio appearance brought 4,000 letters and a national sigh from millions who seemed to swoon at the mere sound of her voice. The reaction was immediate at Universal and a part was written into Three Smart Girls for her. The picture was a dandy little B production being made by Henry Koster, the German director, with what few stray sets of scenery and casual nickels and dimes as were left around the studio. In Hollywood terms of money it cost practically nothing to make and turned out to be a machine manufacturing gold dollars.

Study in Poise and Modesty

Since then she has done One Hundred Men and a Girl, with Leopold Stokowski (going to Philadelphia and singing with the Philadelphia Orchestra for some of the scenes), and Mad About Music, which has also proved to be a mess of platinum and rubies for Universal. She is a radio and cinema property of great proportions, works almost constantly, remains unspoiled and youthful and thinks that life is remarkable. She possesses the poise and modesty that are now so much a part of all Hollywood prodigies (there is not a smart or spoiled brat in the colony so far as competent observers can determine) and she is extremely charming. When she smiles she crinkles up her face and narrows her eyes and reveals a mark at the side of the left cheek that looks like a scar but which is probably only a premature wrinkle.

She still studies three hours a day, whether at home or away, and will do it until she is eighteen. The only concession is that courses for children about to specialize in certain lines of work are set toward that end. Hence, Deanna gets musical background instead of algebra and is correspondingly happy. But she does her three hours a day, five days a week and no excuses (California state law). Of late she has been given to blushes at the mention of the name of Jackie Moran, but at fifteen such incidents are only mildly diverting and, besides, she works too hard for nonsense. In addition to her school work she has her music lessons, her interviews, her stint at the studio, her broadcasts, her posing for still pictures, her rehearsals and fittings. Not only are there radio rehearsals but also three broadcasts (one a run-through for timing prior to the regular broadcast and one for the Eastern audience and one, two hours later, for the Western folk). It is a strenuous business and her physician, Dr. C. B. S. Evans, not only has outlined a health and beauty diet for her but also sees that she gets in bed at a time when all good little fifteen-year-old girls should be asleep. This means around nine o'clock generally.

What she worries about is her music. She has had almost no training beyond the voice exercises.

The Promise of the Future

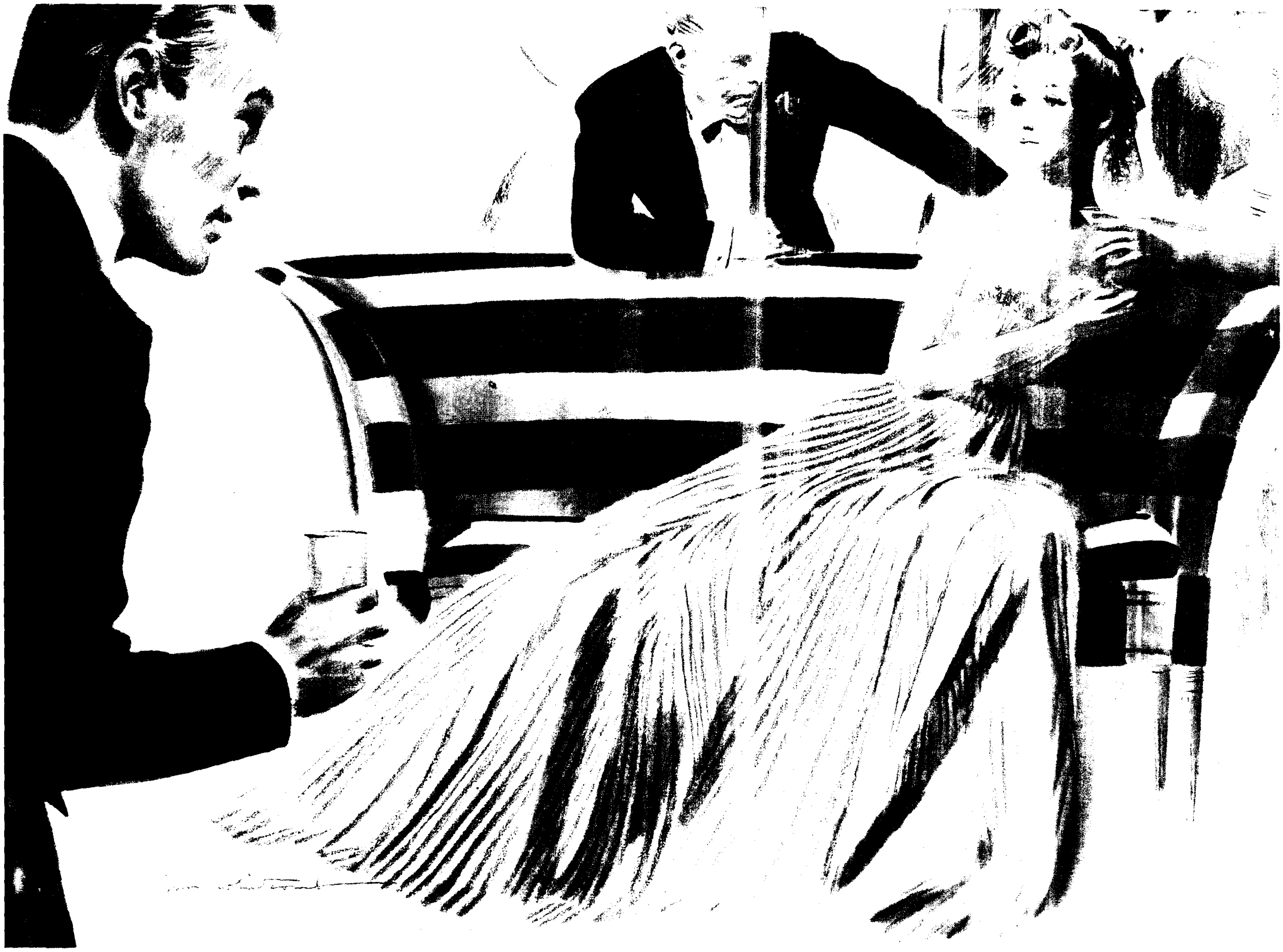
"People make me ashamed," she says. "They ask me about things and I don't know. I've never heard of most of them."

What she really wants to be is another Lily Pons but will not object if she ends up as Kirsten Flagstad. Her present teacher is Andrea de Segurola, former Metropolitan Opera baritone who sang for years with Caruso. He says that her operatic ambitions are the same as realized. Her pharynx or larynx or whatever it is has been that of a matured singer since she was ten. What will happen to her from now on is a bettering in quality and in volume by reason of age and experience. The voice will be essentially the same. Amazing, says Segurola.

With the exception of Edith, who is now Mrs. Clarence Hackman but still teaches dramatics at Belvedere Junior High in Los Angeles, the family lives in a $600-a-month house in Hollywood.

Recently Deanna was in New York for personal appearances, had a party at the River House, to which Universal invited several million writers and such from New York, who came and got gloriously high at the company's expense and wanted to know what the excuse was for such a handsome occasion. She went to the Metropolitan Opera, heard a Toscanini broadcast in the studio, saw a few shows, was interviewed almost constantly and finally went on a prearranged tour with Eddie Cantor, being photographed at every step.

She is at the top of her fame, will make many other pictures and may possibly end up at the Metropolitan Opera. You can't convince her otherwise: she thinks it's a great life.



Maxine was in the adjoining room, with Faulkner leaning over the back of her sofa. Russ went eagerly toward her

Special Request

By Duane Decker

ILLUSTRATED BY JON WHITCOMB

Maxine and Russ were on the straight road that led to the top in their profession. But they were clever people—they took a detour

AS RUSS WOODWARD walked toward the bandstand, he glanced at his wrist watch and noted with relief that it was nearly closing time. He nodded this way and that every time a familiar face turned toward him. He wished, grimly, that he could walk across this room just once and mind his own business, instead of giving a bad imitation of a *maître d'hôtel*. But he realized that in his natty white mess jacket he was part of the scenery here—and a part that was most frequently singled out for attention.

He hadn't felt pleased with himself, walking to the door with Joe Kennedy, the columnist; slapping Joe familiarly on the back, inviting him to drop in again real soon. Because, in the first place, he didn't know Joe well enough to slap him on the back and, in the second place, he didn't like Joe well enough to want to do it. But, on Broadway, columnists were people who waved magic wands. Cultivating them was a very important part of a band leader's job—that had been made clear to Russ often enough.

Few people remained in the big glittering room of the Casino. One more medley would be all for the night; and for several weeks. Russ was glad that the Casino's regular August shutdown had arrived, because he wanted to rest. All those extra-late hours . . .

"*Russ. . . .*"

He turned at the sharp, shaved command in Ted Ennis' voice. Ted was his agent—the smartest band agent on Broadway. Everybody admitted that. Ted was the man who told Russ what to say and whom to know. Ted was the man who had brought Joe Kennedy here.

Russ walked rapidly to the bar, where Ted Ennis sat sipping a Daiquiri and looking around and around the room with his shrewd, beady eyes. "Now, listen, kid," Ted said, "you take a look at Joe's column first thing in the morning. You'll find a nice notice."

Russ nodded.

"Well, how about showing a little enthusiasm? I went to a lot of trouble to bring Joe over here—"

"I know. Don't mind me, Ted. I'm kind of tired, that's all."

"Cut that stuff out. Didn't I tell you never to get tired while the place is still open? Didn't I?"

There was just a flick of sardonic resentment in Russ' eyes. "You did. I apologize for getting tired. I won't let it happen again, Ted."

A waiter had approached them. He said: "Mr. Woodward—there's a special request for you and your wife to sing that last number again."

Russ shook his head without even stopping to think. "Can't do it. Max is through for the night and I wouldn't call her back again. Tell them I'm sorry."

"They're important people," the waiter said.

Russ was shaking his head again. But Ted Ennis leaned forward and said, briskly: "*How* important?"

"Archie Stoddard's wife and a party."

"Stoddard!" Ted said. "Listen, waiter—you tell the Stoddards okay. Russ and Max will sing that request for them."

Russ turned toward him angrily. "I *won't* call Max back! I told you she's tired."

"Believe me, kid," Ted Ennis said, "I wouldn't make you do this if it weren't *important*. But it is. *You* wouldn't know it, but these Stoddards are big shots socially. They arrived on Park Avenue in bassinets. And it's part of your job here to keep the white-tie trade contented. You know that. I shouldn't have to tell you."

Russ frowned. "I—I suppose so," he said slowly. "But, honestly, I hate to ask Max. Ted, will you—"

Ted shook his head firmly. "I rate strictly poison with Max. But she'll come back for you, kid, if you just ask her real nice. She won't let *you* down. Has she ever?"

"No," Russ said, quickly. He was silent for a moment. Then he said, disconsolately, "All right. I'll ask her." He turned and headed toward the dressing room behind the bandstand. "Max and I are probably going to have another fight," he thought, unhappily.

He found her in the dressing room, putting on the snug, soft-blue hat that matched her eyes so perfectly. In that hat, with the roll of bright gold hair beneath and around it, she was a little dream to look at, he thought. Now why did such a lovely wife have to be so stubborn? Max was adorable all right, but she had her touchy moods.

HE STOOD for a moment, taking in the nice little thrust of her shoulder, and the way her neck cut a pretty V into the chiffon gown.

When she saw him in the mirror, she turned around. There was a remote, mysterious look in her eyes that puzzled him. "She's my wife," he told himself, "so therefore she has no right to puzzle me this way. I should understand her every look."

He said: "Listen, Max! I hate to ask this, only I've got to. Will you come back and sing one more song with me? Just one?"

She looked steadily at him without replying. He knew that she was still sore about last night, so that might have something to do with her remote look. She'd waked up when he had come in; the clock on the dresser had said five A. M. He'd felt too ashamed to offer alibis. He was certain that she had been particularly angry *this* time, because she hadn't even mentioned it.

"Honest, Max," he said, "I wouldn't ask you to come back, only—"

"Important people?" Max suggested.

"That's right. Not a bad guess."

"And I suppose Ted chased you in here?"

"You're pretty smart, Max," he said, grinning. "But don't blame Ted. It's—you know—business."

"I'll go back, Russ." She sighed. "If you didn't have a way with you like a puppy, I could be firmer."

That sounded a little left-handed, still it was friendly enough the way she said it. He had expected an argument. But the tone of her voice implied that nothing mattered much. After all their recent fights, she really should jump on him at this opportunity. She had reason to. "Now why doesn't she jump on me?" Russ thought, baffled.

SHE took off her hat and patted her hair. He stood behind her and adjusted his tie while she powdered her face and neck with deft strokes. As he opened the door, she looked up at him speculatively, but not until they came in view of the crowd did she put her arm inside his. Scattered applause greeted them as they reached the bandstand.

The orchestra vamped an introduction. Russ put his arm gently around her shoulder and they stepped up to the loud-speaker. They looked straight into each other's eyes as they always did when they sang; that helped build the romantic mood that the patrons of the Casino liked. The lyrics came from their throats with a soft, easy intimacy that immediately demanded—and got—complete attention.

"Call me darling, call me sweetheart,
call me . . ."

When they had finished the number, Max smiled her way off the bandstand while Russ remained to lead the orchestra through the closing medley. That completed, he went back to the dressing room to meet Max.

She was waiting for him. There was that remote look still in her eyes, confound it! He said, "Well, that's that. Now we can rest up for a few weeks. Pretty nice, hey, Max?"

She nodded.

"And listen," he said, "I want to take this opportunity to explain how come I—about last night."

"But it isn't necessary."

"It is. And I want to."

She put her hand on his arm and looked up at him slowly. "Russ, look—isn't this the reason: you met a girl that Ted Ennis told you to play up to because her father or her husband or her brother owns a whole flock of radio stations and can find you a sponsor—"

"Now wait a minute, Max. Hold it. Ted is only trying to help us get somewhere. After all—"

"But *isn't* that the reason you were out with a woman I don't even know, until five this morning?"

He spread his hands in a gesture of resignation. "It is."

"So now let's go, Russ. You've explained everything satisfactorily."

"Have I?" he said, vastly relieved.

Outside, he hailed a cruising taxi but when he started to give the driver the name of their apartment hotel, Max said, suddenly: "Tell him to drive us around the park, Russ. I've something to talk to you about."

He told the driver to take them through the park. Then he leaned in a corner and lighted a cigarette, but Max didn't say anything right away. He expected, quickly enough, to be embroiled in a fight, for all their "talks" lately had ended in fights. Terrible ones.

"RUSS," she said finally, "I'm going to quit. I've made up my mind definitely. Thought it over carefully."

He sat up straight so suddenly that his hat was knocked askew. "You mean *me,* Max, or you mean the band? You *can't* mean—"

"Both of you."

"But you *can't!* I won't let you! I'll—"

"We're never going to work it out," she said. "You're not the same guy you used to be before Ted Ennis cast his slick spell over you. You don't mean to be this way, I know that. But you're changing fast. I'm telling you tonight that I'm through. So then you'll have the rest of the month, while the Casino's closed, to get a band girl in my place."

"But, Max, what do you intend to *do?*"

"First, I'm going to Reno."

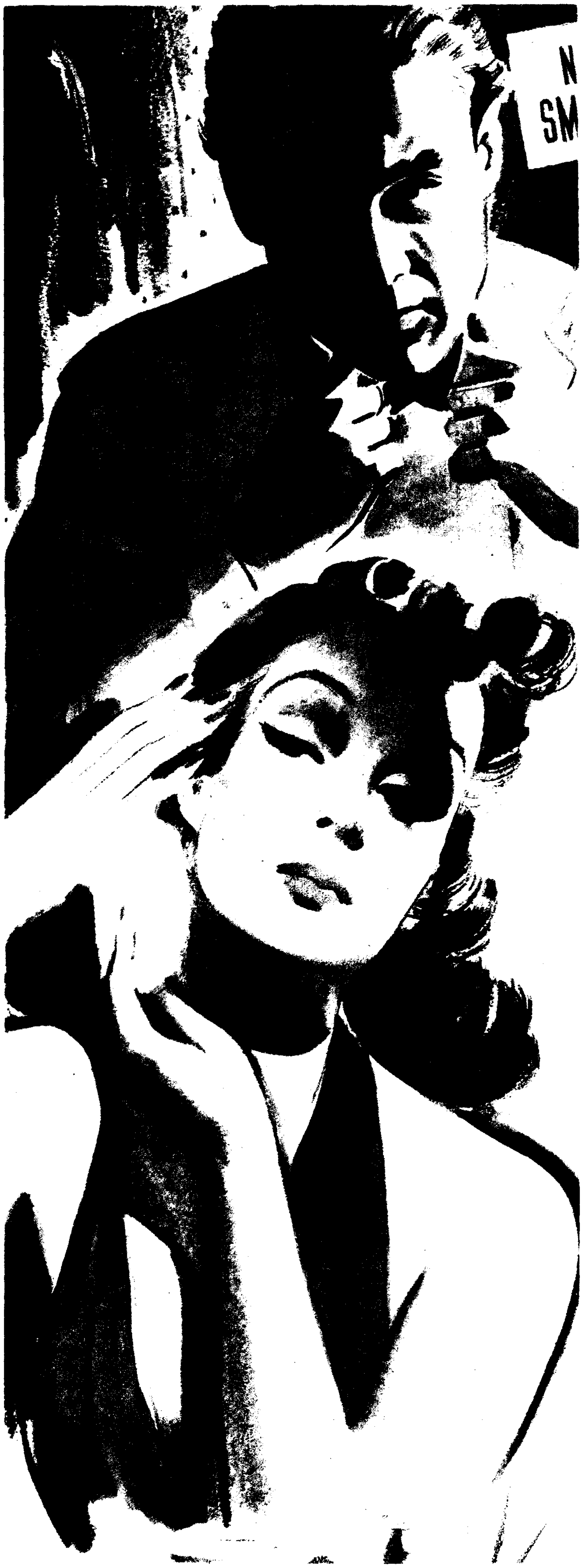
"Max!" he said helplessly. "Max!"

It didn't seem possible that he and Max were really going to break up. Everything he wanted to remember in his life began since she had come into it. He closed his eyes for a minute, trying to think what it would be like without Max. And then, as he opened them and saw the cracked-glass partition in front of him, with the vague blur of the taxi driver's head beyond, he remembered something: it had been like this, in a taxi, the first time he had ever kissed Max. And it had been like this, in a taxi, when he had asked her to marry him.

That drove his mind deep into the memory of those early, nice days. He and his band had been playing in a merry little joint on Fourteenth Street, called the Zigzag Club. Then, one night, the manager of the club had brought Max to him, introduced her as a little girl who had been hired to sing with the band.

At first he had scarcely noticed her, although he was aware that she was trying desperately hard to please him. She asked his advice on her selection of vocals. She was terribly pleased that

(Continued on page 43)



She powdered her face and neck with deft strokes

Man in the Saddle

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SWEENEY

The Story Thus Far:

JILTED by Sally Bidwell, who marries Will Isberg—owner of the great Skull outfit and the richest man in the Piute Desert country—Owen Merritt, who has a small ranch on Christmas Creek, is confronted with a serious situation. Isberg, a jealous man, hates him, still regards him as a rival. Isberg is plotting to bring about his death.

Late one night, following a series of clashes between the two men (during one of which three Skull riders are killed), Sally—loyal to her husband, but unwilling to see Merritt murdered—slips away, rides to the Christmas Creek ranch, and implores the young cattleman to go away. Through Hugh Clagg, who sees and recognizes her when she leaves the place and who is one of Isberg's allies, Fay Dutcher, Skull's foreman, learns of the visit. He says nothing to Isberg; instead, he has a brutally frank talk with Sally, who from that time on is more or less in his power.

George Vird, Merritt's foreman, and Juke Slover, one of his close friends, are murdered. And Merritt assumes the offensive. Riding alone to Corral Flat, where Skull's chuckwagon crew is living, he shoots up the place. After which, he retires to a hideout in the hills.

That night he returns to his house. Skull riders, led by Isberg and Fay Dutcher, attack the place. Merritt, badly wounded in the leg, succeeds in making his escape. Among his neighbors is a girl, Nan Melotte, who is secretly in love with him. Nan has only one suitor: Hugh Clagg. Disliking the man, and not trusting him, she is sure that he is the most dangerous of Merritt's adversaries. She now comes to Merritt's assistance—takes him to a remote region in the hills, hides him in a little cavelike tunnel, where she dresses his wound, nurses him, feeds him.

Meanwhile, two of Merritt's friends—Pay Lankershim and Bourke Prine—have launched a drive against Isberg. Their initial attack results in the burning of Skull's haystacks.

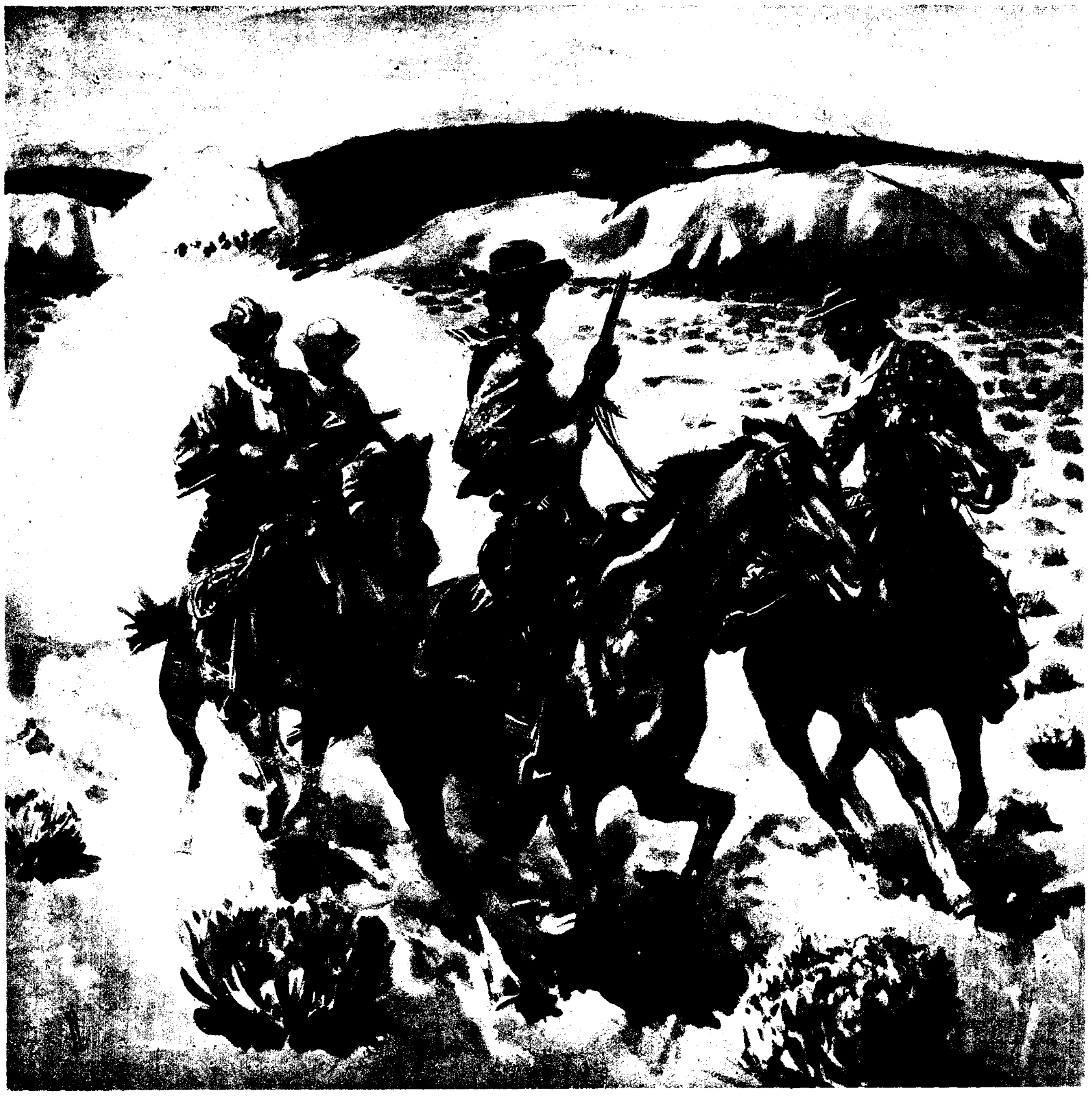
Searching for Nan and Merritt, Hugh Clagg eventually finds them—they are beside a campfire, near the entrance of the tunnel. As he advances, rifle in hand, Nan sees him. She walks up to him, so places herself that he cannot shoot Merritt.

"You come this way, too!" Clagg calls to Merritt. And Merritt moves forward.

VIII

MERRITT came against Nan's shoulder point. He pushed her gently around, against the tunnel wall. Clagg said, at once, "What's that for?" The stretch of Merritt's arm lay between; and he could see the shadow of doubt run across Clagg's face. This was the way they were—cramped together and silent and influenced by their changing thoughts. Clagg's eyes kept passing from Nan to Owen; his lips settled and ruddy color ran along his skin. He shook his head as though all his thoughts came to nothing more than confusion and bitterness. That was the way these three stood—the silence riding them. Hugh Clagg nodded and his resentment, so consistent and unvarying, began to shake him like an exciting drug.

"Merritt," he said, in a rising voice, "you get everything your way. You could get Sally Isberg by liftin' your finger. You stumbled into Nan's cabin and she just threw away her reputation and followed. A man like you—" He waggled the gun in time with his incoherent speech. "What's the difference between you and me? I'd tear down the damned hills for a kind word from this girl—but I'd never get it, not in a thousand years. Listen. This girl told me she couldn't like a man that was crooked. I believed it. I used to ride the Piute, watchin' her light and thinkin' she was a thousand miles above me. I know better. Even if I was honest she wouldn't give me a look. And if you were as crooked as hell she'd still drop everything and follow you. That's a woman. Nan, you'd lie for this man and you'd cheat for him too."



Looking to the rear, Bourke and Merritt saw Skull's riders come off the Broken Buttes in a cloudy swirl of dust

"Pull up, Hugh," murmured Owen Merritt. "Pull up."

"No, I'm right. Both you people are foolin' yourselves. I know. Well, there's a way to end it. This time I'm the honest man, Merritt, and you're the crook. I'm going to put an end to it." He was pale with what he thought and what he felt. He was a tall, narrow block against the canyon's blackness. He had set himself, he had whipped himself up to what he wanted to do. Merritt recognized that fact.

Merritt lifted his arm and pulled the cigarette from his mouth. He held the cigarette between his fingers just below his face. The smoke of it touched both of them, so close they were. The creek ran its restless, clattering way behind them, with Hugh Clagg's boot heels barely missing the edge of the creek. One backward step would drop him twelve inches into the water.

All this interval Nan had not moved. She held the frying pan, she watched Hugh Clagg's anger shake him; and now she turned her glance on Merritt and observed him pull the cigarette away from his lips and hold his arm on a level with Hugh Clagg's chest. For a long moment she considered this. There were things about Owen that gave him away to her quietly observant eyes; other people would never see them because other people would never have the deep-lying interest in him that so habitually governed her. His lip corners showed an increase of pressure and he had stopped moving—he was thoroughly still. And so she knew what was in his head.

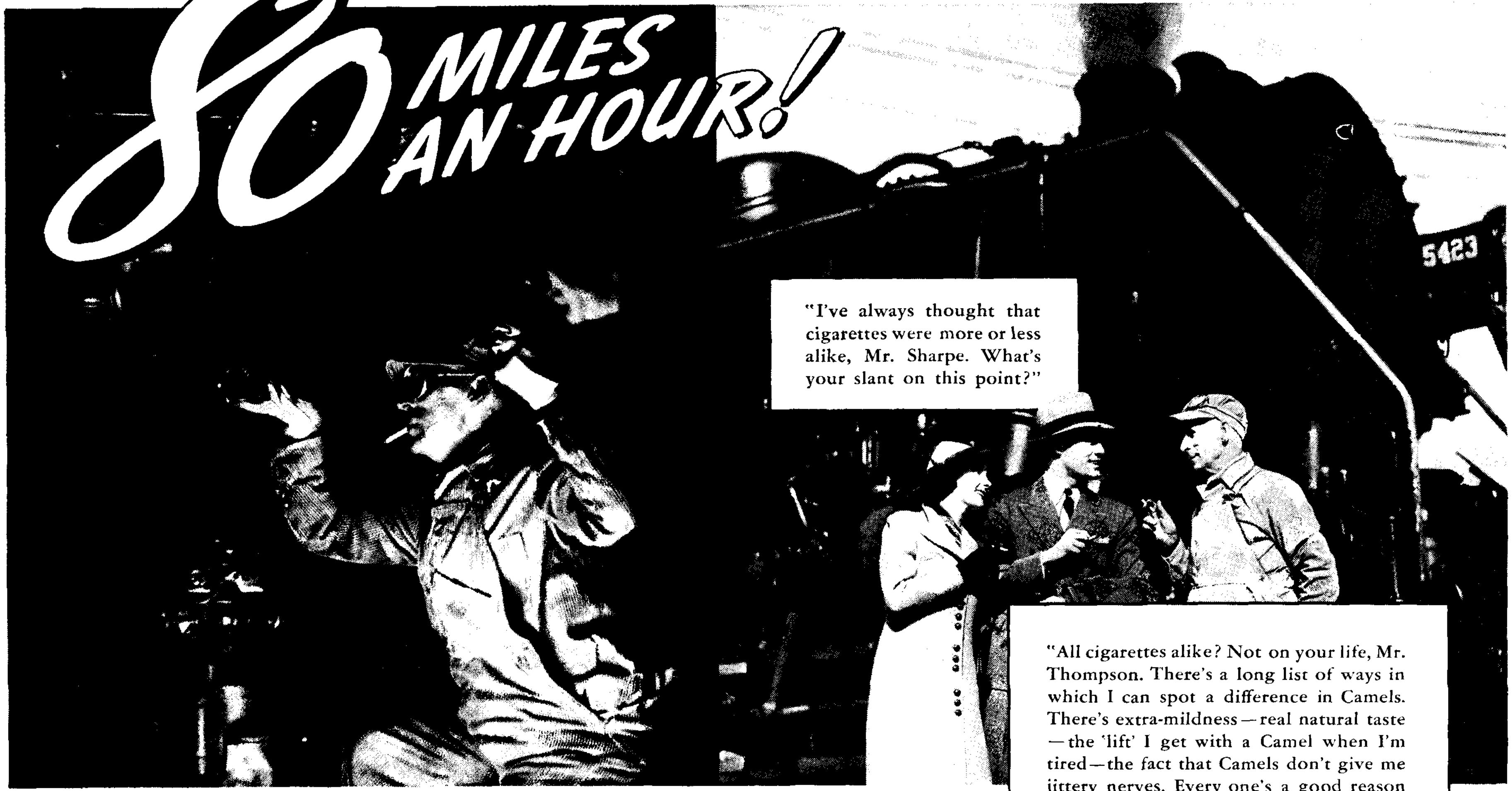
SHE turned her shoulders rather quickly and looked at the frying pan and its blackened meat. From the corner of her eyes she saw Clagg's attention shift. She made a half swing with her body, suddenly lifted the pan and threw it into the creek. All at one motion, with her arm grazing Clagg's shoulder.

This was when Merritt's arm slid beneath the outstretched gun and knocked it upward and away from them both. He hit Clagg's chest with his shoulder, he hit Clagg's crotch with a drive of his knee. Clagg, wheeling backward, went off the foot-high ledge, and fell full length into the water.

Merritt was on top of him, the weight of his body pressing Clagg completely under. Merritt dropped a forearm across Clagg's windpipe and moved his other arm around the dark until it struck the gun. He got the gun free and brought it down toward Clagg's head and missed; and then Clagg fought up out of the water, his wind strangling in his lungs, and capsized Merritt by a frantic roll of his body.

It was black here, beyond the fire's light, and the cold current ran completely over Merritt. He was on his bad leg and, trying to shift and rise, he lost Clagg's gun. Clagg, still knee-deep in the creek, reached for him and then the two of them were floundering around the creek, slipping on the rocks and being swayed by the current. Clagg reached him with a wild swing and knocked him deeper into the stream. Merritt braced himself against a tall niggerhead and got up. Clagg at this moment was framed against the firelight. He had turned his back to Merritt and was wading toward the tunnel.

Merritt pushed through the water and caught the end of Clagg's coat. The man



"I've always thought that cigarettes were more or less alike, Mr. Sharpe. What's your slant on this point?"

"All cigarettes alike? Not on your life, Mr. Thompson. There's a long list of ways in which I can spot a difference in Camels. There's extra-mildness—real natural taste—the 'lift' I get with a Camel when I'm tired—the fact that Camels don't give me jittery nerves. Every one's a good reason why I stick to Camels. I've been smoking Camels for over 20 years. And the big thing I've found is that Camels *agree with me.* From what I see, most of the other boys in railroading are pretty much of the same opinion, too. Camels set me right. You bet 'I'd walk a mile for a Camel!'"

(*above, left*) **IN THE CAB** of the big "J-3" on the New York Central's 20th Century Limited. (*above, right*) Mr. Russell Thompson, a passenger, asks Bob Sharpe, the engineer, what he thinks about the difference in cigarettes. Bob Sharpe says just what one smoker tells another today: "Camels *agree* with me!" Experienced smokers know what finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—mean in smoking.

Engineer Bob Sharpe, of the 20th Century Limited, gives his slant on the question asked by Russell Thompson: "Are all cigarettes alike?"

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"SKEET SHOOTERS," says S. Odis Walding, National All-Gauge Champion, "watch their nerves. On any skeet range you'll see Camels. It's Camels for me *all the way.* They *agree* with me."

MOZELLE HUBBARD, cashier of a famous Hollywood restaurant. "Camels taste different," she says. "Richer ... milder. I'm devoted to Camels because they *agree* with me in so many ways."

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ONE SMOKER TELLS ANOTHER "CAMELS AGREE WITH ME"

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"A majority of the smokers who grow tobacco prefer Camel cigarettes"—

ACCORDING TO THE OBSERVATION OF THESE TOBACCO PLANTERS

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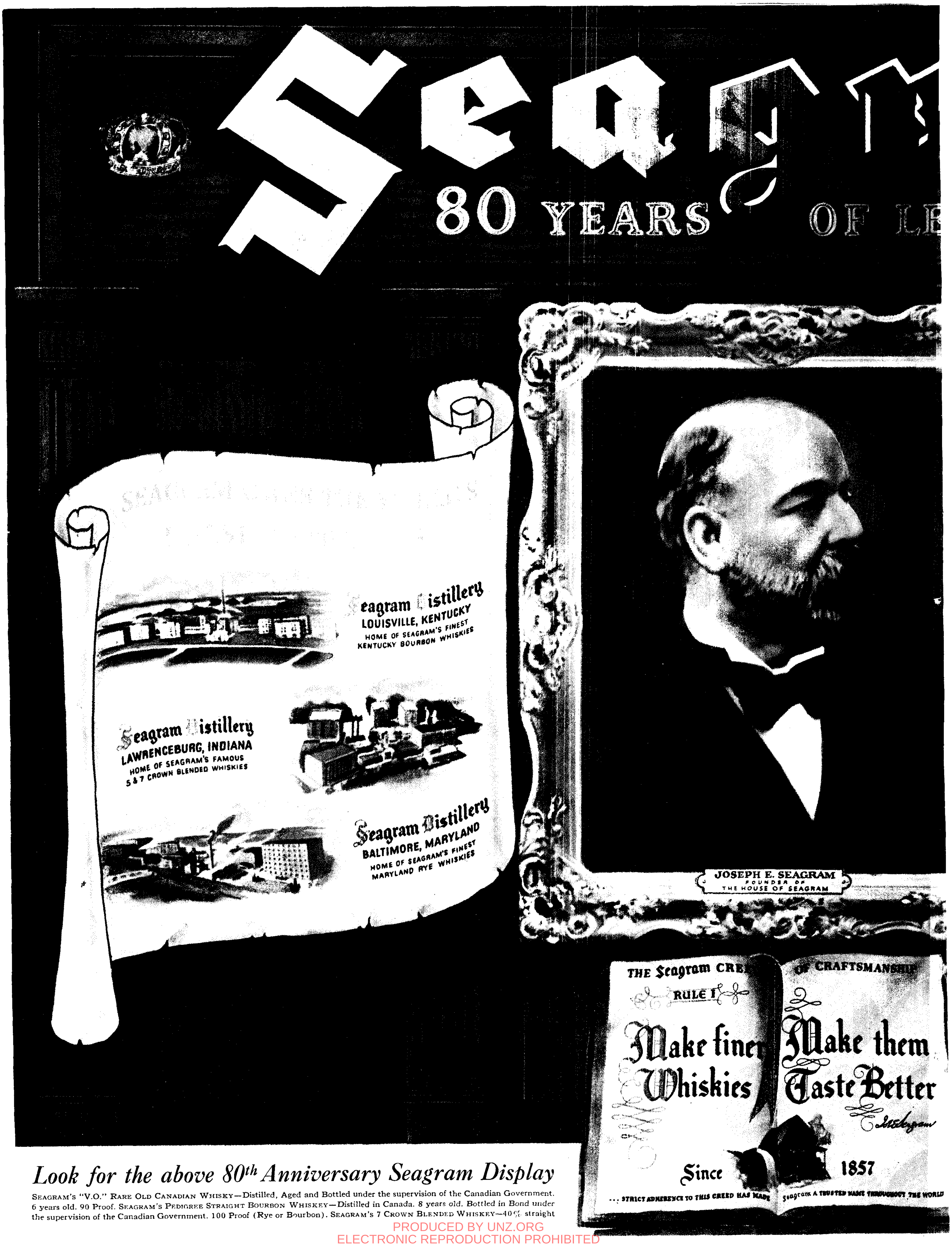
B. F. Bivins, another experienced tobacco grower, knows what cigarette pays more for the choice leaf tobacco. "Camel sure gets the best," he says. "Take my own crop last year. Camel bought the best lots. Other planters will tell you the same. You bet, I smoke Camels."

Henderson Carroll has been growing tobacco for 18 years. "For my smoking," he says, "I like Camels. I know the Camel buyers bought just about every top-grade lot of tobacco at the sales I went to last year. My crop was a dandy, and as usual, Camel got the best of it."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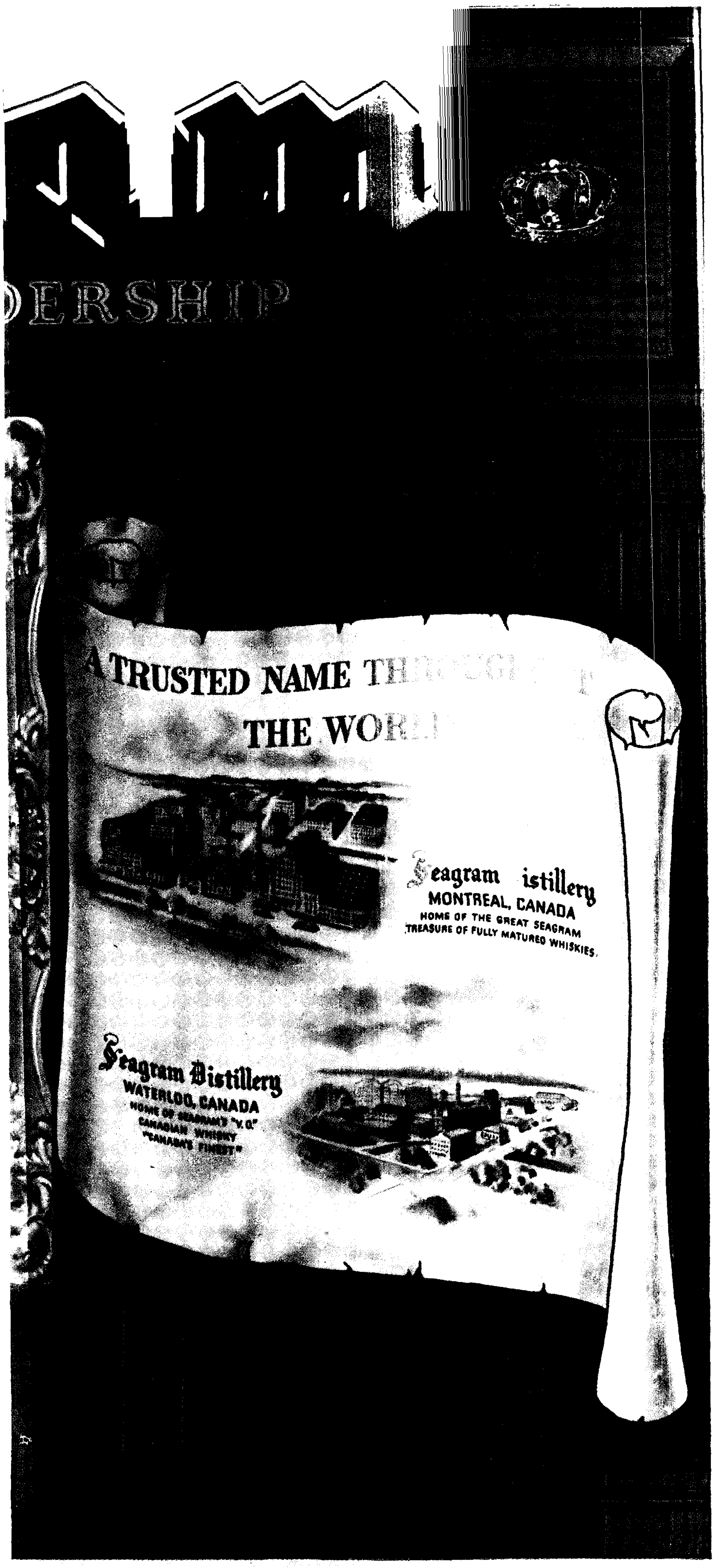
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slipped and went down and Merritt jumped on him and also went down. He kicked Clagg away from him and got up and reached the ledge. From the rear of the tunnel Nan cried, "Here, Owen—here!" He couldn't turn toward her. Backed against a wall of the tunnel and momentarily sickened by the sudden fire in his bad leg, he watched Clagg rise from the water. Clagg came to his knees, shaking wetness out of his face. His mouth was open and wind sprung his chest, and a scarlet film began to spread along one cheek. Merritt heard the grind of Clagg's feet on the creek's rocky bottom; he heard the man's great grunt of effort as he rose and threw himself dead in, head down and arms flung wide and forward.

MERRITT hit him cleanly, bringing his fists up against the lowered face. He shook Clagg; he beat the man off his feet; he caught him on the temple with a slanting blow, and wheeled away. But his leg tricked him and his turn was too slow and Clagg, falling forward, got his arms about Merritt's knees and brought him down on the rock floor.

Both Merritt's elbows struck the rock. His bad leg, twisted by Clagg's grip, took the force of the fall with all its broken nerves as hot as pure flame. It turned his stomach, it threw weakness through his muscles and he lay there a moment, kicking out against Clagg's face with his one good foot until Clagg rolled over and came nearer. Clagg flattened on Merritt's chest and his knuckles, sweeping the dark, cracked into Merritt's nose; and again they were locked together in the dark, wrestling and heaving and jamming against each other.

Merritt slid beneath Clagg, falling away on his side. He rolled toward the creek and got on his feet and was shocked at the effort he had to make. Clagg's shadow reared before him and they stood, toe and toe, and slugged it out. Clagg's wind, like his own, came out in retching gasps, but he kept boring away, with his silence as savage as any speech could be. Merritt's arms, slower and slower to respond, began to miss and began to drop. Clagg hit him twice straight on the mouth. Merritt ducked his head, taking another punch there. Nan cried, "Owen—stand aside!"

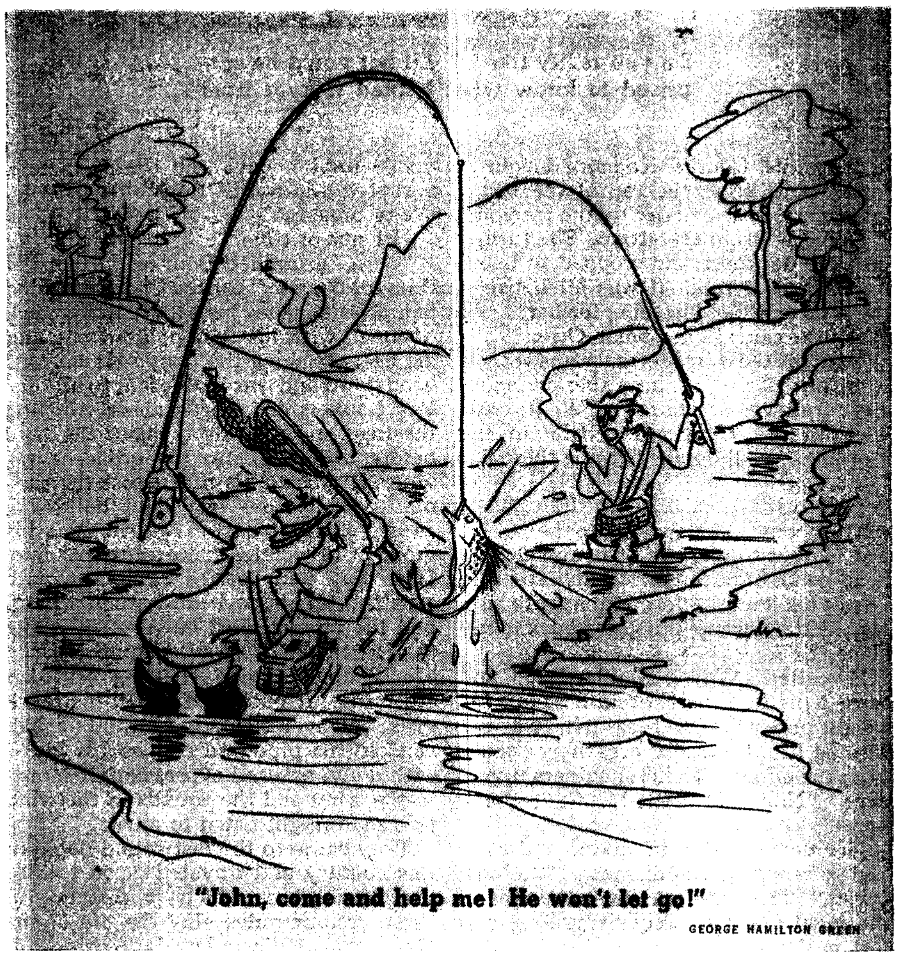
Clagg broke through Merritt's arms and slammed into him and carried him around. Merritt caught the man by the neck and pushed him into the horse. He was a dead weight that Clagg carried and tried to throw off. There was a vagueness in all this for Merritt. He could not reach deep enough for air and a lightness got into his head, against which his will had no effect. Clagg slid behind the horse, against the tunnel wall and Merritt kept pushing his forearm against Clagg's face, scraping the man's head and cheek along the rough surface of the wall. He let his weight hang on Clagg, at the same time beating Clagg's belly with a knee. Clagg kept swinging on toward the fire, turning to break the jolt of Merritt's knee. It threw his shoulder against Merritt who, feeling that shift, slipped his arm across Clagg's throat and made a lock with his other hand.

He was, then, riding Clagg's back and he felt the man's muscles bunch and shudder beneath the weight. Clagg carried him as far as the fire, and dropped to his knees; he swayed and, to catch his balance, plunged a hand into the fire.

His cry was a wild, shredding sound flung against the racket of the creek and his tremendous muscular reaction carried him headlong into the stream. Merritt released his grip to save himself and rolled back on the tunnel floor, watching Clagg's head bob in and out of the water.

Nan called again, "Owen—" She came beside him, her arms pulling at his shoulders. The firelight was dim and dying and Clagg had gotten to his knees on the far edge of the light. Nan kept calling Merritt's name; it came through a kind of black hood, from a great distance.

HUGH CLAGG, beaten as badly as a man well could be, galloped straight east toward the Skull camp. On the ridge above it, he stopped and watched the fire a moment; and was careful this time to call down. A man stepped across the blaze and immediately challenged, whereupon Clagg descended the slope and rode into the light. There was only a part of the crew here—the rest no doubt being out on the trail. Dutcher came from the blackness and Isberg walked in. All these men stood across the fire, watching him in a way that left him no doubt as to his welcome.


"John, come and help me! He won't let go!"

GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

Isberg said: "What happened to you?"

The marks of the fight were engraved on Clagg. A long cut ran from the corner of one ear down to the edge of his jawbone, quite deep. His lips were streaked with blood and swelling; one eye was puffed. He was soaked with creek water and his coat was torn down the back and a sleeve hung by a scant thread to the rest of the fabric.

He said: "You still looking for Merritt?"

Dutcher stepped half around the fire. "You bump into him?"

But Isberg made a gesture with his hand, stopping Dutcher's talk. Isberg kept watching Clagg. He said: "Where?"

"Just come with me."

"No," said Isberg, "not that way. You had a little trouble. What was the trouble?"

"Then," said Clagg, "lend me a gun and I'll go back. He's in Rock Canyon. Where the road goes down."

"You're sure?" said Isberg, very quiet.

"Just lend me a gun," repeated Clagg.

Isberg made one more gesture with his hand. Dutcher looked at Skull's owner for a moment, and all the other riders looked at him, not understanding. It came again and this time Dutcher stepped back from Clagg. There was a feeling around this fire hard to catch. Clagg pulled up his shoulders, not letting his eyes leave Isberg. "What's that for?"

"Hugh," said Isberg, very cool, "you're a free man with your tongue. As free with your tongue as with your rope. We read a few signs today. But never mind. Is Merritt alone?"

"No."

"A woman?"

"A woman," repeated Clagg and made one short step back.

Isberg's little body cut its stiff shape against the yellow fire glow. There wasn't anything in his voice; there wasn't anything on his face. Yet Clagg had his growing fear, and cursed himself for coming. Isberg said, as smooth as before: "A woman. But maybe it's as you said to me the other time. It wouldn't be the woman I think it is, would it?" That was all. A dropping palm reached his gun and dragged it up. Clagg cried out: "I got no gun, Isb—" He threw his arms above his head; and that was the way he stood when Isberg put two bullets through his chest. Clagg dropped without a sound.

Isberg said, "We'll go down to the canyon. All right—all right."

A VOICE came down from the rim: "Merritt—hey, Merritt."

Merritt pushed himself up, and stood with his shoulder against the rock wall that formed the road's inner side. Nan put her hand on his arm, whispering: "Let's go back!"

But Merritt at once shouted: "All right—come down here, Bourke!"

Bourke Prine threw back a relieved and cheerful halloo. Pay Lankershim's voice, holding an old man's quick irritability, dropped down: "Where in God's name—" Horses stood momentarily silhouetted on the rim, against the powder-black sky. Merritt counted four of them. They filed into the canyon and came on sightlessly and would have run past had not Merritt's voice stopped them. "Wait, wait," he said.

There wasn't anything here but a blur. Voices struck through the opaque shadows. Bourke Prine grumbled, "Where the hell have you been?" His feet hit the rocky trail; in a moment a match burst between his palms, the light striking Merritt in the eyes like a fist blow. Pay was here, and Cultus Charley. The fourth horse held nobody. Bourke Prine lifted

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the match nearer Nan, and even in this light his eyes showed surprise. "Why, now," he said, "I didn't know—" The light burned into Bourke's fingers; he dropped it, swearing gently.

"You all right, Owen?"

"Sure—sure. How'd you get here?"

"Charley's been hangin' to Clagg's trail all day. He saw Clagg scout around here pretty steady. It looked like Clagg had stumbled into something. It was dark then, so Cultus ran back and found us—and here we are. Where's Clagg?"

"Didn't you see him?"

"Was that what we heard goin' off to the east like a bat out of hell? What was those shots for? Damnation, did we miss him that close? After roamin' around this country—"

Merritt said: "Cultus, you wade down this creek a little bit and you'll find a horse."

Cultus descended into the lower black. Pay Lankershim said: "Yeah—but whut made Hughie git along so fast?"

Nan broke in, "There was a fight. He ran from Owen."

"That's what the shots were," murmured Bourke. He scratched another match against his trousers and took a better look at Merritt. "It must have been a hell of a scrap. You hurt? Where you been for ten days?" The light again died. Bourke kept pumping impatient questions at Merritt, not satisfied by the silence. "Why didn't you meet us on the knob? We looked all over the country. What'd you go back to your place for? We been all through the Bunchgrass Hills. We been eating Broken Buttes gravel for a week."

CULTUS CHARLEY came back with Nan's horse. Merritt said: "Let's get out of here."

They milled around the darkness until Nan spoke with a touch of sharpness. "Bourke—give Owen a hand."

"Well—what is it?"

"His leg."

Bourke came around Owen's horse. He put his arm against Merritt; he rode Merritt up on his shoulder. Merritt grunted when he hit the leather. All of them hauled around and went up the grade single file. They paused on the rim only long enough for Merritt to say, "We'll camp over in the northeast—up in one of those short gulches."

Bourke rode beside him, but Merritt turned and called, "Nan—where are you?" and slowed down until she came abreast. They crossed the flats and filed up a canyon, turning at its head into another cross canyon. An hour later, considerably higher, they stopped in a convenient pocket and put the ponies on picket. Everybody rustled around to break up sagebrush for a fire that sent its pale, clear point straight to the sky. In this depression there was no wind and the flame was well below the sky line. Owen crouched against the fire, soaking in its heat, facing Nan across the flame. The others were farther back, not saying anything just now. There was a continuing calmness on the girl's face and when she met his eyes he saw nothing there—nothing of that old feeling. It was as though she had put it aside, or had deliberately killed it.

Pay, always a prowler and always suspecting trouble, climbed to the rim of the bowl to keep watch. Cultus came to the fire with a coffeepot and a frying pan; and a little later they had a piece of steak from some unlucky yearling, and coffee. All of them sat around the fire, with Nan drawn slightly away from the men. Bourke said:

"Isberg's got most of the Skull crew in these hills. He's covered the south half of this country with a comb."

"Clagg," said Pay Lankershim; "I wonder where that fellow is now?" He finished his meal and moved back to the rim of the bowl.

Bourke began to grin. "Pay went into Skull's home meadows and burned half their hay. Makes me feel better to think of it. Medary's left town on a vacation. Isberg, I found out, ain't been home but once since all this started. The little fellow is out to kill." An idea seemed to block the rest of his talk. He sat back from the fire, faintly rocking on his heels and an expression, smooth and edged with scheming, showed on his cheeks. "Maybe," he murmured, "this would be just the right time for us to go down to Skull's main quarters and take it apart. Like they did to your place."

Owen only said, "No." It was a word that jumped at everybody, so instant and so round. They all looked at him with a moment's greater interest and presently Bourke's glance ran back to Nan, puzzled and very attentive. Then Bourke said, quite dry: "Why not, Owen? Is there anybody on the ranch that you're afraid of?"

Merritt lifted his chin on Bourke and the two partners were watching each other with a long, unfriendly silence. Nan, observing this from her background position, knew they would be both thinking of Sally Isberg. It was a common thought between them. She liked Bourke Prine, and yet at this moment she hated him for asking the question, for bringing out the thing she never wanted to hear. Owen said quietly: "We'll stick around here a while, Bourke. No more dodging."

Pay said, from the top of the bowl: "Campfire down yonder by the canyon."

Nan rose from the group. She turned into the darkness and stopped to listen to the run of talk. It was all between these men; it held nothing for her.

Bourke said: "Then what, Owen?"

Nan waited for Merritt's answer. It came out slowly; it had a spareness and an unrelieved certainty: "We'll cross back to the Bunchgrass Hills in the morning. We'll do our fighting there."

NAN drifted on, took up the reins of her pony and stepped into the saddle. The leather squealed a little and Owen's head came about. He couldn't see her; he put his hands before him as if to rise. Nan said: "Owen—I'm going back to my place. So long."

He called, "Wait a minute, Nan," and turned his body half around to get his weight under his good leg. This was the way he lifted himself, breathing deeply from the effort, with his shoulders tipped over. "Nan!" he yelled. "Come back here!"

Her voice drifted in, gentle and even and softened by the distance. "So long, Owen." Then she was over the rim of the bowl and her pony's traveling was lost to them.

Merritt said, as savage as any of these men had ever seen him: "Don't sit there, you damn' fools! Get after her! Turn her back here!"

None of them stirred. Bourke Prine's eyes were half shut. Firelight made a frosty glint in them as he watched Merritt, sizing the big man up and suddenly understanding something that had been, until now, a puzzle to him. But he didn't move.

"What for?" he wanted to know.

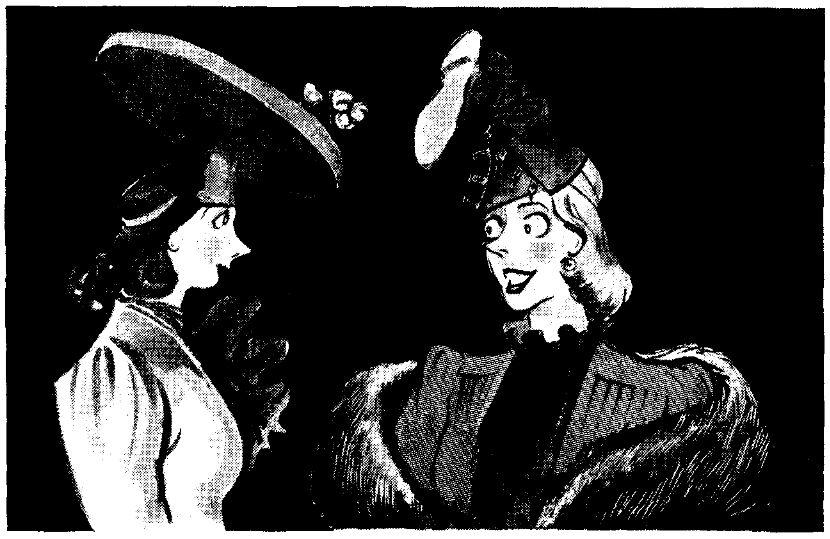
Merritt started around the fire, each step jerking him sideways; each fall of his bad leg making him throw his shoulders forward. He didn't get out of the light. He quit trying and limped back to his place and dropped on his side, winded and angry and not looking at his partners. They kept entirely still.

AT DAYBREAK they broke camp and left the bowl, traveling up and down the heavy undulations of the country without hurry. The light was glass-clear and from the succeeding high points they had complete views of the formless tangle of draw and hill and butte behind them; and saw no life. To the right lay East Desert, pale silver until the first slanting blow of sunlight turned it a smoky yellow. In the north, across the low bay of Stagecoach Pass, lay the outflung prow of the Bunchgrass Hills.

Bourke had been playing a game of dodge for ten days and the slow pace bothered him now. "Push along, Owen. We're draggin'."

"Plenty of time."

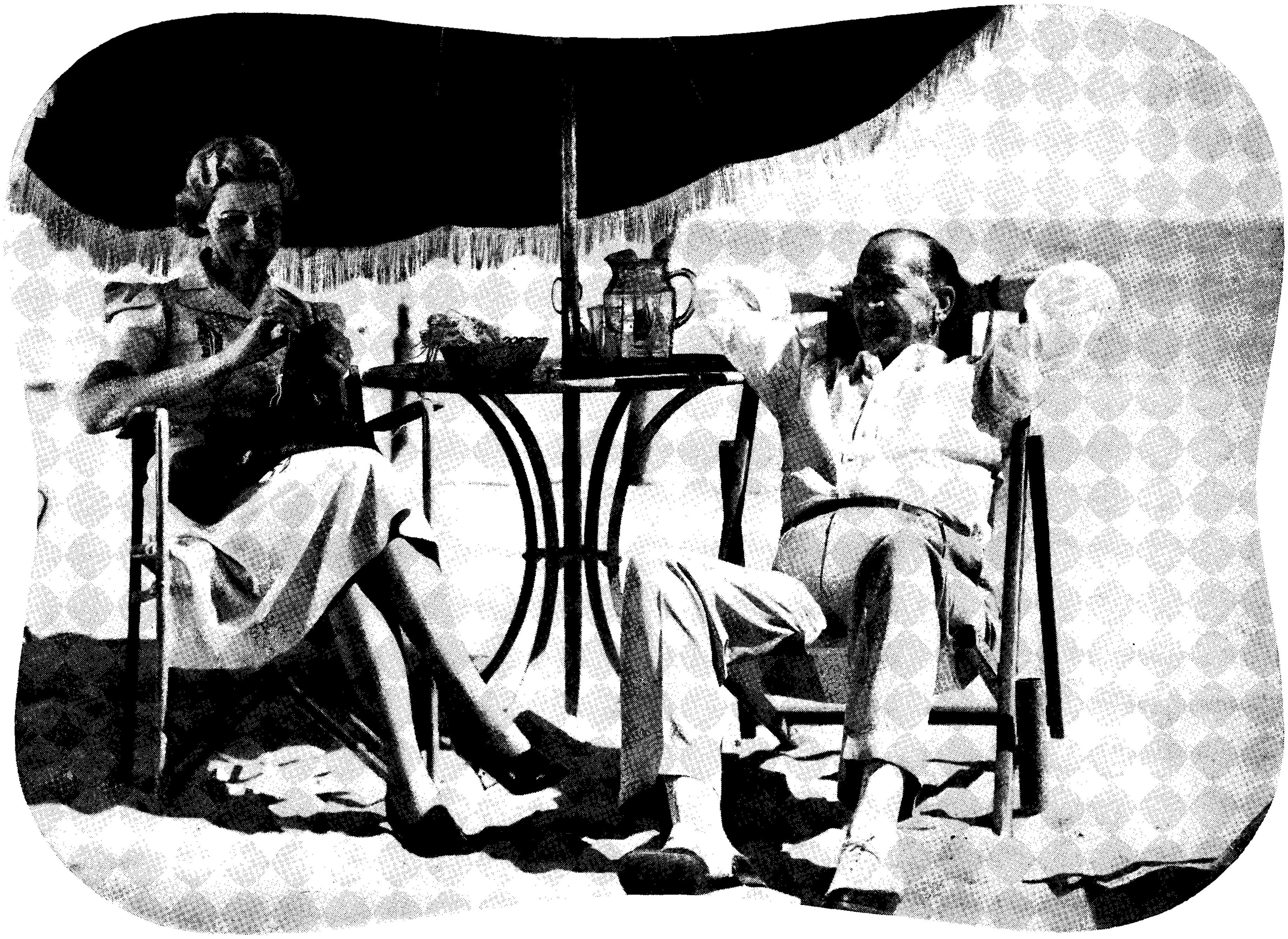
"Sure," grumbled Bourke. "Plenty of time for trouble." Cultus Charley trailed behind, sitting on his saddle like a sack of meal, with his toes pointed out and his heels banging the pony. He had his head down and was indifferent to all this. Pay Lankershim ranged ahead, topping the rises and pausing to scout the land before dropping into the adjacent ravines. Pay held his rifle across the saddle. Against the clear light he was a gaunt, stringy shape. Merritt had his moment of wonder concerning the man. Here Pay had been a cattleman with considerable money—and probably still had the money. But he seemed to like this particular kind of a hunt-and-run life; it supplied some renewing zest to his old frame; it put a sparkle in his black eyes; and over the night campfire he had smoked his pipe and rubbed his knees with a sly, amused expression, listening to the wind and the sounds in the wind as a man might listen to music.



"Do you really like it? I'll bet you'd be surprised to know what I fixed it over from"

CARL ROSE

They came to the last round dome of this country and traveled down toward the flats, across which—a distance of three or four miles—lay the toe of the Bunchgrass Hills and its dark-rising belt



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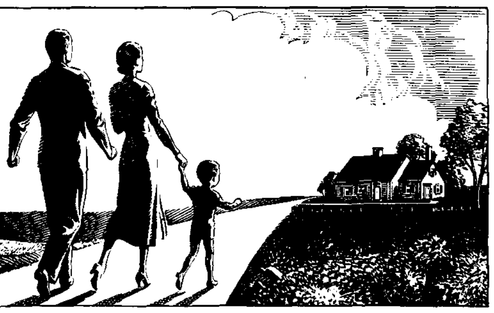

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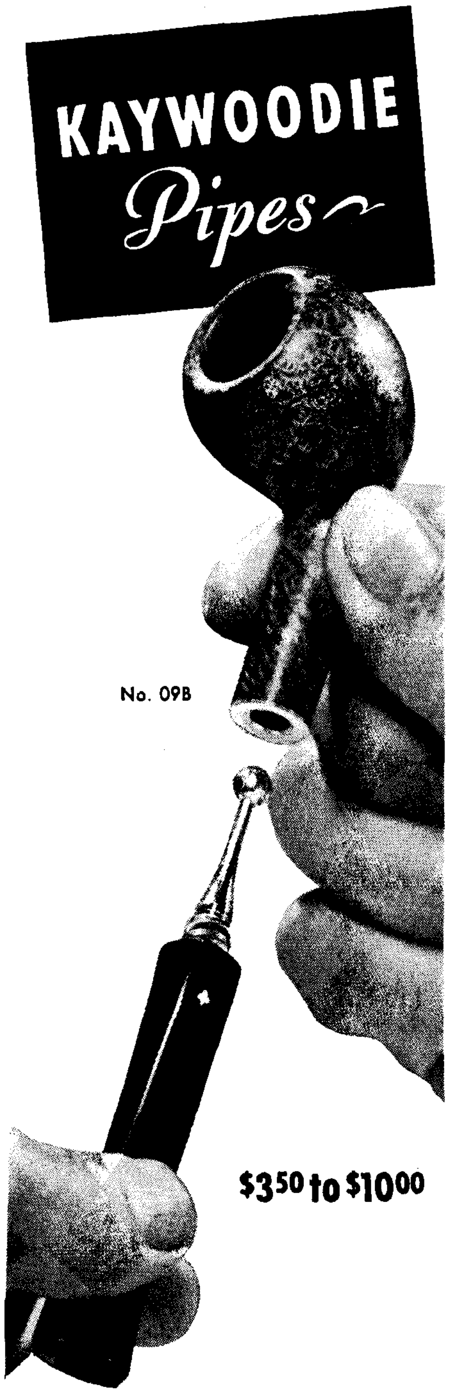

have something you want *inside* that no other pipe can give you . . .

That Drinkless Attachment — the little steeple with the sphere on top of it — has got lots "on the ball." It does more than you'd think for smoking enjoyment. To see why, have another look at the photograph. First, you'll see that the smoke, on its Pilgrim's Progress from the bowl to your mouth, has to pass through the cross-holes in the ball. *Tobacco particles* trying to sneak through with the smoke, are trapped right there — *they can't get by!* What's more, *tobacco tar,* being heavier than the smoke, condenses and is deposited on the steeple's walls. Result: no bitter moisture in your mouth. A sweet, dry smoke. The Drinkless attachment also acts like a tiny cooling unit, and cools the smoke to *less* than mouth-temperature! Kaywoodie went to great lengths to perfect this idea, and you ought to hear smokers talk about it. Give yourself a break: get one.

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of pine timber. Pay Lankershim scanned the roundabout country with a more restless turning of his head. Bourke was visibly troubled; and even Cultus Charley came out of his indifference. Bourke said:

"We better push on faster. I don't want to get caught in the middle of the flats."

They ran for a while and pulled in again. The desert's fine dust mushroomed around the ponies' stepping feet and lifted behind them, hanging to the air as a gray-white wake.

Bourke said: "How'd Nan Melotte get into this, Owen?"

"She picked me off the yard."

"What?"

BUT Owen shook his head, not answering. Bourke shot him a glance wherein curiosity was brightly alive, and spoke of something else. "Helen Tague went to see Sally at Skull day before yesterday. I saw Helen afterward, in town."

They rode a half mile before Owen said, "Well, what about Sally?"

Bourke grinned. "I thought maybe I could open you up. I guess Isberg's left orders to keep Sally on the place. He ain't been back to the ranch but once in ten days. Accordin' to Helen, they had one hell of a talk—Sally and Isberg. She started to town after Isberg left, but one of the home crew stopped her. Dutcher came back once. She's afraid of Dutcher."

Owen listened to it, but didn't answer. Bourke's only clue to his partner's frame of mind was a slow reddening of skin at the back of Owen's neck. This was all. The big man had gone through something and it had changed him. Whatever he felt or whatever he had made up his mind to do lay behind a continuing silence. The old-time streak of gaiety didn't show. In its place was something very hard. As though all this trouble had brought about its permanent change.

Cultus Charley let out a short, small "Hey!" Looking at once to the rear, Bourke and Merritt saw Skull's riders come off the Broken Buttes in a swirl of dust. The distance was around two miles and they were on the dead run.

Merritt said, "I thought they'd be that close," and swept on at a full gallop.

Bourke yelled: "I told you we should have done this faster."

They raced over the flat, keeping the Skull outfit at its distance. A coyote rose out of a dry wash and loped away. At the base of the Bunchgrass Hills they pulled in to thread their way through an area of scab rock. When they were past it Skull had closed up to a mile or less; and someone back there began an aimless firing. Merritt hit the climbing grade. At the edge of the pines, five hundred feet from the desert floor, he turned to let the horses blow. Dismounted, he pulled the rifle from its boot and watched Skull come slowly through the rocks. At this distance he could distinguish both Dutcher and Isberg; and it was on Dutcher he lined his sights and let go. A streak of dust showed the bullet strike short of its mark. Meanwhile Bourke and Pay and Cultus Charley had opened up, and all this put Skull into a mill at the foot of the grade. A horse went down, throwing the rider back into the rocks.

Bourke said: "Now what's that?"

The party had split. Dutcher waved his arm and took part of the men back through the rocks toward Stagecoach Pass. Isberg led the rest of the outfit eastward, around the point of the hills.

"Figure to squeeze in from both sides," said Bourke. "Isberg will come up through Corral Flat. Dutcher's cutting around by your house."

Pay said, "Ahee—that was a damn' good shot." He pulled down his gun, watching one of the horses in Isberg's outfit drop to its knees and turn end for end. The rider rolled free, jumped up and ran full tilt after Isberg. But nobody lagged back to give him a lift and after a short chase the stranded man retreated to his horse—Pay again pumping bullets at him—and dropped on the lee side of it. Pay's chance firing lifted dimples of dust around the horse.

Merritt said, "Come on," and returned to his saddle. He led them upgrade until they came to the dome on which he had camped ten days before.

Bourke said: "I don't like this spot. Now what?"

"I'm back on my own land," said Merritt.

"Better hustle," counseled Bourke. "Dutcher won't be another thirty minutes gettin' up this way."

"They're split. Dutcher's got five men with him. Isberg's got four. We'll go after Isberg first."

"Then," said Bourke impatiently, "let's be on the move."

MERRITT held his place a little longer. "You fellows don't have to get into it. I don't want to rap you into anything."

They didn't at the moment say anything. They watched him. They showed him a tough indifference. Bourke's face had a steady grin. Pay Lankershim folded both arms over the gun on his saddle horn, his weathered cheeks seamed and smart. Cultus Charley never stirred and there was no sentiment at all in his muddy-black eyes. Bourke suddenly spoke out of his unfavorable judgment: "You got a soft streak in you, Owen. It won't do."

"No," answered Owen, "not now. I've made up my mind."

"Then we're wastin' time. A fight's a fight and we're in it, kill or cure. You just said a fool thing. If we didn't want to get in it we wouldn't be here." Another thought struck him. "You pretty sure your mind's made up? Suppose you run into Isberg? Suppose it comes to you and him? What would you do, Owen?"

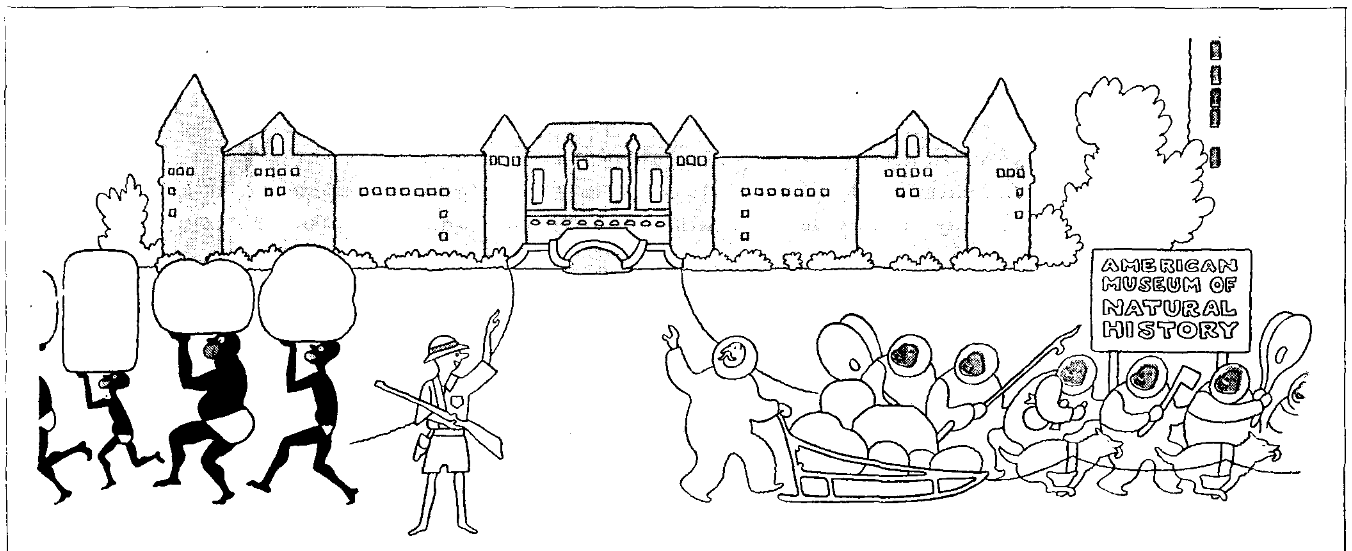
Merritt said, "Time to go," and drifted downslope into the heavy pines. They came behind him with Bourke Prine repeating his question in a sharper voice: "What would you do? You got to get that clear in your head. If it ain't clear when you bump into him you're a dead man. If you're still thinkin' of Sally when you find Isberg—"

Merritt didn't answer. They ran through the still shadows of the red-bodied pines, the ponies' feet sinking into the soft carpeting and making almost no sound. Sunlight swelled overhead; and sunlight now and then pierced the green mat of branches and burned round golden patches on the earth. Bourke caught Pay Lankershim's eyes. He moved his head from side to side, thus conveying his uncertain sentiments.

HUGH CLAGG lay dead within the circle of Skull's campfire and Will Isberg's voice kept rising against his crew: "All right—all right!" For a moment these men looked on, not moving. They were a rough and unsentimental bunch and they had few illusions and no nerves but the pure deliberateness of this killing set them back; it gave them something to think about. The dead Clagg meant nothing to them. It was Isberg they studied with the speculative interest of men who had long ago learned to put their own survival above every other thing. They took Isberg's pay and they took his orders and if they paused now it was to realize they were following a boss who had changed his skin; who was wilder than they had believed him to be. Dutcher was a hulking outline in the light, thoroughly absorbed by the almost frozen expression on his chief's features. Isberg, feeling no response, whipped himself around and caught that stare. He put his little frame against Dutcher, speaking again: "Dutcher, did you hear me? You move!"

The crew retreated toward the horses. Dutcher held his place a little longer. He was too black a man to show the flush of his temper and yet his temper made its appearance in the sudden gesture of his shoulders and in the way his lips rolled together. He had used this kind of talk habitually on his crew; yet he had never allowed another man to use it on him. His dark, overbearing pride slammed around him and left him resentful and ready to talk back. He was on the edge of speaking when one of the men called to him from the darkness: "Come on, Fay." He turned aside.

They ran away from this camp, up the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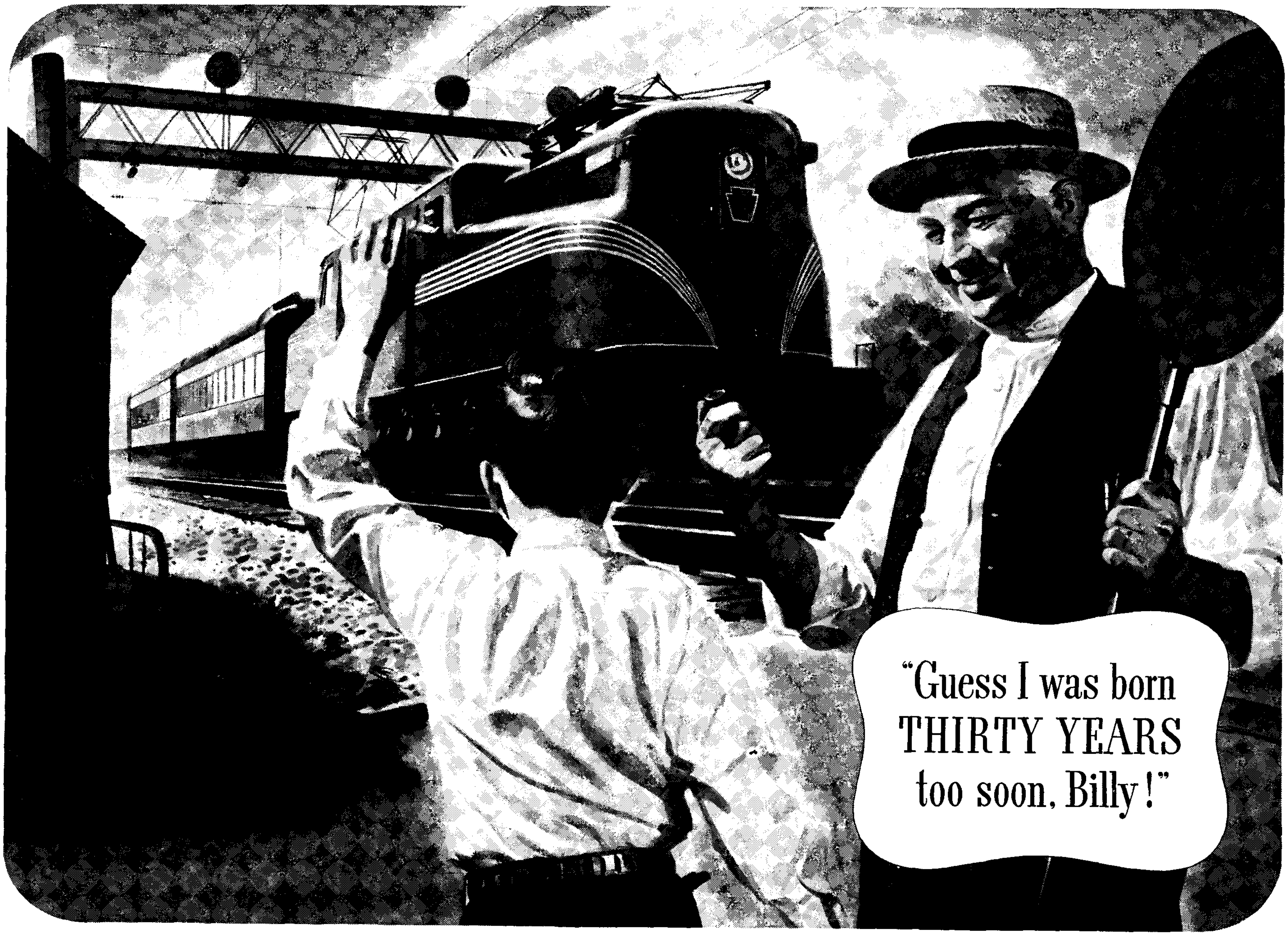
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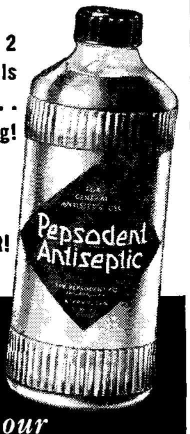

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ravine and through the broken hills and down to the flats. Isberg found the road into the canyon and led the crew to its bottom. He called at them: "Get down there. Wade both ways."

Dutcher remained beside him. Dutcher said: "I wouldn't put no trust in Hugh Clagg's talk—"

"Shut up, Dutcher."

Dutcher laid his big hands around the saddle horn, squeezing into it with all the fury he felt. He murmured, "Mr. Isberg, you been drivin' this crew pretty hard. It's a good crew and you got no reason—"

Men splashed back from the creek. One of them spoke through the solid black: "They been below. There was a fire on the gravel. It's still warm."

"Look farther down."

"They couldn't go no farther. There's a fifty-foot drop in the creek."

Dutcher said: "They had this fight with Clagg—and skipped out."

"They?"

Dutcher added: "A woman's with him." When it was out he knew he had said the wrong thing, and so did the crew. Everybody remained still, waiting for Isberg to speak or move. The creek beat up its clacking rumors and wind scoured between the canyon walls and whirled around them. Isberg led the way back to the rim. He said: "We camp here."

Dutcher murmured: "Here? It's a little bit risky."

Isberg said: "Never mind."

They made a fire of sagebrush, rolling up in their blankets well away from it. Dutcher crouched on one edge of the light, smoking his cigarette slowly, still looking at Isberg, who stood on the very edge of the night. The glow of the cigarette flickered against the foreman's eyes; and now and then, looking around the circle, he saw the pale shape of men's faces. The crew was watching him. This was the end of ten days and Isberg had ridden everybody to a wire edge. His words had scraped the skin off the men, leaving them sullen, leaving them jumpy. Dutcher sat cross-legged, his huge shoulders slumped forward. He could make this crew mind him; he could whip any man in it. But he could not stop the things in their minds—and he knew the tongue-lashings given him by Isberg had made them lose respect for him. He had his own fear of Isberg. Against this fear his pride pushed with a greater and greater insistence.

AT DAYBREAK they took the trail made by Merritt, and soon reached the black scar of Merritt's campfire in the hills. The ashes were still warm.

Isberg said: "He saw our blaze last night, from here. He was looking down at us. We've been followin' this man for ten days without a sign till now. Dutcher, if you or any of this crew you picked had the sense God gave geese you'd have found his trail a week ago. I thought you knew how to follow a track."

Dutcher fired back: "You been leadin' this outfit, not me. You been givin' the orders and disregardin' my advice. When an owner starts monkeyin' with his foreman's job it's damn' high time he got a new foreman. Maybe that's what you better do now. You ain't asked my advice lately."

Isberg's answer, so cool and so calculated in its ironic courtesy, was like a drop of acid on Dutcher's nerves: "We're getting close now, Dutcher. Maybe that's why you want to leave. Maybe you figure Merritt will make a sucker out of you again—as in Winnemucca."

Dutcher drew a deep, deep breath. The crew sat around in a half circle, listening to this quarrel with an expressionless attention, listening to an owner rake over his foreman—a thing not seemly and not to be let pass. Yet Dutcher, bulked hugely against the day's growing light, held his hands on the saddle horn, and spoke with a labored evenness: "You get yourself another man when this hunt is over, Mister Isberg." They turned to follow the tracks again, going upgrade toward the succeeding summits. Dutcher dropped behind, riding in the dust with his head tipped down, knowing his soft answer had lost him his control forever over Skull's crew. Knowing it, and growing more and more bitter.

At the last rise they saw dust roll up in the flats. Isberg said in the same dead level voice, "Now we'll close in," and led them down the sharp pitch at a full run. Merritt's party, somewhat scattered, pulled together at once and raced on, keeping the distance until the rock rubble at the foot of the Bunchgrass Hills slowed them. Isberg turned to Jake Strange and said: "Try a shot," and Strange began to peg his rifle's bullets through the distance, without effect. When they reached the foot of the hill, Isberg waved at his crew to follow him up the slope, but at that moment Merritt's crowd began firing from the timber line above. Skull broke back. Isberg swung in the leather and cursed them with a terrible softness, even while the lead rutted up the dust around them. He kept cursing them, looking straight at one man and another, grinding his contempt into them, one by one. Then, seeing them drift a little, he said, "We'll go around the base," and started that way.

Dutcher shouted, "I'll try the other side," and motioned to some of the men to follow. Isberg howled at him but five of the crew wheeled with Dutcher, recklessly running the scab rock. A bullet knocked down Hale Everett's pony and Everett shouted, "Wait a minute, boys!" Nobody stopped, whereupon Everett cursed Isberg by name, and all of them by name, and dropped behind the shelter of the dead horse. Dutcher kept going.

He hit the hills at Merritt's abandoned house and took the climbing trail toward Corral Flat. At Lankershim's little meadow he stopped, and said: "We'll wait a minute." The men with him slackened in their saddles and scanned the surrounding timber with a close, lively interest. There was no sound at all in the dreaming stillness of the hills.

Dutcher rolled a cigarette, his eyes hanging to it while he remembered all the talk Isberg had thrown at him and all the contempt in Isberg's manner. The man was crazy; turned so by a woman. It was a weak spot in Isberg, a kind of disease that was eating up his insides. In ten days he had ruined the crew and destroyed a foreman. He lighted the cigarette and dragged in the smoke; and took up the reins and moved on. This time he avoided the trail, ducking in and around the pines, climbing the grade at a deliberate gait. Somewhere in the southeast, firing began to roll back, irregular and faded. It was, perhaps, a mile away, or more.

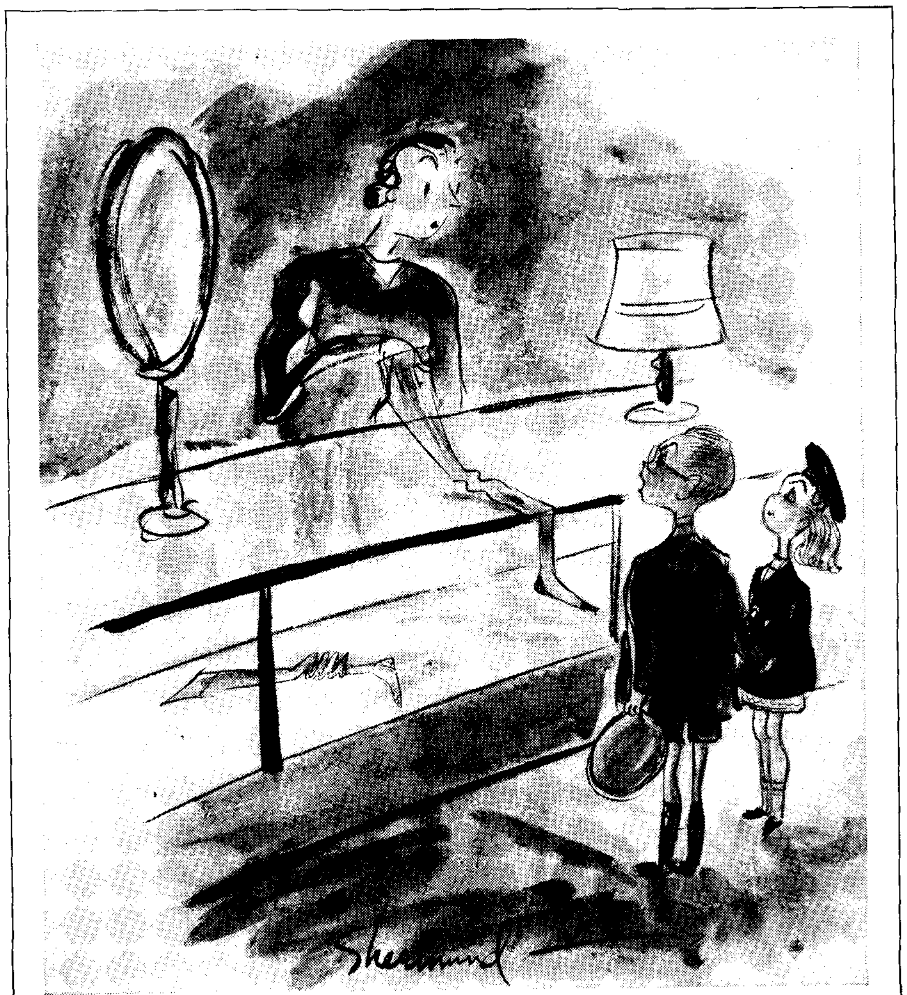
He stopped and faced the men who were so closely watching him now. He said: "You in a hurry?"

THEY didn't answer but they knew what he meant, for they were men born to slyness and sudden change. Skull's pay check had held them a little while and he, Fay Dutcher, had held them because he was their kind of rider. It wasn't Isberg: after ten days of this they didn't give a damn about Isberg.

The firing rolled up, closer-spaced. He listened to the oncoming fight reports, visualizing the kind of a fight it was—duck and dodge through the timber, with Isberg's men against Merritt's. And as he listened to it his own deep and sly and sultry temper governed him completely. He had his own rules of conduct and he had his own ambitions; and now he knew the time had come to play the game his own way. Isberg and Merritt. One of them would go under.

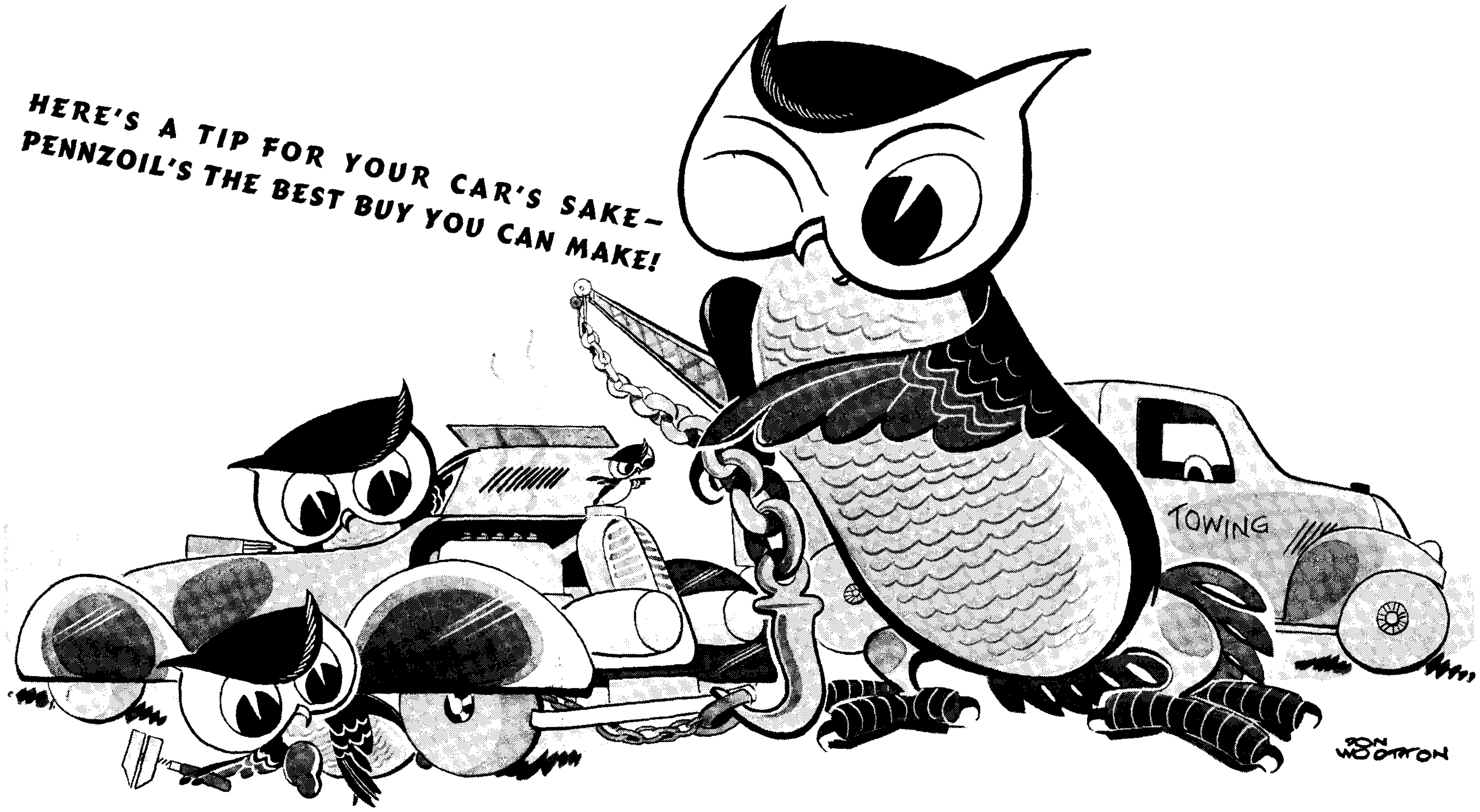
Jack McGinnis spoke up, summer soft with his talk: "Maybe, Fay, maybe. But if Isberg drops, there's still the woman to run the ranch. And there's still friend Merritt."

Dutcher pinched out the cigarette and



"Something more serviceable, please. It's to be filled with flour and swung"

BARBARA SHERMUND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That's why Pennzoil Motor Oil is the best buy you can make today. Those 3 extra steps provide it with an extra margin of safety that lengthens your car's life, helps it perform better and cost less to run.

They give Pennzoil a tough-film that actually reduces engine wear. They remove sludge-forming elements that gum up valves and piston rings. When these vital parts work freely, your motor runs like new. It uses less gas and less oil. Your car stays out of the repair shop longer.

Pennzoil lubricates the world's biggest Diesel-powered streamline trains. United Air Lines and many leading plane manufacturers specify it. And when you use this same oil, you not only get the finest Pennsylvania oil, but the **best buy** in motor oil — because Pennzoil gives you 3 extra refining steps at no extra cost.

BE OIL-WISE . . . USE PENNZOIL!

NIGHT-DRIVING SAFETY SIGNAL — Free. A brilliant, durable reflector for your car. Write Dept. C-1, The Pennzoil Company, Oil City, Pennsylvania or Los Angeles, California.

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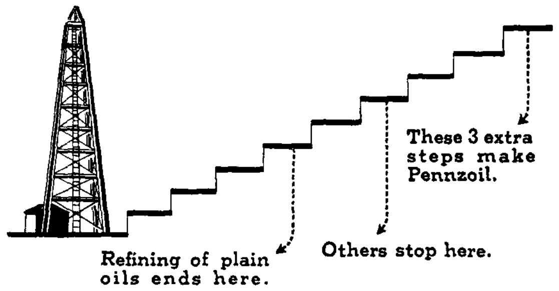
GIVES ALL MOTORS AN EXTRA MARGIN OF SAFETY

3 *EXTRA*-MARGIN-OF-SAFETY *STEPS*

Quality, even of Pennsylvania oil, is fixed by the time, skill and money put into refining the crude. Each additional step makes a better oil—and costs more money. But Pennzoil adds 3 extra steps to premium oil refining — and gives you an extra margin of safety at no extra cost to you.


These 3 extra steps make Pennzoil.
Others stop here.
Refining of plain oils ends here.

Good-looking hair

is an asset in any man's life!

MORNING, noon and night—during leisure hours or business pursuits—well-groomed hair registers an instantaneous appeal. It distinguishes the fellow who respects his appearance and deserves the attention and respect of others. That's why Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout" finds so many enthusiastic users among successful men—it's the *easy, thorough* way to help keep hair healthy and handsome.

This famous "60-Second Workout" can help keep *your* hair lustrous and handsome, too! Simply massage your scalp briskly with Vitalis until you feel the bracing tingle as circulation is aroused. Your scalp loses that taut feeling, becomes "freer", more flexible. The pure vegetable oils of Vitalis help supplement natural oils—overcoming extreme dryness. And Vitalis, with massage, helps prevent excessive falling hair.

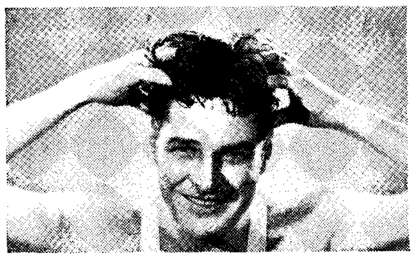
Good-looking hair completes that well-groomed look! Vitalis enables your hair to respond more quickly to combing and brushing. It stays in place, neatly and naturally, without a trace of that objectionable "patent-leather" look.

Stop at your druggist and get a bottle of Vitalis, today. Begin your "60-Second Workout" at once—and give your hair a chance to help you always make a winning impression!

ASK YOUR BARBER

He's an expert on the care of scalp and hair. For your protection in the barber shop—genuine Vitalis now comes only in the new, sanitary Sealtubes. Be sure to insist on Sealtubes!

Use Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout"



1. **50 SECONDS TO RUB**—Circulation quickens—the flow of necessary oil is increased—hair has a chance!

2. **10 SECONDS TO COMB AND BRUSH**—Your hair has a lustre—but no objectionable "patent-leather" look.

VITALIS

HELPS KEEP HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME

said: "The woman won't stay on Skull. As for Merritt, I'd ride through hot pitch after him. We'll drift that way. No hurry."

HALFWAY between the high knob of the hills and Corral Flat, Merritt saw the flicker of motion at the end of a long vista in the pines. The trees rose, thick-bodied and closely ranked, out of the dark earth mold. Pay Lankershim threw up his hand at once. "They're crossin' toward the flat."

"Swing," said Merritt. "We'll cut in front of them."

They turned from west to northwest, swinging around the pines, up and down with the potholes of the uneven earth. There was no shock from this urgent running, so deep was the cushioning layer of humus; there was only a soft "tunk-a-tunk" of sound. Sun brightened the overhead green and day's heat began to cut the long-held chill of night. Merritt rode with his bad leg free of the stirrup, in a degree easing the pain that slugged its way from toe to hip. Sweat collected under his hatband; the raw bruises around his mouth began to throb and burn. Bourke stayed beside him, Cultus ran behind, and Pay Lankershim was stretching farther and farther to the front. He rode like an Indian, his shoulders going high at each jump of the horse, his feet pushed straight and his arms carrying the gun up against his chest. He said, like a long sigh, "Ahee," and hauled his body back, throwing the horse on its haunches. The others overran him and heard his sudden swearing. "Dammit—get out of my tracks—back—back!"

Skull's riders came up through the deeper timber, riding very fast. One man shouted and the compact group scattered; and at once both outfits were wheeling around the gray and golden light. Pay Lankershim flung his rifle forward and was immediately firing. Cultus and Bourke moved against those shapes turning and vanishing and reappearing. Merritt sighted Isberg just as the latter threw his horse behind the partial shelter of a pine, fifty yards away. Bringing up his gun, Merritt rushed at the tree. The sound of this quick racket was compressed beneath the pine boughs, rolling through the corridors of the hills, slamming and echoing, and breaking into smaller whorls of sound in the deep distance. A bullet chipped the edge of a tree, shedding bark particles on Merritt's hat as he rushed ahead. Isberg fired and faded. Merritt's bullets went wide as his pony bucked back.

Isberg kept sliding to the rear, toward his own men. Lead whipped by Merritt and slugs spatted into the adjacent pines, closely seeking him. Pay Lankershim yelled, "Owen—don't git so far over there!"

THE alternate patches of sunlight and shadow blurred a man's eyes and the crisscrossing motion of the riders made them hard to place. He swung wider, racing on to catch a better sight of the elusive Isberg. The pony hit a hollow, throwing Merritt flat against the saddle horn. When he straightened Isberg wasn't to be seen.

Prine streaked past. A Skull man galloped into the open, his body twisted half around to snap a shot at Pay Lankershim. Bourke, still on the dead run, swept his long arm around, fired and rushed on. The Skull rider, still twisted in the saddle, raised one elbow, as if to protect himself against an unseen blow. His head snapped far back and his hat fell off and Merritt saw the wide-stretched expression of shock on his face. All this came to him in a succession of brief, flittering glimpses as he threw himself into the lower slopes of the forest. Looking back, later, he saw the Skull rider lying in the smoky dust. The horse had stopped. Both these groups kept shifting ground; they kept wheeling and swinging, with the area shattered by the close-held detonations and dust thickening and the smell of powder rank in the air. Merritt saw the rump of Isberg's white horse on the far right, away from the center of the fight. Skull's owner had made a deep, fast cut through the timber to catch Merritt off guard.

Merritt rushed at him, upgrade. Bourke Prine's voice was behind: "Owen—hey!" Behind him, too, a ricocheting bullet howled dismally. Isberg came into plain view, head on. His gun steadied itself against Merritt and Merritt saw it kick back against Isberg's fist. Wind vaguely breathed on his cheek. Then Isberg had faded behind the close-ranked trees once more and Merritt saw the rump of the white horse appear and disappear.

The distance was something better than fifty yards, which Merritt sought to close up. The way was downgrade for a short distance, thereafter rolling up toward a high knob. The firing behind him was increasingly softened by the intervening trees and, as from a great distance, Bourke Prine called: "Merritt—hey, Merritt." A quickening crackle of gunfire stopped the yell.

He saw the white horse cross a small alley in the timber and fade behind the endless pines; and then, remembering that it was Isberg who forced this fight, and would never run from it, Merritt pulled in behind a tree and waited. Around him the ground lay rougher, the root systems of occasional deadfalls lying fan-shaped in the shadows. Dust clung to the air and where sunlight slid through the overhead branches this dust boiled in the stained-gold brilliance.

OTHER than the far-off burst of shots—which seemed to be at less frequent intervals—there was no sound in the forest, and the lagging minutes went on and the tension piled up until Merritt felt as though, somewhere, a rifle's round snout lay steadily against him. Strain was that definite and he caught himself bracing his muscles against an awaited explosion.

He was troubled by the occasional streaks of sunlight. Back of those yellow-gold bars was a kind of diffused grayness his eyes could not quite penetrate; and he was thinking, carefully and quickly, of the way he would circle, drop to the ground, and use the adjacent deadfalls for shelter—if he were Isberg. The man had a mind hard to read and Merritt wasn't sure of his ways. Never ceasing to sweep the broken earth, its little pockets and fallen timber and its close-ranked pines stretching away without end, he saw nothing to give him a cue.

On his right, suddenly, a crow high in the trees shattered the silence with a squawking racket that filled all the corners of the hills. Merritt had been looking elsewhere; not turning, he saw Isberg's white horse pull out from a little roll of land and rush straight forward.

Merritt dropped from the saddle, ran around his pony and lifted his gun for a steadier aim than he had used all day. Isberg was three hundred feet away, lying low on the horse as he raced in. Now and then he had to turn around the standing trees; and once he dipped into a hollow until only his shoulders were visible. Merritt slid his free hand forward to cushion the gun. His front sight struck a straight black mark against the white horse's nearing breast.

At fifty yards Isberg drove the dust around Merritt's legs with two quick shots, checked the white horse and made a long, free jump from the saddle. The horse ran away, ruining Merritt's shot. Isberg rolled head over heels for a good fifteen feet, jumped up and raced for the shelter of a deadfall. He went over the deadfall in a low, flat dive, Merritt's following shot never catching him. Bourke Prine's distant calling ran insistently through the oncoming silence.

Merritt stepped behind the nearest tree, keeping his glance pinned to the log while he pushed fresh shells into his gun. A little streak of dust rose from the far side of the log, showing Isberg in motion. Merritt had a moment here, a risky moment; and ran out from the tree toward the log. He covered the last ten feet on his hands and knees, came against the log and so crouched, with a weather eye lifted toward the log's top line. When he put his ear against the wood he very plainly heard the continuing scrape of Isberg's body on the other side.

THE log was high enough to cover him when he crouched on his knees. It ran slightly downgrade toward its up-ended roots, thirty feet away. In falling, the pine had pulled up a great cake of earth with the roots, and this was a solid bulwark toward which Isberg seemed to be moving. Beyond, though Merritt couldn't see it from his location, was a hole fifteen feet broad, where the tree had formerly stood.

Bourke Prine's voice was a steady halloo in the lower forest; it swelled through the morning air: "Merritt—hey! Hey!" The fight there had quit. Merritt listened to the steady scrape of Isberg's body beyond the log, holding his place until he was certain the man meant to reach the lower end. Then, paralleling Isberg, he moved forward.

He heard Isberg grunt. He heard Isberg jump into the depression beyond the roots. Reared back, half upright, Merritt waited again while sweat rolled along the back of his neck and pain pounded its steady rhythm through his leg. Dirt rattled directly beyond the root fan. Isberg grunted again, seeming to fight his way up from the depression. Merritt rose and backed away and at this moment Isberg appeared around the edge of the root fan, flung one shot at Merritt and ducked out of sight.

Merritt went over the log in one jump and ran away from it a few yards and turned. He cut a short, quick circle around the roots, sighting Isberg at the same time Isberg saw him. Isberg was in the depression, his shoulders level with its rim. He had been moving forward. Now he held himself steady. There was no more ducking for either of them, and no more waiting. Twenty feet separated them. The little man's gun pointed toward the earth. And it was his, Merritt's, shot if he wanted it.

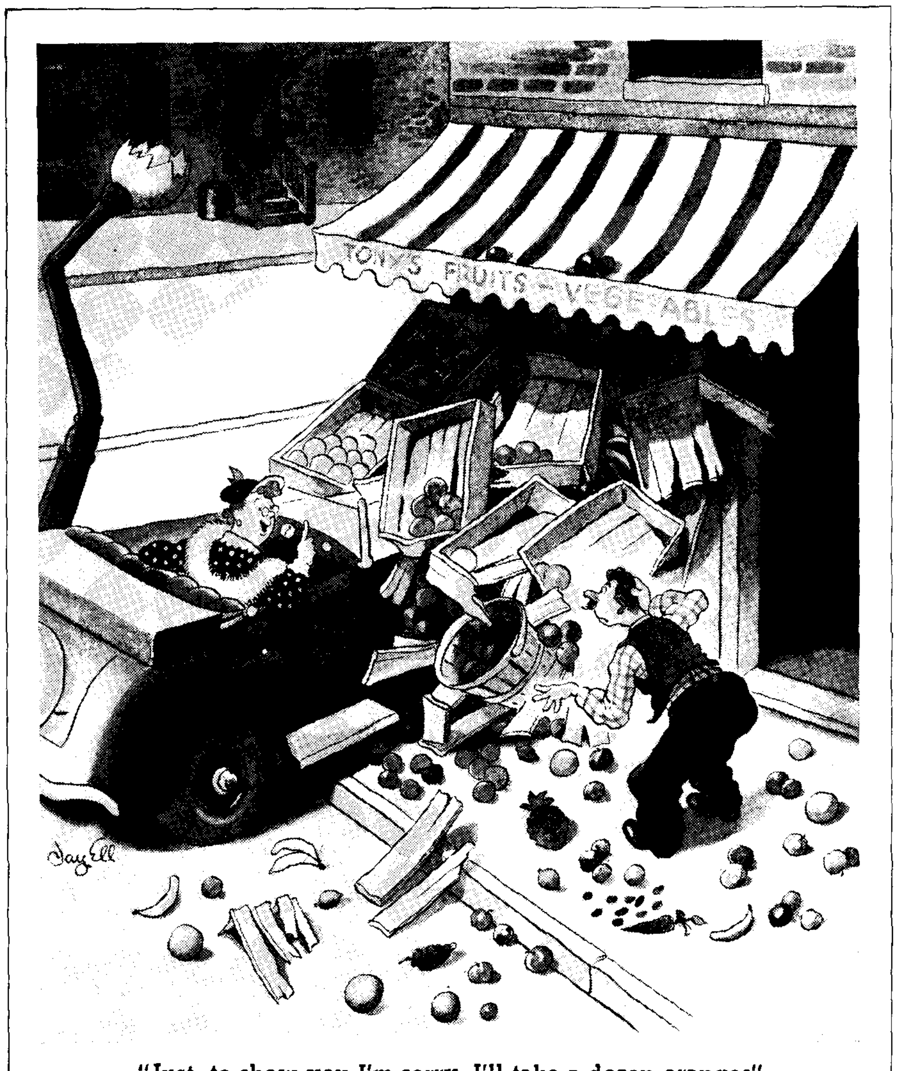
What kept him from taking his shot was a thought he believed he had killed during the long wait at the bottom of the canyon. This man was Sally's husband. It was something he couldn't forget, though he had tried to forget. Looking now at the narrow white face below him, he saw the eyes of a man turned mad.

Isberg had thrown his head slightly to one side, with his little shoulders pulled together and with his face smooth and thin. He had lost his hat, and his black hair lay down on his forehead and his white shirt showed the streaking of dust. Not even the exertion of the chase seemed to have disturbed his breathing much.

"Will," said Merritt, "come up here. Let's talk, like a couple of white men. There's a couple of maggots in your brain. One of them makes you grab land you don't need and the other makes you doubt a girl that never did a crooked thing in her life. It is time—"

Isberg became paler and paler, and a twist of his lip corners put an expression of irony there—that same expression that had held people away from him so long. He raised his gun with a gesture as deliberate as a man could make, and fired.

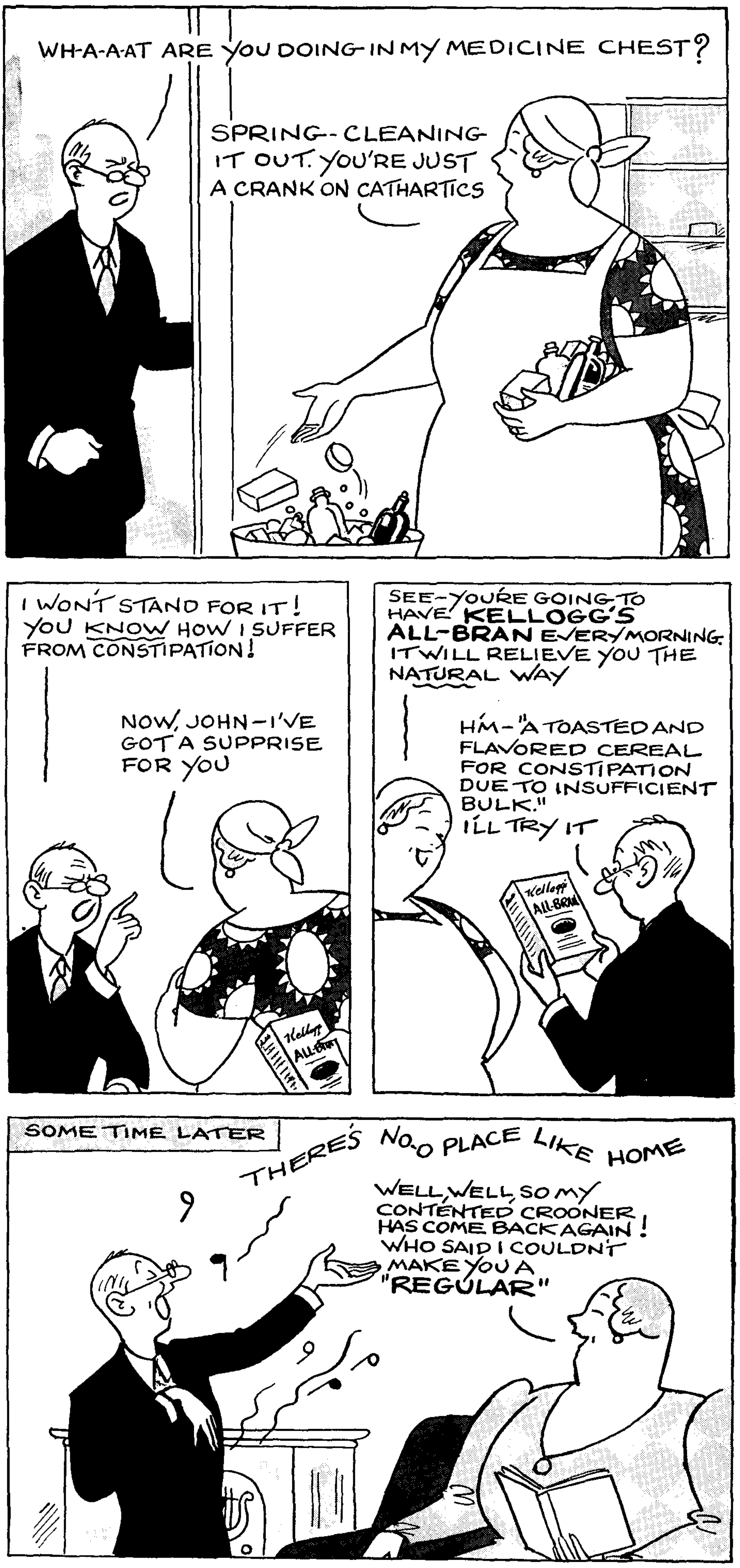
(To be concluded next week)


TONY'S FRUITS — VEGETABLES

"Just to show you I'm sorry, I'll take a dozen oranges"

JOSEPH LAZARUS

THE SMYTHES —by Rea Irvin


WH-A-A-AT ARE YOU DOING IN MY MEDICINE CHEST?
SPRING-CLEANING IT OUT. YOU'RE JUST A CRANK ON CATHARTICS
I WON'T STAND FOR IT! YOU KNOW HOW I SUFFER FROM CONSTIPATION!
NOW, JOHN—I'VE GOT A SURPRISE FOR YOU
Kellogg's ALL-BRAN
SEE—YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN EVERY MORNING. IT WILL RELIEVE YOU THE NATURAL WAY
HM—"A TOASTED AND FLAVORED CEREAL FOR CONSTIPATION DUE TO INSUFFICIENT BULK." I'LL TRY IT
Kellogg's ALL-BRAN
SOME TIME LATER
THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME
WELL, WELL, SO MY CONTENTED CROONER HAS COME BACK AGAIN! WHO SAID I COULDN'T MAKE YOU A "REGULAR"

It is lack of "bulk" in the diet that so often causes common constipation! And "bulk" doesn't mean the *amount* you eat—but a *kind* of food that supplies the soft, "bulky" mass you need to aid elimination. Kellogg's All-Bran supplies both this needed "bulk" and the intestinal-tonic vitamin, B₁. Eat it every day, drink plenty of water, and join the "regulars"! Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN
A Natural Laxative Cereal

Robert Rice Reynolds, junior gentleman from North Carolina in the United States Senate and candidate this year for re-election to his second term

Buncombe Bob

By Robert McCormick

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IFOR THOMAS, COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

THE grandfather clock on the first floor of the dormitory gave off 12 solemn bongs as the boy closed his dime novel and tossed it on the floor. The twelve-year-old youngster, his eyes still glistening from the thrill of Jesse James, sat quietly for a few moments, then picked up a stubby pencil and a sheet of paper.

"I have been thinking of running away for a long time," he wrote, "and tonight I have made up my mind to do so. I leave for Charleston this morning on the 2:15 train. Please send my trunk home."

He left the note for the prep school matron and two hours later was on the train. At Charleston he sold his watch for food, and got a job scrubbing brass on a Jacksonville-bound boat. Halfway through the trip he slammed a Negro cook over the head with a coffee cup and had to get protection from the captain when he landed. At Jacksonville he traded an imitation diamond ring for ham sandwiches, and a gold watch chain for a two-cent stamp and note paper to send a letter home. Within the space of a few months he had worked as a messenger boy at a turpentine farm, riding a poky horse 30 miles to the nearest post office and back three times a week. Bored with such prosaic labor, he had quit, hocking his shoes for meals; bathing in a swamp pool, he had just missed being chewed up by an alligator; hungry and tired, he had bummed a bed and job at a farmhouse and found himself sleeping in the same room with a raving lunatic; he had busted broncos on a Texas ranch; and through it all he had skillfully dodged the ubiquitous railroad detectives dedicated to the proposition that rail-riding hobos should be chased as often and as far as possible. He had, in short, mixed himself up a dose of adventure that would have made most embryonic heroes scuttle back to the comfort of the family feather bed.

But Robert Rice Reynolds of North Carolina has never lost his love for the life he read about in his paper-back thrillers. Even his career as a United States senator has been a rollicking sort of adventure that makes good fiction but incredible truth. Whatever Robert Rice Reynolds may do from now on, his main claim to fame must always lie in the fact that he has had one of the craziest careers that have ever taken a man to high office.

Man of All Trades

The gentleman from Buncombe County, North Carolina, has taken at least one whirl at all conceivable occupations. In tripping gaily around the world "six or eight times at least, I guess," he has done everything from side-show barking with a carnival to addressing the nation on the "alien menace." He has been professional wrestler, football coach, door-to-door book agent, actor, reporter, painter, farm hand, houseman, author and panhandler. From it all he has learned how to take care of himself and make others take care of him. His knowledge he puts to practical purpose in his politics.

When Reynolds makes a political speech in the Senate today, it carries his friends back to a time he was stranded in Chicago, without money and without work. He wanted to get to that mysterious new frontier known as "The West." So he found where he could get a bushel basket of secondhand bottles, two vials of vanilla and one of myrrh. He mixed the vanilla and myrrh, poured it in the bottles, corked the bottles and smeared them with sealing wax. He rented a long black coat and a high hat. On Saturday night he set up a dry-goods box at the corner of Halsted and Van Buren streets and offered for sale an elixir he proclaimed was as wonderful as the Fountain of Youth was once supposed to be. So fine was his salesmanship that when the rush was over he had cleaned up enough to buy a through ticket to Yankton, South Dakota.

And when Reynolds' political opponents find him ducking their straightest blows, they recall the occasion when he was spotted by a railroad policeman as he finished a free ride on a freight car. He ducked around the engine, grabbed a piece of cotton waste and made himself a temporary employee of the road, without salary, by energetically scrubbing at the brass trimming. Yes, he told the pursuing policeman in the co-operative manner expected between fellow workers, he had seen a tramp cut across yon field and head for the woods. As the detective's flat feet pointed for the woods, Reynolds quietly walked away to the security of the near-by town.

When he survives an apparently hopeless political situation, he is repeating a performance he gave when he was a stowaway on a boat out of London. Discovered just before the ship reached the open ocean, he was abruptly thrown overboard. He couldn't swim worth shucks, and land was a hundred yards away, but somehow he made it.

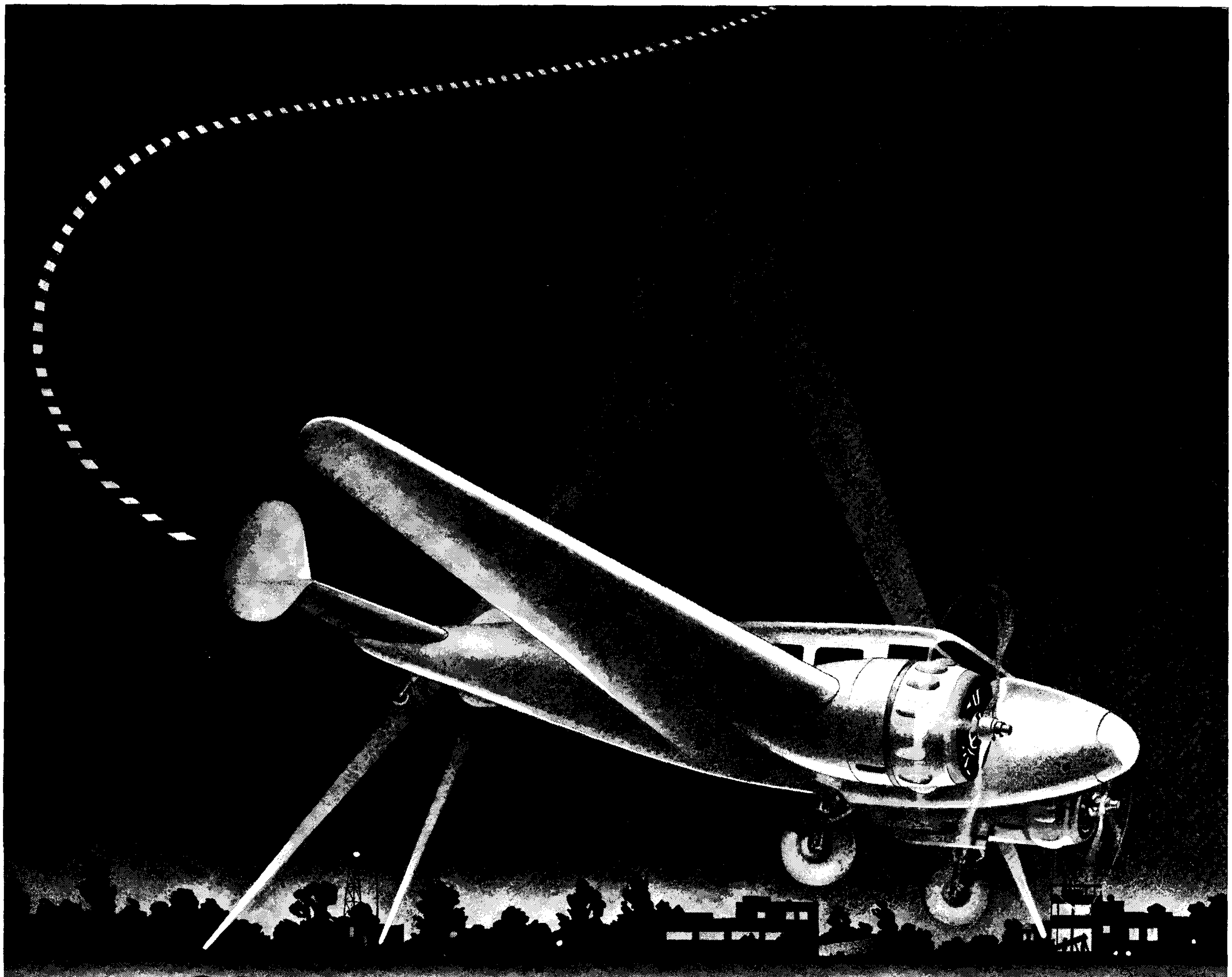
And when he portrays wide-eyed innocence in a minor political crisis, he is reliving a spring day in Paris when a bugle-voiced huckster beneath his window woke him at dawn. He thought to restore quiet by dumping a dishful of soapy water on the huckster. The gendarme who invaded Reynolds' room a few moments later found an American boy fast asleep, obviously no more guilty of water-dropping than the clear blue sky above.

One Way to Advertise

Only Horatio Alger could equal Bob's election to his first public office. He had, after his own fashion, settled down. Completing a legal course at the University of North Carolina, he started looking for a practice. As a complete fledgling who had long been away from the native heath, he found he was not too well known. He decided to run for prosecuting attorney of his district, a job traditionally held by Republicans.

"I knew I couldn't win but I figgered it was a good investment in advertising," he said. "It cost $50 to enter, but my name went on thousands of ballots and was mentioned in speeches to thousands of people. And it was absolutely ethical."

He bought a flea-bitten, sway-backed horse, two saddlebags and 10,000 sticks of red-and-white peppermint candy. Each piece of candy he wrapped in a bit of paper bearing the printed plea: "Ask



GLIDE...for a Happy Landing

Have you ever watched a plane get down to earth? At the controls is a pilot who skillfully guides it into a smooth and gradual descent. He *glides* to a "happy landing".

Every husband and father is "at the controls" of his family's financial future. If your dependents should some day have to "get down to earth" — learn to live on less because they must go along without your active support — will they experience the shock of a sudden descent, or will your skill and forethought allow them to *glide* to a new income level?

Through a special John Hancock plan of life insurance, it is possible, even if your means are not large, to supply enough money for a few years to permit your family to make the change in living standards easily and by degrees, not painfully and all at once. Because this plan does a big job at comparatively small cost, it will interest you, whether your estate is large or small, whether you have much or little life insurance.

(To cite just one example, a man who is thirty-five today can for about $6.50 a month provide a readjustment income of $100 a month for the first year, $75 the second year, $50 the third year and $35 the fourth).

Ask your John Hancock representative about our readjustment plan. He is skilled in making life insurance do what you want it to. Or if you prefer, we will mail you a special booklet which explains the readjustment plan in detail.

DEPARTMENT C5
John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co., Boston, Mass.

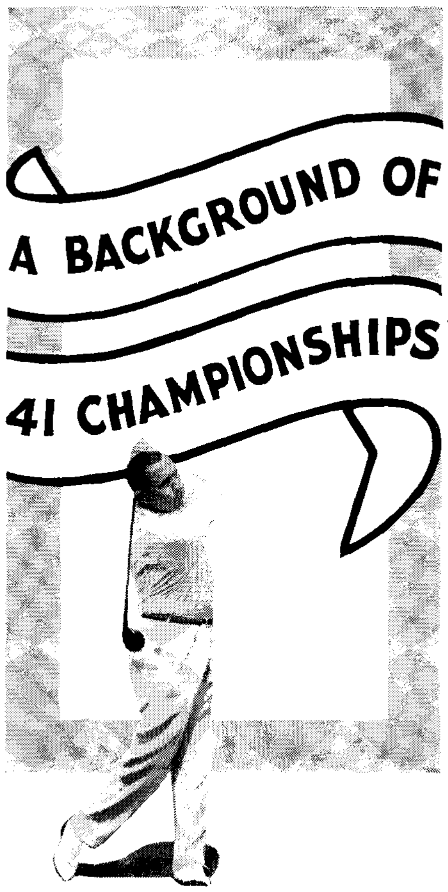
Please mail me a copy of your booklet describing the readjustment plan.

Name..
Address..
City........................State................

John Hancock
MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

GUY W. COX, President

JOHN HANCOCK MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY



HAGEN
WOODS
AND IRONS

Experts say Walter Hagen, the winner of 41 championships, knows more about designing a golf club than any other man on the face of the earth.

When it comes to selecting your new clubs be sure and examine the new Hagen Lorythmically matched and balanced Woods and Irons for 1938.

Heretofore one of the big bugaboos of golf was one's imperfect swinging control and bad timing due to unbalanced swinging weights.

The Hagen system of weight control (scientific weight distribution in grip, shaft and head) makes it possible for you to swing every club in your bag with identical swinging weight.

And that is the secret of straightening out one's game.

Hagen offers these magnificent advanced designs as follows: American Ambassador Woods, $12 each; Autograph Woods, $10 each; Ambassador Woods, $10 each.

American Ambassador Irons, $9 each; Autograph Irons, $7.50 each; Ambassador Irons, $6 each.

Specials for the ladies! American Lady and Miss America models. All perfect beauties. Woods, $7 and $5. Irons, $5 and $4.

Other Hagen Clubs from $4 up

See your professional or dealer

THE L. A. YOUNG GOLF CO., DETROIT, MICH.

AMERICAN AMBASSADOR .. $12
AMERICAN AMBASSADOR .. $9

your daddy to vote for Bob Reynolds." He rode through all the mountains, visiting schools and passing out candy to children who seldom sank their teeth into such common sweetmeats. Meanwhile he addressed the mountain folks in a manner that made more seasoned politicos cringe. "I don't want this job just to serve you," he told them, "though I reckon I can do that as well as anybody. I want it for the money. I'm a young lawyer and I need experience. I want to get it at your expense."

Now he says, "The people liked the truth. That job was paid by fees grossing about $7,500 a year. They knew that whatever highfalutin talking a man might do, he really had his eye on those fees. When I told them so right out, they knew that in Bob Reynolds they had an honest man." He confounded political experts, Republicans and himself by winning the election.

Reynolds has never been able to control his wanderlust very well. When he ran for lieutenant governor in 1924, he conducted his campaign while making a trip around the world. On his boat he discovered a big-hearted fate had given him as traveling companions more than a hundred North Carolina soldiers on their way to service in Panama. He rounded them up in the ship auditorium and gave them a rousing speech. Then he wrote the parents of each to the effect that "I saw Johnny today and we had a long talk. He's a splendid boy and will serve his country nobly, as befits a son of that great and lovely state of North Carolina." At Panama he discovered a North Carolina State Society organized there. He put forth another speech and another batch of letters.

He carried with him a North Carolina Year Book, containing the names of thousands of lawyers, dentists, doctors, officeholders, merchants and other Tarheel citizens who might be valuable in political compaigning. A comet's tail of post cards followed Reynolds into all corners of the globe. The post cards were addressed to Year Book names. He returned hopefully to North Carolina just before the primaries but this time his rabbit's foot had lost its fuzz. He was defeated.

A Hundred Visitors a Day

Reynolds says he started his campaign for the Senate with $20 in cash and a Ford roadster bought on the installment plan. Some of his friends say he borrowed the $20, but this Reynolds denies. At any rate, he was so broke he sometimes had trouble buying postage for campaign literature.

He traveled 100,000 miles in the roadster, making speeches at every wide place in the road. His enemies claim he capitalized unfairly on the vote-getting appeal of the old car. He always managed to run it out of water before getting into a town, they complain, so he could rattle slowly down Main Street with the radiator boiling and the motor knocking in a manner most familiar to the mountaineers.

Yet between villages, the accusers allege, he somehow managed to make pretty good time. Such calumnies would seem to be given the lie, however, by the indisputable fact that the four-cylinder shay frequently surrendered altogether. He arrived at Columbia at 8 o'clock one evening on a horse-drawn milk wagon, sharing the seat with a Negro driver. The roadster had given up several miles from town. He had a speaking engagement in Williamston, 60 miles away, at precisely 8 o'clock. He borrowed a car and roared into Williamston an hour late. But there sat his patient audience, ready to give him a salute that legend says was heard clear back in Columbia.

North Carolina was a traditional fortification of the drys in 1932 when Reynolds was out for the Senate seat, and Cameron Morrison, the incumbent, was an antialcohol man from way back. But Reynolds ran as a wet. He had to do some fancy stepping to avoid a political kayo.

"Liquor," he told North Carolina, "is the most damnable affliction ever visited upon mankind. It wrecks homes and hearts and destroys lives. It eats away the tissues of the stomach and the cells of the brain. I hate liquor. I am fighting the same battle for sobriety that my mother fought when she stood at the gateway of her humble home with the white ribbon of temperance on her shoulder. I am fighting the same battle that those great Americans, William Jennings Bryan, Wayne B. Wheeler and Morris Sheppard thought they had won when on a January midnight in 1920 they stood shoulder to shoulder in a silent prayer of gratitude. I am not trying to bring liquor back. It is impossible to bring back something that has never left us. I am simply asking that you take the liquor, liquor that is already here, out of the hands of the bootleggers, where it cannot be controlled, and put it in the hands of the government where it will be controlled. I am asking that you take the taxes off the land and put them on the liquor."

Reynolds was elected by the biggest majority in Tarheel history. As a senator, he has been a man of gusty good nature, a methodical and faithful Roosevelt supporter, and a demagogic opponent of "alien agitators"—a group that seems to take in everyone not born with American flags sticking out of his ears.

His office is a merry-go-round. A hundred visitors a day flock into it, and overflow into the Senate reception room in the Capitol. Reynolds says the Capitol telephone operator kept track of his calls last year and found he was getting 265 a day, and the mail brings 500 letters every 24 hours. In the midst of the hubbub is cordial Bob, getting from his secretaries the first names of all callers, and meeting them with long-lost-pal greetings and pulverizing handshakes. He is on the Senate floor legislating relatively little, "which," he says, "is a little unfortunate." The Senate pages, floor flunkeys for the members, have voted Bob their favorite senator.

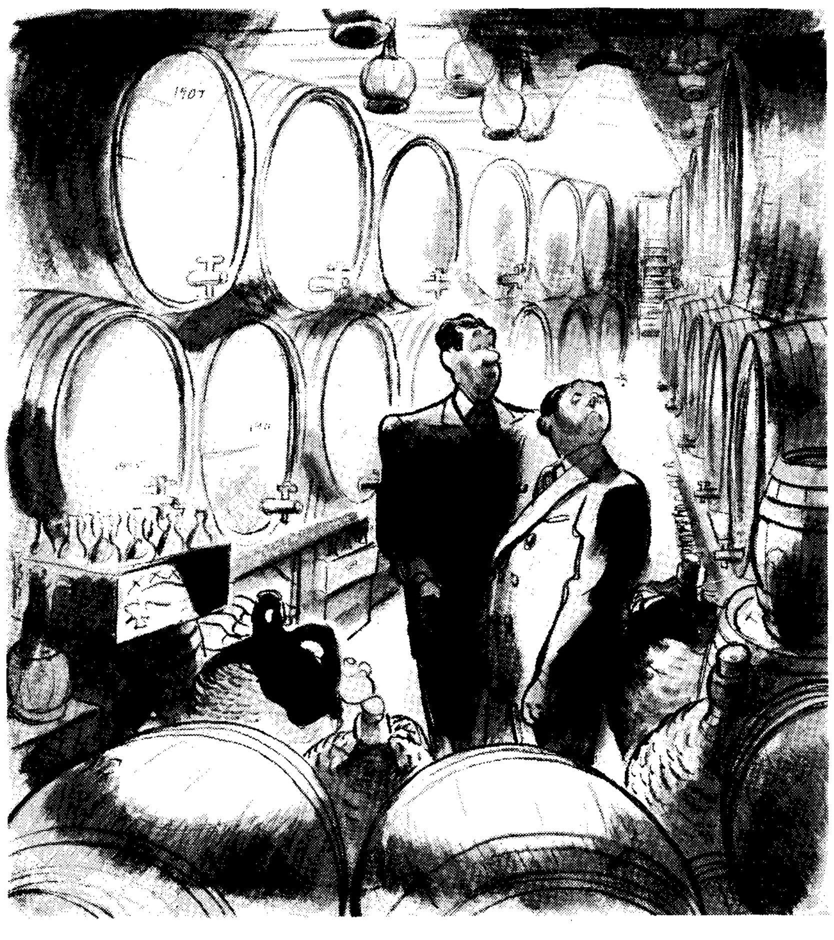
Reynolds is proud of his alien speeches, in which he views with alarm a vague force he calls "subversive influences." The theme is perennially popular in North Carolina but makes small impression in Washington. The Senate loves him best when he takes it on a rambling verbal tour of the world.

A Pushover for Bob

Asked once if he had missed any country in the world in his travels, he said, "I don't think so but I've been meaning to check up for sure." From the glint in his eye it was a sure-fire bet that if he found he had overlooked anything over a mile square he would set out forthwith.

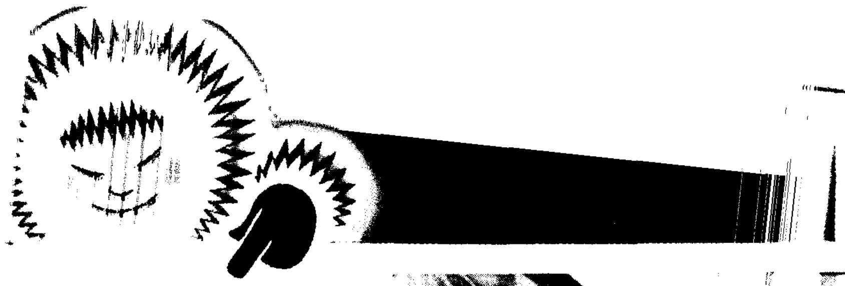
But our Bob likes his job and wants to keep it. He is up for re-election this year and he's shaking more hands and learning more first names at an even faster pace than usual. "Politics," he explains, "is a profession, a career. You have to practice politics just like you'd practice medicine or law."

His opponents cannot but be a little sad at Bob's proficiency in his profession. During his last campaign, he was visited by a pastor seeking a $50 contribution to religious charities. Bob pointed sadly to a stack of letters he had been unable to mail because he couldn't buy postage, and to a hole in the wall where the telephone had been ripped out because he had not paid the bill. He elaborated on his predicament with a tear in his voice that would have made a fortune for a crooner. As he finished, the pastor dug into his pockets and pulled out $2.37. The $2 he contributed to the Reynolds campaign fund, apologizing for keeping enough for lunch. Profession or merely pursuit, North Carolina politics has so far been a pushover for Bob of Buncombe.



"I don't drink, but I keep it around in case a friend drops in"

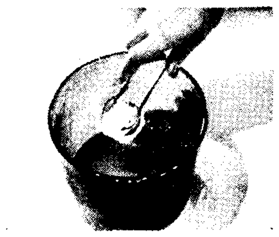
GARRETT PRICE



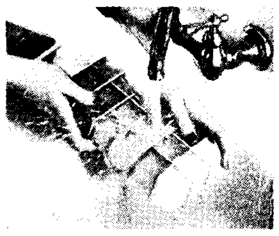
DON'T LET THIS HAPPEN TO YOU

Don't Let Poor Freezing Waste the Cost of Good Desserts.

Don't Struggle with Shelves that Can't Hold Big Turkeys, etc.



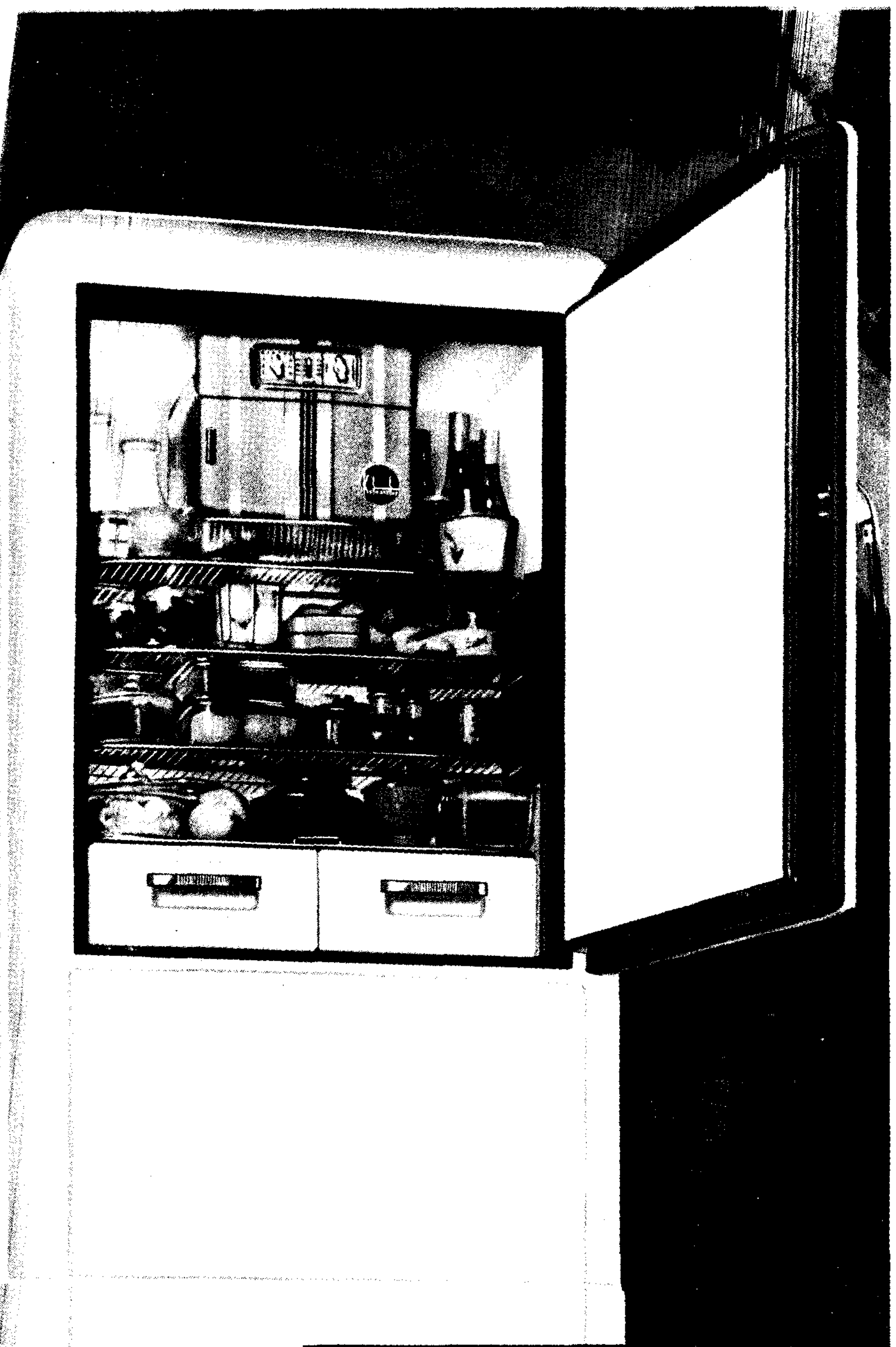
Don't Put Up with a Refrigerator that Can't Freeze Enough Ice.



Don't Waste Money and Time Using Water to Get Ice Cubes.

CURRENT BILL

Don't Waste Money on a Refrigerator that Wastes Current.



HERE'S ICE-MAKING [illegible] MAKING HISTORY

Kelvinator proves its championship as new record-breaking "POLAR POWER" Sealed Unit boosts freezing power . . . reduces current costs to unheard-of low!

HERE'S JUST A sample of the 1938 Kelvinator's terrific power and all-around economy . . .

Ice cubes! You never saw so many big ones come out of one refrigerator in the same short time at the amazing bargain price of 72* for 1¢!

Because Kelvinator, with the sensational new "POLAR POWER" *Sealed* Unit, *now* uses less current than ever!

Yet it has enough reserve power to handle the average daily food load of FIVE refrigerators! . . . reserve equal to 1050 pounds of ice a week!

Can you imagine any safer protection for foods? It's unfailing, even in hottest weather or most overheated kitchen.

Look at Kelvinator! See the new shelves that can be moved up or down to make room for big articles.

See Kelvinator's amazing new Speedy-Cube Release.

Part of the startling story of this new cold-making marvel is told in pictures on this page.

Look at them and remember, there's lots more to see and hear about Kelvinator, at your favorite store today.

You can buy a Kelvinator for only a few cents a day.

Think of that! . . . for the most beautiful electric refrigerator in America, with the oldest, proudest name in the industry! See it now.

KELVINATOR,
Division of Nash-Kelvinator
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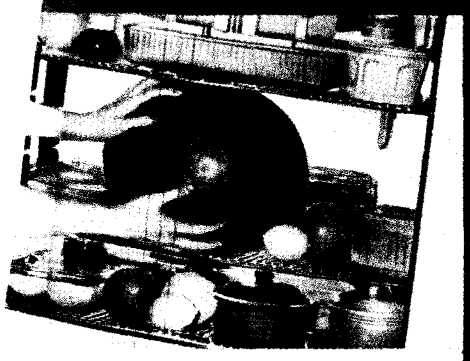
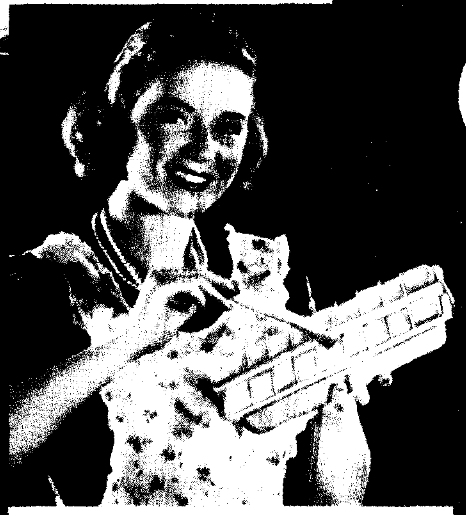
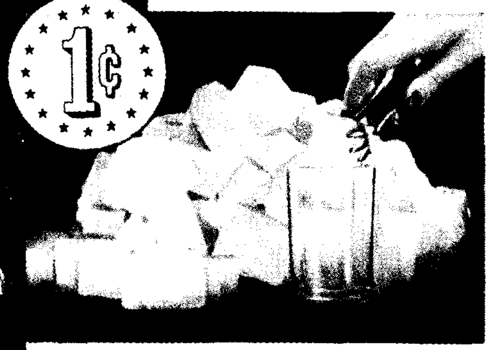


Where to keep that giant melon? . . . ONLY Kelvinator has the perfect answer! See the clever new shelves you can move up or down to *make* things fit. Hold MORE food, too! Insist upon this in the refrigerator you buy.



So convenient, it's folly to buy a refrigerator that doesn't have this amazing new Kelvinator feature—the Speedy-Cube Release. No splashing . . . no fuss . . . no melting to get ice cubes. Just one, two, and they're out!

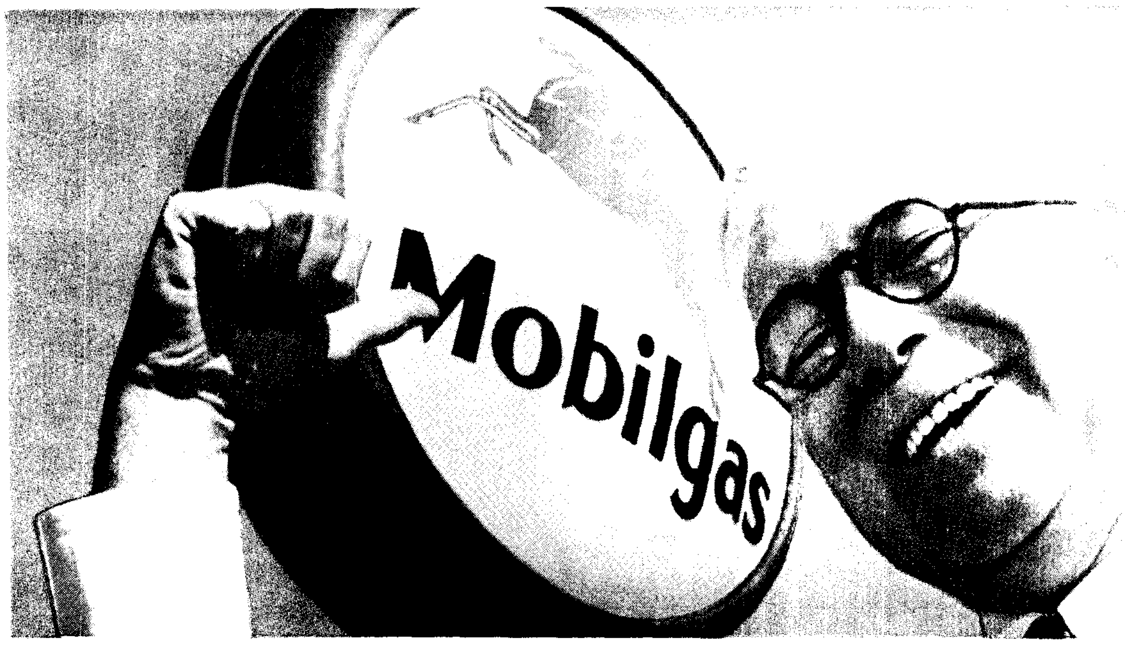


***Every refrigerator claims economy . . . only Kelvinator tells HOW economical! Makes 72 big ice cubes for 1¢ (at the national average rate for electric current)! One more unanswerable reason for choosing Kelvinator!**

Try and beat this! Foods as safe, regardless of weather, as they'd be with 1050 pounds of ice a week! More than half a ton! And only Kelvinator has the sensational new "POLAR POWER" Sealed Unit, with this tremendous cold-making reserve. That's absolute protection! Why accept less?

Kelvinator

THE CHAMPION ICE-MAKER



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It's America's Favorite Gasoline

REMEMBER THE SONG, "I Love a Parade"? Everybody loves the tramping of feet ...the beat of a drum...and the high-stepping Drum-major. It's true. America loves a parade...always admires the leader.

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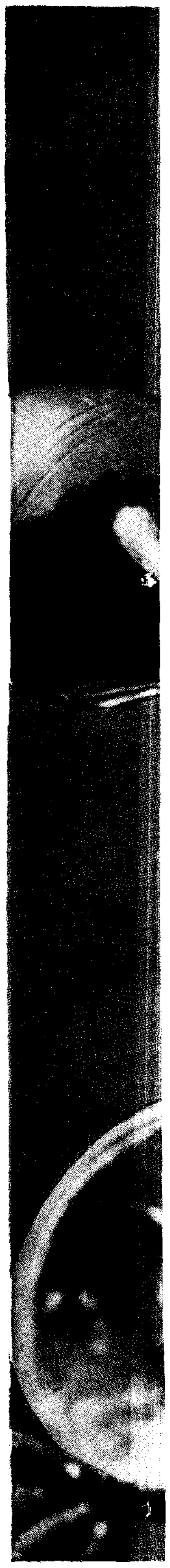
Every minute of every day more than 1,000 motorists buy this famous brand.

So many, in fact, that today Mobilgas is America's favorite gasoline!

Isn't this your finest proof that Mobilgas is the best gasoline for your car, too?



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OLD DRUM
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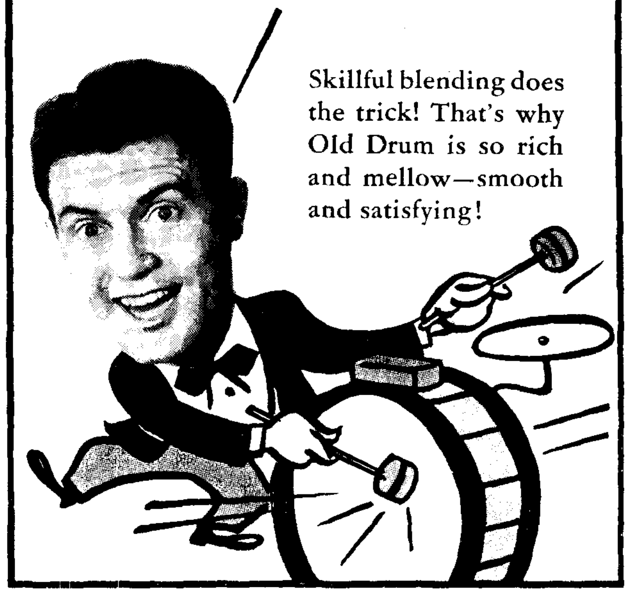
90 PROOF
A CALVERT PRODUCT

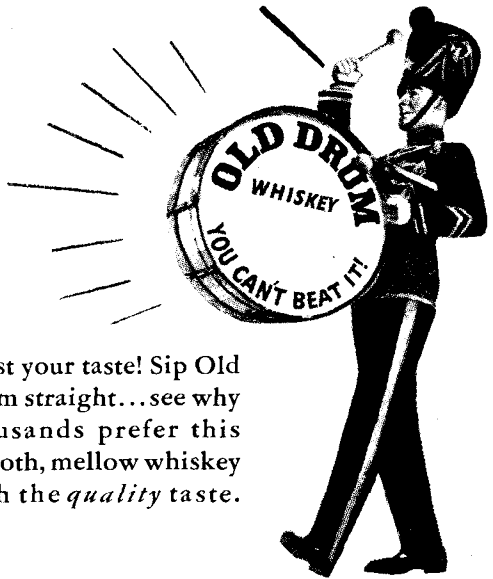
In recognition of his exciting swing *style and his hilarious comedy antics,* "Poley" McClintock of Fred Waring's "Pennsylvanians" is awarded this *month's miniature* Gold Drum.

THIS MELLOW BLEND HAS SET THE TREND!



Skillful blending does the trick! That's why Old Drum is so rich and mellow—smooth and satisfying!

FOR TASTE AND ZEST YOU'LL SAY IT'S BEST!


OLD DRUM
WHISKEY
YOU CAN'T BEAT IT!

Trust your taste! Sip Old Drum straight... see why thousands prefer this smooth, mellow whiskey with the *quality* taste.

OLD DRUM

BRAND *Blended Whiskey*

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Special Request

Continued from page 21

time he remarked on her trouty little black net and sequins. Thinking it over, he realized that the black net and sequins had been a definite milestone: up to then he had noticed her chiefly as a singer, rather than as a woman.

Then there was the night she suggested that they sing a song together. Which they did. It delighted the crowd so much that the manager of the Zig Zag Club told them to repeat, often. Soon their romantic boy-and-girl songs were attracting attention. Sufficient attention to interest *the* Ted Ennis, who came, heard and signed them.

From the moment Ted put the band, and them, under contract, their life became shot full of canny promotional schemes. The weeks no longer idled pleasantly by; now they zipped. The band left the Zig Zag Club and swung right into a modest hotel, uptown. Russ and Max clicked heavily there and then moved into a bigger hotel, close to Broadway. Here they were billed above the band: The Sweethearts of Song. Russ disliked the title, but he deferred to Ted Ennis' judgment. Because Ted had thought that one up, personally.

When Russ thought of Max, he thought of her as a very sweet kid and a good friend—that was all. And then Ted Ennis figured out a fine new publicity angle. "You two," he told them, "ought to start going around places together. Let the columnists think that the Sweethearts of Song are sweethearts in *real* life and we'll have a steady pipe line through the press. You know, the old romantic oompah. . . ."

THEY agreed to that readily—for they liked each other's company. And as Russ got to know Max better, he realized that he had never fully appreciated her. It dawned on him suddenly that he had fallen in love.

And when he became aware how deeply Max cared for him, he knew that she would marry him whenever he asked her. So he asked her one night in a taxi. . . .

They were too happy with each other, those days, to keep track of Ted Ennis. When they found out that Ted was using the wedding to launch another big publicity build-up, they were furious. But Ted managed to make this latest campaign look reasonable enough. He explained that he was doing it all for their own good, argued that the publicity had been dignified. And they both had to admit that through it he had achieved highly gratifying results: the band moved into a gilt-edged Westchester summer resort. Then, in the fall, it opened at the Casino and settled there for a solid, dazzling year.

That was when the real trouble started. By this time Russ hardly questioned Ted's advice; obviously Ted was doing everything possible to further their interests. And Russ was doubly anxious to hit the top in this business—he had Max to think of now. He knew that there was no permanent security in the band business. On top today, but if you didn't make the most of it, tomorrow. . . .

That was why, at Ted's insistence, he had followed up the Muriel Kincaid contact. He hadn't wanted to do it. But in the end Ted had convinced him that it was the right thing to do. Ted had introduced him to Muriel, explaining that she had a crush on him, Russ; that her father was P. J. Kincaid, president of Magic Razor which sponsored a national radio program. Reluctantly Russ accepted Muriel's frequent invitations to join her parties, or her friends' parties.

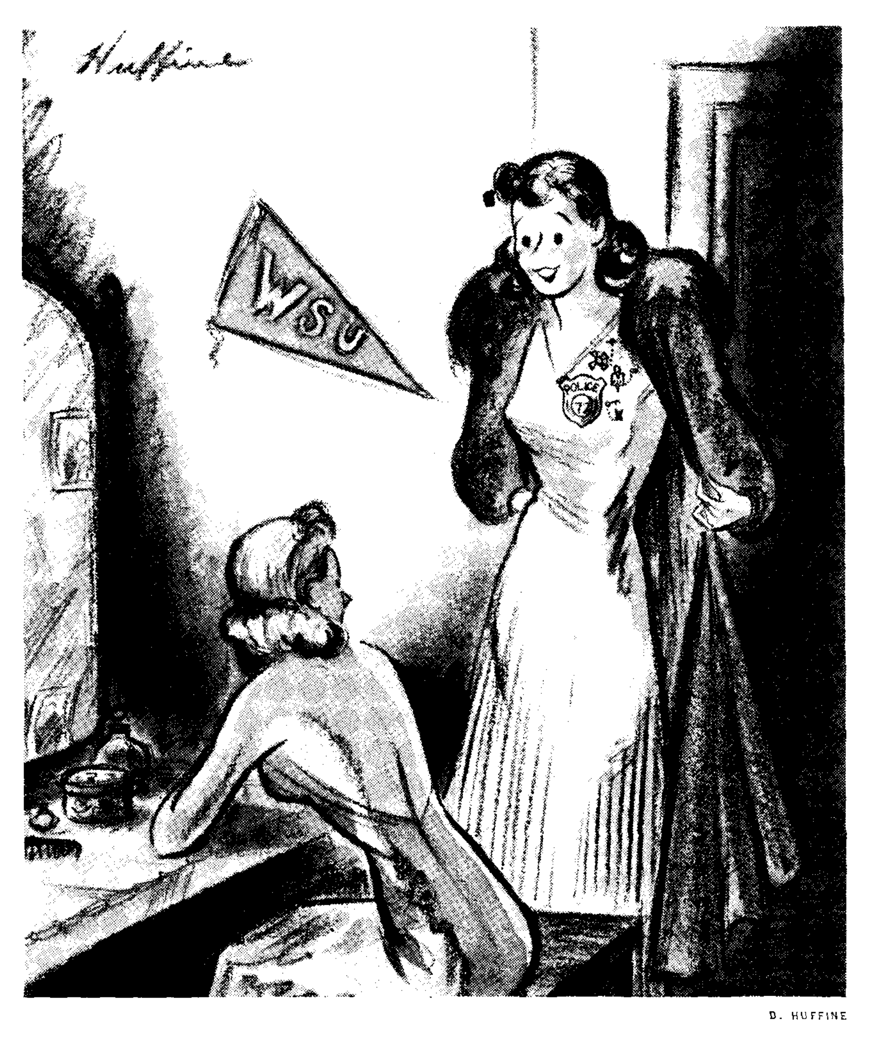
Max grew jealous and angry. She resented Ted's influence more deeply than ever. She said angry things: she said that Russ was out to become a first-rate Broadway heel and she didn't know why she had married him in the first place unless it was because she loved him. Was their love *love*, or was it just build-up—by Ted Ennis?

Russ didn't flare back at her—he knew she was hurt and angry and that she didn't really mean to say these things. Soon, he thought, she'd come around; she'd understand.

But Max had never "come around." And now, finally, she was through.

"Max," he said, sinking back against the hard-cushioned seat of a taxi, "if you want a divorce, then I suppose I have to let you get one. Only, if you would *try* to understand my side of it. Why, Ted Ennis will tell you—"

"Please don't start telling me what Ted Ennis will tell me."



D. HUFFINE

Russ took her hand in his and squeezed it, but he didn't say anything. Because he didn't know what to say.

HE WALKED into Ted Ennis' office three days later. Ted sat at his ornate desk with its three telephones; he was dressed in one of his suits with the phenomenally prominent checks.

"Well," Russ said, "you have to get me a new band girl before the Casino reopens, Ted. Max quit."

"She—*what?*"

"She quit me and the band. So I need—"

Ted Ennis was beginning to look for all the world like a sheriff who, in the line of duty, has been shot at from ambush. "Listen, son," he said in that clipped, assured voice, "I don't think you realize what you're saying. You *can't* let Max quit."

"Why can't I?" Russ demanded.

"Because you and your band aren't strong enough—alone—for the big time. Without Max you're washed up *there*."

"But—"

Ted Ennis held up his hand. "I thought you realized that! You and Max, as a team, are a natural. It's not a case of getting just *any* band girl. It takes Max. Personally I think your band is lousy."

"I don't believe you," Russ said. "You're lying."

"All right. . . ." He reached for the telephone. "I'll prove it."

For once Russ felt irritated by Ted's cool assurance. A conviction was growing swiftly in him, making him feel sicker by the minute, that Ted was right.

He became dimly aware, from the deep fog of his thoughts, that Ted was talking on the telephone to Bert Dailey, the owner of the Casino. And Bert Dailey, judging by Ted's long silences, was doing most of the talking. . . . That was bad.

When Ted put the telephone down, he said: "Well, it's like I told you, kid. Bert Dailey doesn't want any part of you or the band without Max."

"But, Ted—"

"So be a good boy and go get that girl back."

"But I *can't* get her back," Russ said.

"Why not?"

"Because she's gone. To Reno, to get a divorce. She went yesterday afternoon. I know because I saw her off."

Ted Ennis was not a man who took very long to figure things out. "Have you got her address out there?" he demanded.

Russ nodded.

"Fine. I'll tell you what: sit down and write Max a lovely letter, see? Now that she's gone you miss her, can't live without her—that angle. She'll come running back and she'll never know why—"

"I'd be an awful heel to do a thing like that," Russ said, angrily.

"Listen! That letter gets written even if *I* have to write it. I've invested too much time building you two up to let you pull this on me."

For a moment Russ wondered how it would feel to punch Ted Ennis in the mouth. In that flash he felt he knew why Max had always disliked Ted so much. But then he snapped out of it. After all, Ted was trying to be helpful. . . . So he said: "No, I won't do that. But I *will* write her. The truth. I'll tell her if she'll come back and save the band she can get a divorce later on, when there's time for it."

He sent Max a long night letter and in the morning he had her reply. It said: "I'll be back in time. Max."

And that was all he heard from her until three days before the Casino reopened. Then she telephoned him. She said that she had taken an apartment and that he could come over to see her if he wanted to.

The minute he hung up he rushed out of the hotel and jumped into a taxi.

WHEN she opened the door and saw him standing there, she turned all pink and that made him feel good. She was looking fine in a nice, clean, starched house dress, with an apron full of little embroidered bluebirds.

When he stepped inside, he smelled something cooking in the kitchen. Max said, "I was just getting dinner. Are you hungry, Russ? I've sausages and scrambled eggs and they're very good."

"Well now!" he said. "So you can cook things, Max? I never did find out much about that."

"No, you didn't," she said. "Ted was always dragging us into clubs or somewhere where we could be seen by the columnists."

He watched her whip eggs and milk in a bowl. Then she dumped it all in the frying pan with some butter, and she began to stir the concoction gently. She looked as though she knew how to do it. "Here we are, all but divorced," Russ thought, "and I am just finding out that Max can cook. Well, we live and learn."

It wasn't until after they had finished eating and were having cigarettes over the coffee that they discussed the band.

"It was mighty swell of you to come back, Max," he said.

She shook her head. "Not so noble, really. You see, it was a long train ride out there, and on long train rides a person gets to thinking."

"What did you think about?"

"I—I changed my ideas some. I don't think you and I need to break up professionally just because we're going to get divorced. I thought so at first but I don't think so now." Max smiled brightly. "I've decided that I want to get to the top too. We'll *both* concentrate on getting there now."

"How's that again, Max?"

"From now on, my boy, *I'll* help cultivate the right people too. We'll both do it. We'll climb and climb and climb—"

"This doesn't sound like you, Max!" he said alarmed. "Are you sure you're feeling all right?"

"Oh, yes. Don't tell me you aren't pleased with the new me!"

"Well, probably I am," he said, frowning, "but I want to think it over."

Two weeks after the Casino had reopened, Russ had to admit that everything was going along smoothly. Yet he

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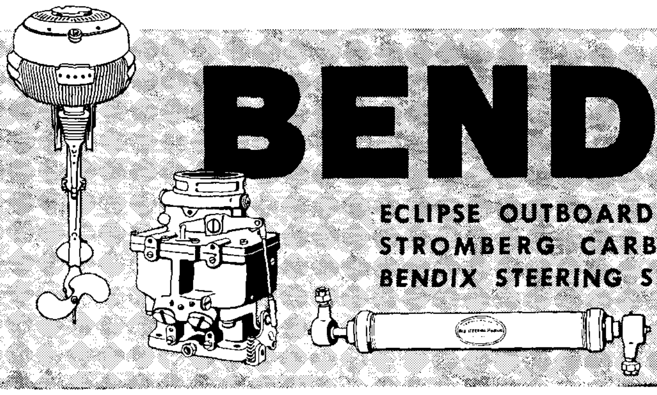

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wasn't happy. He couldn't quite get used to Max these days—she seemed bent on pleasing everyone.

One evening after they had eaten dinner together and were walking to the Casino, he told her how he felt. "Max, I can't seem to get used to the way you have changed."

"I've become smart, like you, my boy." She pointed. "Look up there, Russ."

He looked. Bursting through the dusk, straight ahead, was the bright white gleam of the Casino's marquee. It spelled out: *Russ Woodward, Maxine Evans and Their Band.* Max had asked to have her name put up there since her return. She had never cared about that part of it before.

"Doesn't it look nice?" she asked.

"Yes, but—"

"Well, I'm going to help you keep those names in lights, Russ."

"You don't need to worry too much about it. You just trust Ted and me for that."

"Nonsense," Max said. "All for one and one for all, that's us, darling. We've reached a beautiful understanding at last, even though it's taken a pending divorce to do it."

LATER that week, Max demonstrated how completely she had changed. Around midnight a waiter walked up to the bandstand and handed Russ a card. A special request for a number was scrawled hastily in pencil above the engraved name, "Miles Faulkner."

Russ whistled softly. "Where is Mr. Faulkner sitting?" he asked.

The waiter nodded toward a ringside table. "He's that ruddy-faced gentleman with the gray around the temples."

"Thanks."

He was out of breath when he reached Max in the dressing room.

"Max," he said, "we have hit a bonanza. A special request here from Miles Faulkner. That name mean anything to you?"

"Not a thing."

"Well, read this. . . ." He walked to his overcoat and took a folded tabloid from the pocket. He opened it and pointed to Joe Kennedy's column. It said:

"Miles Faulkner, the guiding genius behind Hollywood's famous Plantation Supper Club, is in town shopping for a new dance band. Practically every ork leader in town would break a leg for the Plantation spot. Reggie Cameron's outfit, currently playing the Plantation, leaves soon to do a musical for Superba Pictures—it's what usually happens to bands that play the Plantation. And that's why every ork leader in town would break a leg for the job."

Max glanced up. "Mr. Faulkner seems to be quite an important guy."

"And since he's here, looking us over, it means *we're* being considered for the Plantation job! Max, if we can land it, we're *made.*"

They sang the request when they returned to the bandstand. Then, after the band had finished that group of numbers, Russ headed for Miles Faulkner's table. Halfway there he stopped. He saw Max.

She was sitting close to Faulkner, a beautiful big smile on her face and a highball glass in her hand. Max, who did not take six drinks a year. . . .

When Russ reached the table, Faulkner stood up and held out his hand. "Glad you dropped over, Woodward," he said. "I've already met your wife—"

"Ex-wife, Mr. Faulkner," Max cut in quickly. "For it's practically that." She turned to Russ while Faulkner smiled at her. "I sort of barged in on Mr. Faulkner, Russ."

"So I see," Russ said.

He knew that if there was one thing Max had particularly abhorred it was the business of pushing herself onto people, uninvited.

They talked for a while. Miles Faulkner was a smooth, youngish-old man, too faultlessly groomed and too debonair in his manner toward Max to suit Russ. No one mentioned the fact that he was shopping for a band.

When it was time for the band to play again, Russ stood up. Max, however, remained in her chair. "I'll be right along, Russ," she said.

As soon as she returned to the bandstand, he said: "You shouldn't have rushed Faulkner that way."

"Why not? Didn't you? Don't you always?"

"That's different."

"See here," Max said, firmly, "who do you figure can cultivate Mr. Faulkner to our best advantage—you or me?"

He gazed at her in her shimmering gown, with her lovely blue eyes and her pretty red lips. He couldn't do anything but admit that she was right. So he said: "Yes, I guess you have something there, Max."

"He's not bad-looking, is he?"

"No," Russ said. "For an old guy he looks all right."

Then, during the next intermission he saw her out on the floor, dancing with Faulkner. And Faulkner had his eyes dreamily half shut; when a man did that he was enjoying his dance.

After the Casino had closed for the night, Max went away with Faulkner. She explained that he wanted her to show him the town. "So just you sit back and relax, my boy," she told Russ.

Russ didn't do much relaxing, particularly after Ted Ennis came around to the hotel to see him the next day. Ted was in a jubilant frame of mind.

"I understand you've got the inside track on the Plantation job," he said.

"Who says so?"

"Joe Kennedy's column reports that Max and Faulkner did the town together last night."

"Yes, I know that—"

"I figured you did," Ted said. "Smart work, kid. Well . . . I'm off to see Faulkner."

Watching Ted walk away, Russ realized that the situation had him mad—boiling mad. But he didn't know what to do. He had no right to pick Max's company for her—any more.

AND that first night proved to be only the beginning between Max and Miles Faulkner. He called for her every night when the Casino closed. Then, late in the week, Russ read another line in Joe Kennedy's column.

"Miles Faulkner hasn't spotted that band in the Plantation yet, but at the rate he's traveling around with Maxine Evans, Russ Woodward's gorgeous Casino warbler (and soon-to-be-divorced wife), it won't be long now. Young Mr. Woodward doesn't seem to be feeling too downhearted with the proceedings."

However, Faulkner had made no official offer up to the night before his return to the coast. That night, he threw a big party in his hotel suite. Russ was invited; so was Ted Ennis; and Max, of course. Max left the Casino early—she explained to Russ that she "had to be there as sort of hostess for Miles."

By the time Russ arrived, the party had the makings of a solid social splash. It gleamed with faces from the café spotlights, the Lambs Club, the front page, the social register. But Russ wasn't interested—he was looking for Max.

His eyes traveled carefully over the glittering crush but he couldn't spot her immediately. So he moved across the room to the portable silver-and-black bar where three bartenders were mixing drinks furiously. Still on his first experimental sip, he saw Max.

She was in the adjoining room, gay

and vivid in ice-blue satin, with Faulkner leaning over the back of her sofa. Russ went eagerly toward her.

As he reached her side, he touched her on the arm and she glanced up at him.

"I have just decided," he said, "that you're the prettiest girl in this whole kiosk. Thought I ought to tell you."

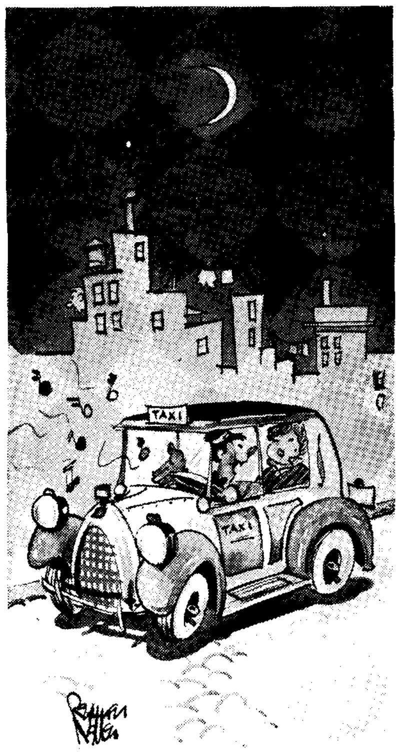
"By all means," she said. She looked at the glass in his hand, thoughtfully. "You decided that on how many of those?"

"Honestly, Max, this is number one."

"Well—"

He could have gladly strangled Miles Faulkner right then—Faulkner grasped her possessively by the arm and said: "Max, there's a man over here whom you must meet. He's a talent scout for Superba." He glanced at Russ. "You won't mind, old man."

It had been a statement, not a question. Then Faulkner was stalking off with her, like a cat with a fish, and she only had time to look around and call: "I'll be back, Russ. Wait."



"This is my favorite dance orchestra—mind if we stop and have one teeny, weeny dance?"

REAMER KELLER

He subsided to a corner with his drink. And then, suddenly, someone had him by the arm, leading him through the crowd. It was Ted Ennis. Ted knew how to handle this, as he knew how to handle all of Russ' situations.

Ted said: "Follow me, kid. I've got something to show you."

He knew, from the look on Ted's face, what the "something" was. They went through a room and on into another, a bedroom.

Even when Ted spread out the contract, Russ couldn't work up the feeling of elation that should have been there. It was a three-month contract for the Plantation and it named a weekly figure bigger than any he had ever seen. Faulkner had already signed his own name to the paper.

"So there it is, kid," Ted said. "All that's left is for you to sign it. However"—Ted glanced away—"there's one small provision that goes with it."

"Provision?"

"It's about Max. This contract is signed with the understanding that Max doesn't have to appear with the band *every* night. That is—"

"But Max is *part* of the band," Russ said, angrily.

"Yeah. But Faulkner is the boss, isn't he? And if he wants her to appear—elsewhere, let us call it—occasionally, then that's his business and Max's."

"And where else would Max be supposed to appear?"

Ted Ennis yawned. "Now how would I know about how they do these things in California, kid?"

Russ sat very still and thought hard. That provision told him, as clearly as if it said so in explicit words, that Faulkner was taking *Max* back to the coast and he was bringing the band along merely as luggage.

The longer Russ thought about it, the surer he became that he didn't want the contract. He folded it, put it in his pocket and stood up. "Ted," he said, "I don't want this contract. I don't want the job. I'm going to take it back to Faulkner."

Ted Ennis was on his feet, glaring. "Why, you poor damn' fool, you can't do this to *me!*"

"I can't take the contract," Russ said. "I'm sorry, Ted, but if I do, then people will think I sold Max down the river and I wouldn't want that."

Ted Ennis sneered frankly. "Well, I suppose you *didn't?*"

That was all Russ cared to hear just then. He swung at Ted. He put everything he had behind the swing and it turned out nicely. It caught Ted flush on the chin and sent him spinning backward, like a run-down top, until he hit the floor. Then Russ walked out.

IT WAS not until he faced Faulkner, in the crowd, that he saw Max there too. It was too late to stop now. He was conscious that Max's eyes widened as he held out the contract. He saw her hands clasp, then unclasp. Faulkner was smiling at him.

"Ted Ennis just got through showing me this thing, Faulkner," he said.

"Everything satisfactory, I hope?"

"You hope wrong. It is thoroughly unsatisfactory. In fact, I don't want it."

"You—*what?*"

"I don't want this contract. Or any part of the Plantation job. So here it is. As far as Max is concerned"—he let his eyes move toward her for a moment, then back to Faulkner—"she can go to the coast with you if she wants to. I stay here and the band stays here."

Then he turned on his heel and strode out the door, down the hall to the elevator. He didn't glance back.

Downstairs, at the door of the lobby, he stopped to light a cigarette. Then, as he started down the street, he felt an arm being thrust inside his. He peered around. It was Max. She didn't have any wrap over her evening gown and people were staring at her.

"Max!" he said. "You have no wrap!"

"Nope. I had to tell you something, right away."

"You—you going to the coast with him?"

"Nope. That's what I had to tell you right away."

"Max!"

He tugged her to the curb and propelled her into a parked taxi. "To Brooklyn—the far end," he told the driver. Then he turned to her: "Max, I don't want to get to be a big shot that way, after all. I know how you used to feel. You had things figured out right."

"Ted Ennis will disown you."

"He's already done it," Russ said. "By special request."

"Russ!"

"Isn't it wonderful?" he said. "Us—back together again."

"Then we *are* back together again?"

"Well, aren't we?" he demanded.

She kissed him quickly. "Every single big moment we've ever had, Russ—" she leaned her head happily on his shoulder, "—honestly now, there must be *something* about a taxi. Don't you think?"

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Shotgun Houses

Continued from page 12

old Latin custom of building in a square, and in apartment houses called "Pepper," "Yellow Door," "The Ark," and "Red Devil." The "Red Devil" has 36 rooms, four toilets in the front yard, no gas or electricity, and 115 occupants who pay one dollar a week.

Charleston's slums are so Old South, so perfectly a background for the crabwise galleried houses of the buckra, built Latin style to catch the sea breezes, that it might be like snatching out a chapter of "Gone with the Wind" to tear them down. They smell marvelously of cabbage and fish. Their residents, the Gullahs, speak exactly as DuBose Heyward says they speak. They cry in the alleys by day and sing in the night.

Groups of Charleston's shotgun houses fringe the city, creep under the ramps of bridges, and decay in the back yards of white folks' homes. Again, we find one third of the city's population occupying them. That is, with the exception of a certain few water-front thoroughfares so historic that artists and millionaires have encroached to enjoy the local color. "Cabbage Row" is now an expensive place in which to live.

The slums here are owned by the upper classes, but not in large blocks. Many an old family has inherited small lots of slums and has passed them on for years, without repairs. Real-estate men and young lawyers dabble in them, swapping and leasing, but not building. I found no construction at all in this class of houses anywhere in Charleston.

No loud protest has been raised against the slums, probably because Charleston's drooping accent doesn't lend itself to yells of civic outrage, but the city does have a fine lower-cost housing project, costing about a million and a half dollars, which it got free from the New Deal. Mayor Maybank and a few enterprising citizens quietly went about obtaining two units, one a Jim Crow for the Negroes, and both are now happily occupied—by residents who were no more slum dwellers than you are.

Memphis' tuneful Beale Avenue, where jazz was birthed and is still tintinnabulating lustily, adds no splash of local color to the picture of the shotgun houses. Now you begin to see that, with negligible exceptions, the hundreds of thousands of shotgun houses throughout the South, whether they are in cities or in hamlets, are about the same. The rent is approximately the same, varying a little with the size of the cities, and everywhere the landlordship is extremely absentee. Negro tenancy is in the majority, but the number of white tenants is high enough—no statistics are available—to prevent this being a racial problem.

Mr. Palmer Proposes

Atlanta made a survey, one of the few competent look-sees any Southern city has taken of its living quarters. Out of 95,000 houses, this was found:

Twenty-five thousand and eighty-two houses had outdoor toilets; 39,814 had outside water; 33,757 had no bathtubs; 45,169 no gas or electricity for cooking; 28,132 no lights; 67,874 no heat save little grate fires. The rent averages $12.50 to $15 a month for four rooms.

"Oh, the poor property owners!" wailed a local newspaper when a movement got under way to pull a few of these houses down and build in their stead a PWA slum clearance project. Fred C. Palmer was the local enthusiast. Today he's the South's best authority on shotgun houses, for he learned much in his bitter fight to erect in Atlanta the first slum clearance project in America.

The curious thing about Mr. Palmer and the shotgun houses was first that he wanted to tear them down at all. Mr. Palmer is a real-estate man, a former president of the National Association of Office Building Owners and Managers, and what he proposed was regarded as an enormity by Peachtree Street, where most of the town's best Democrats do business.

The argument between Palmer and the other real-estate men fetched Atlanta into one of the most acrimonious political battles that Southern gentlemen, who relish that sort of thing, ever engaged in. In the middle of it, Palmer shot off to Europe to take motion pictures of *their* shotgun houses and slum clearance projects. He wanted to prove that they did things better abroad.

He appeared before Senate committees and stayed in Washington weeks at a time buttonholing, politicking and lobbying. Injunctions in the federal courts were brought against his project before he finally got it through. I asked him why he went to all that trouble.

"Selfish reasons entirely," he explained. "We owned some office buildings that were losing money because there were slums so close to them. I got to studying the matter and discovered that slums not only cost me but everybody else too much."

There was a hellcat of a row. Major Cohen, publisher of The Journal, backed Palmer. A committee of real-estate men called, argued the thing with the major, and then announced they would withdraw their advertising if The Journal didn't call off its reporters and editorial writers. Major Cohen told the real-estate men to go to hell.

Then the city council awoke to the horrible fact that it would receive no taxes from Techwood. Fred Palmer had to fly to Washington and get through a bill, promoted by Senator George, permitting the project to pay fees for fire and police protection, schools and other public services.

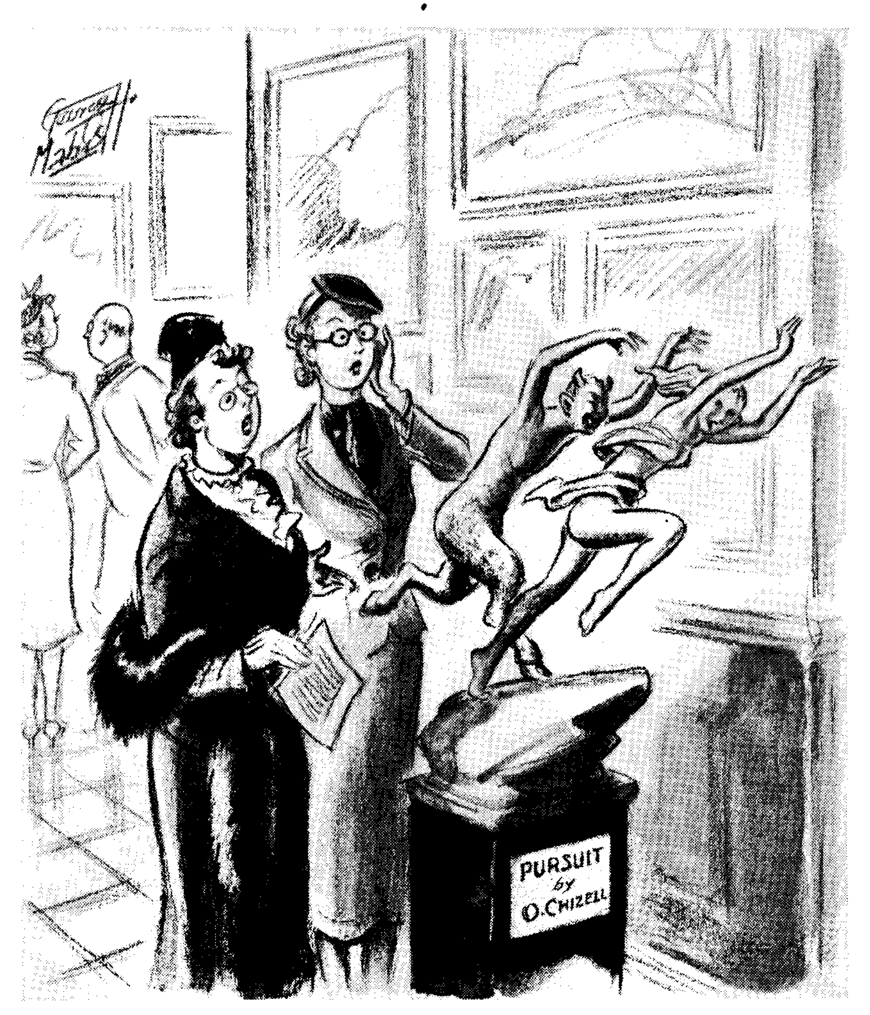
Besides Fred Palmer, two other enthusiasts have made loud noises for slum clearance in the South. One was the liberal-minded Charlotte News of North Carolina, whose publishers, the enlightened Dowd brothers, have for years damned tent evangelists and prohibition—favorites of a citizenry still faithful to the Scotch virtues of calomel, red flannels and predestined hellfire. The News crossed its fingers, cut a reporter loose on the slums, and published what he saw. It was a pungent narrative of big landlordship and 30,000 persons living in squalor.

The High Cost of Slums

But the health department reported, as shrewd persons expected it would, that the shotgun houses were very nice and that Negroes and po' whites deserved no better. When Theodore S. Johnson of the state planning board asked to examine the report cards of the slum survey, it was discovered to City Hall's astonishment that they'd been lost. The Chamber of Commerce has issued a booklet declaring there are no slums.

Things were different in Memphis because of Boss Crump.

When Crump decided the slums were bad he passed the word around, meetings were held, speeches were made, slum clearance was endorsed and two projects are now under way at a cost of six million dollars. They are being built on the sites of 1,000 shotgun houses that



"I had a similar experience one time with a cow" GEORGE MABIE

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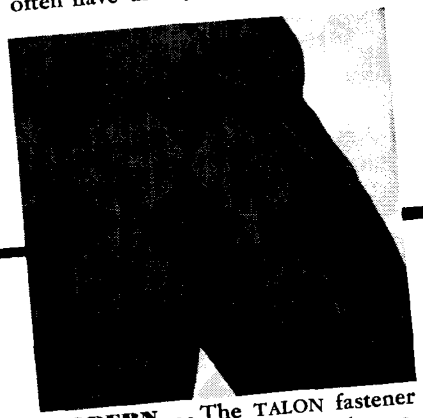

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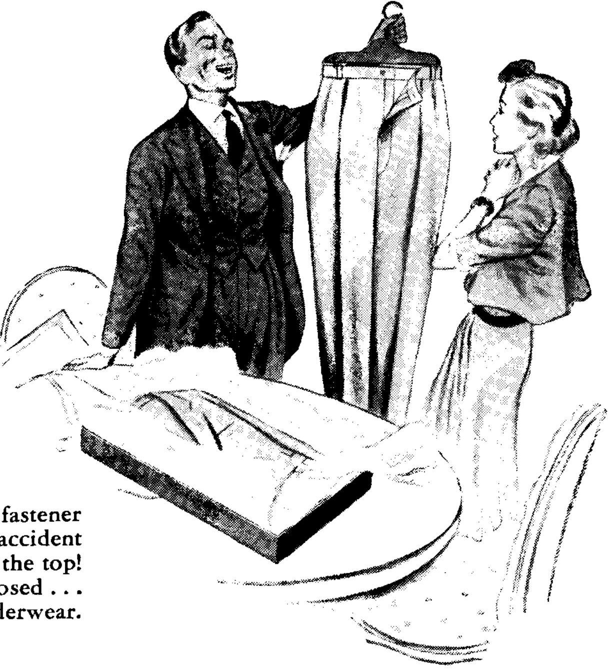

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Crump summarily had dynamited. He got rid of slums again after the flood, decreeing that several hundred river-flat dwellers couldn't return to their homes. They couldn't: Crump had torn them down. At a meeting of the city commission I saw Mayor Watkins Overton, a Crump man, condemn five more as a matter of routine—without a squeal from a landlord.

I found Fred Palmer in the finest office building in Atlanta. He owns it and it bears his name. He gets on his subject without any windup and lets fly.

"The deficit districts in our cities are *the slums. We now subsidize them* by spending much more on required social service for their occupants than we get back in taxes. For example, the two areas we rebuilt in Atlanta took nine and a half times their tax payments to service them. The same is true in other cities.

"Twelve countries in Europe whose population equals ours, roughly 130,000,000 people, have rehoused 20,000,000 of their citizens since 1918 with government aid. Ultraconservative England is the leader. Our present program is 99 per cent behind theirs.

"A chronological record of slum clearance is the story of the state's battle against hunger, disease and crime, against vice and squalor. In the middle eighties, cholera broke out in the slum area of Naples . . ."

Mr. Palmer can give you references by the week, but the argument is hardly necessary. A spot map of any city always shows that juvenile delinquency, tuberculosis mortality and adult crime occupy precisely the same areas. R. W. Torres of the Atlanta planning commission can show you startling maps like this if you've a mind to look at the statistics. In the few scattered surveys that have been made in Southern cities they were always the same—like the shotgun houses.

Social costs in terms of disease, injuries, crime and death, decrease in industrial efficiency, lowering of the quality of citizenship—I suspect those costs against slums are pretty widely understood by now. A man named Clifford Shaw made one of the most thoroughgoing surveys of the effects of slums, and chose Chicago in which to do his inspecting. He plotted some 60,000 homes on maps of the city. They were in ten groups and extended over a period of 30 years. There were groups of truants, boys brought before juvenile courts, delinquent girls, youths charged with crime, and adult male offenders.

No Slum Dwellers in Techwood

His maps showed that the homes of individuals composing any of these groups were not distributed evenly over the city by area or population but were concentrated in localities of congestion or blight. These areas were around the Loop, the stockyards and the steel mills. And since these delinquent areas remained the same for thirty years while racial make-up of the population changed several times, Shaw was able to discard any theory of racial predisposition.

No such survey as that has been made in the South, so far as I can discover, but the Shaw proposition does take a whack at our pet idea that our crimes and diseases spring solely from the Negroes.

The Southern appeal has been made from other viewpoints. It is the enormous loss in taxation and real-estate values, as argued by Palmer, that snaps businessmen like Atlanta's out of the delusion that they are really making money on their twenty-per-cent slums.

Techwood and University Heights, Atlanta's two projects, were allotted $2,960,500 and $2,592,000 by the PWA. They are the finest places in the city to live. Six thousand applications were immediately made for the 604 white apartments at rents from $5.52 to $7.75 per month per room.

"We think it escaped from a zoo"

ROBERT DAY

The apartments are efficient, with more sun and air than you'd find in the best flats of the higher social-strata sections. Construction is all metal and concrete. Large play spaces and great green lawns are inviting.

Techwood tenants have electric refrigerators, gas stoves, central heating, laundries in the basement. Wednesday evenings they hold dances for the 'teen-age groups. Boy Scouts, women's gym classes, art studies and a bimonthly newspaper contribute to the joys of abundant living.

I went from door to door. Bright little three- and five-room apartments are newly furnished, sparklingly clean. Plump little housewives in smick-smack aprons trotted to their doors to say they just loved Techwood. Everybody was delighted. I trudged around agreeing with them how nice it was. And it is nice. Swell. Spanking new sunshiny apartments for $23.50 that you couldn't rent uptown for a century note. And good neighbors.

Then I got into trouble with a mechanic.

"Pretty smart place to live, mister," I observed, invoking Dale Carnegie. "Amazing for a slum clearance project."

"Slum clearance the devil," is what he handed me back. "I ain't never lived in a slum. Nor anybody else here. We ain't rich, see, but there's no trash in this place. Before we moved in, we was crowded and the heat was no good, so we signed a paper saying we couldn't find a good place without government assistance, see? And that was the truth. About five thousand other guys were in line ahead of me before we got in, and there's plenty making more'n two thousand a year would like to and can't. Listen, you don't know better, but don't make that mistake again in Techwood. You're liable to get a sock in the nose."

So I understood there were no slum dwellers in Techwood. I understood it better when I saw other so-called slum clearance developments, for without any question about it, there are no slum people in any of the white communities.

You can't get into a so-called slum clearance project until you have proved your capacity to pay the rent, and you can't stay there if you should happen to get a big raise. Sure enough, heads of families who earned as high as $2,000 a year have been admitted to Techwood because they could prove it was impossible to find any other decent place to live. But when their earning power passed this rule-book maximum (because they had such a happy home life?) they were told to move on.

Slum clearance dwellers are people in the low-income bracket: clerks, mechanics, industrial workers — decent, hardworking well-behaved families that deserve any benefits better housing offers.

Although it's possible now to talk slum clearance below the line without getting denounced as a Communist—the Atlanta row did clear the air—there is still no such rush for free housing money as there was for federal gold when the Southerner got paid for not planting cotton. Tradition goes deep. The shotguns have always been there, certain kinds of people have always lived in them. And the idea of establishing our dusky clowns in fine houses sets off more comic possibilities in the mind of a Southerner than any native of the other world can conceive.

You're tough enough now to stand the statistics? Stay with me. They're funny. Here you are: there are 14 slum clearance projects in the South for which the New Deal has committed $28,518,380. These projects provide 5,571 living units.

Which means that the cost per living unit is $5,119.08. Well, a finishing-school freshman doesn't have to count on her fingers to arrive at the conclusion that Negro families whose top income is $4 a week can't pay more than twice their total income for the privilege of amortizing those debts. We know it takes a person of low cunning to work things like algebra, but that's simple, isn't it?

Now you can skip, but for the sake of accurate reporting, in the table appearing at the end of this article are all the Southern slum clearance projects and how much they cost.

It Must Be Made Cheaper

There could be many more projects under the provisions of the Wagner-Steagall bill, which offers another five hundred million dollars for slum clearing under a permanent housing authority. Municipalities can get loans on low-rent projects up to 90 per cent, to be repaid from rent in 60 years. Where no annual subsidy to reduce rent is asked, a 100 per cent loan can be made. Any state can get as much as fifty million dollars.

Bulletin news is that Charleston, St. Petersburg, and even Charlotte have been flirting with the new grab-bag. It's possible that the Wagner-Steagall bill may unleash in the South as much building money as was spent in the first expensive try. This is a fine thing, no doubt about it, and will supply low-cost housing for many thousands of nice families. But, unless a radically different plan is followed, it will clear no slums and rehouse no slum dwellers. Like Mrs. Russell Sage, who built the tennis-playing town of Forest Hills, Long Island, to supply homes for tenement dwellers only to find that no low-wage earner could afford to live in them, the New Deal so far has built wisely enough for a few lucky families, but far too well for those it intended to serve.

Plainly, shotgun-house dwellers who must strain to pay two or three dollars a week for a bad house can't put up three times that amount overnight for the best of all possible houses. The Southern wage differential, which affects cooks and laundresses as well as industrial workers, is at the root of the matter.

Unless federal housing can be made cheaper, a whale of a lot cheaper, the slums will not be cleared that way. Unless the scale is upped, there's a good chance that the Southern low-wage earners will live in shotgun houses forever.

In the meantime, don't say "slum clearance" to any of the brides at Techwood.

Atlanta	Techwood	$2,960,500.00	604 units
	University Homes	2,592,000.00	675 units
Birmingham	Smithfield Courts	2,500,000.00	544 units
Charleston	Meeting St. Manor Cooper River Court	1,305,000.00	212 units
Columbia, S. C.	University Terrace	706,000.00	122 units
Dallas	Cedar Springs Place	1,020,000.00	181 units
Jacksonville	Durkeeville	1,000,000.00	215 units
Lexington, Ky	Blue Grass Park Aspendale	1,704,000.00	286 units
Louisville	LaSalle Place	1,370,000.00	210 units
	College Court	758,000.00	125 units
Memphis	Dixie Homes	3,400,000.00	633 units
	Lauderdale Courts	3,128,000.00	449 units
Miami	Liberty Square	969,880.00	243 units
Montgomery	Riverside Heights	411,000.00	100 units
	W. B. Patterson Courts	522,000.00	156 units
Nashville	Cheatham Place	2,000,000.00	314 units
	Andrew Jackson Courts	1,890,000.00	398 units
Altavista, Va	Altavista Housing Co	84,000.00	50 units
Raleigh	Boylan Housing Co	198,000.00	54 units
		$28,518,380.00	5,571 units

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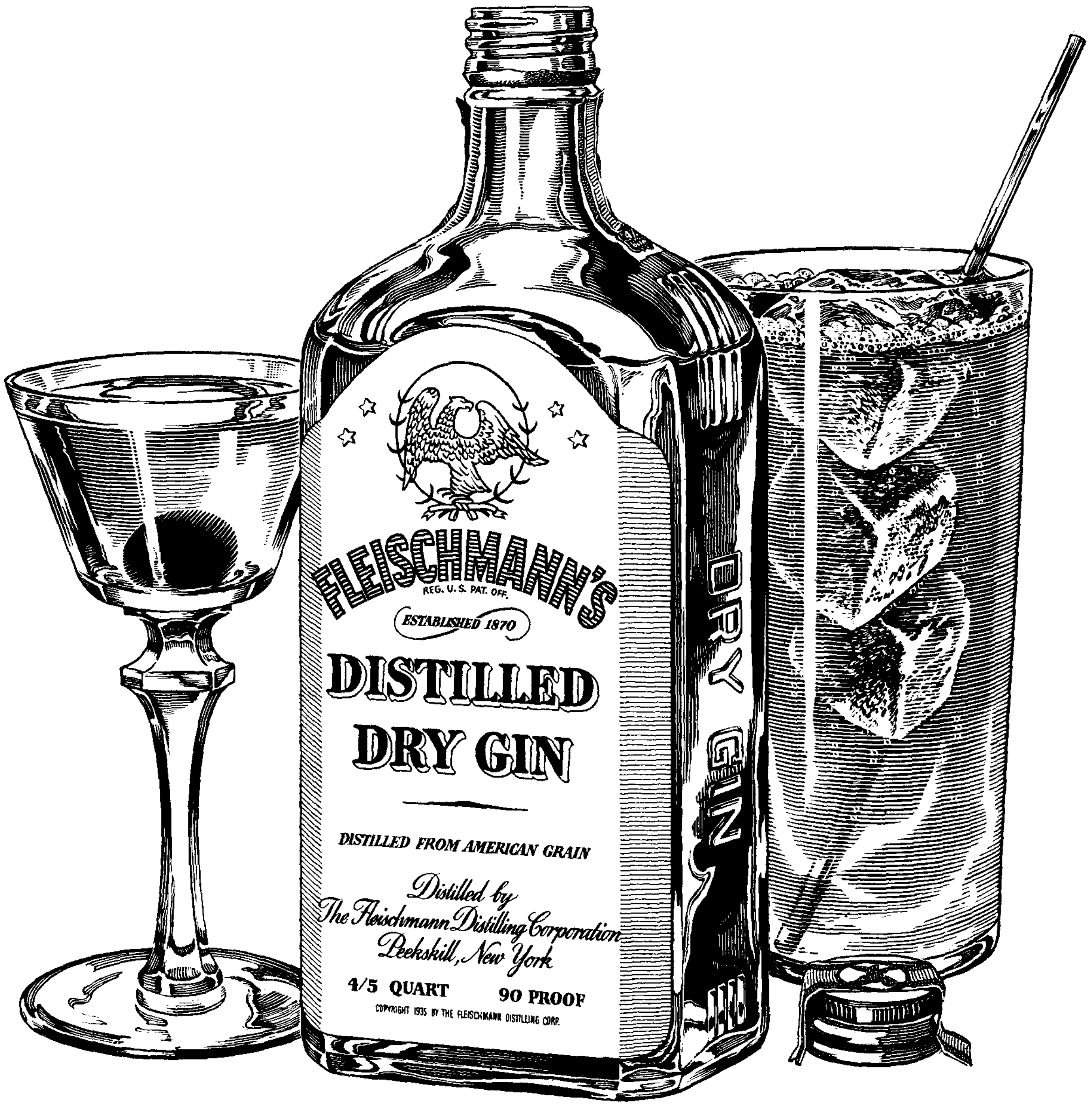
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If you prefer the flavor of another gin we can have no quarrel with that because flavor is purely a matter of taste.

But we challenge you to find a cleaner, truer spirit.

Why not try a bottle of Fleischmann's Gin next time—even if it does cost a few cents more than you have been accustomed to pay.

Honestly we believe you'll get more enjoyment out of your cocktails, rickeys and collins.

Stick to good spirits—even if you have to pay a little more and drink a little less.

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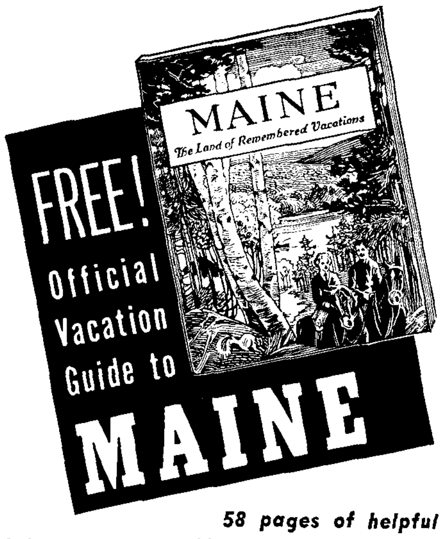

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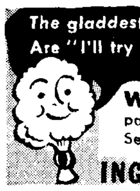

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THE SELF ADHERING GAUZE

Witness Wanted

Continued from page 14

family was prominent and he belonged to numerous clubs and his name appeared in society columns. He was well known at theaters, cafés and night clubs—a young man about town. He was engaged to a young woman named Miss Evling whose family was more important than his own. He lived on the East Side, near the park.

We saw him. His was a big, handsome apartment. Numerous photographs in his living room were all of one beautiful girl whom I recognized from memory of society pages.

It was midafternoon but Amby received us in a dressing gown. He was good-looking.

"Too bad your friend Miss Monday got knocked off," O'Malley remarked.

"It was a pity. She was hardly a friend. I'd met her. I read about the accident in the newspaper."

"Yeah? Where was you night before last when the dame got bumped?"

"I went to the theater with a friend. Later we went to several places and afterward I drove home."

"All the time with your friend?"

"No; he left me about one o'clock. I met a number of acquaintances."

"Was this dead dame one that you met?"

"I believe I spoke to her—about midnight, but only for a moment."

"Your car's got a new headlight."

"You're not trying to connect me with the girl's death, are you?"

"I just want to know about the headlight."

"IT WAS broken while the car was parked outside a night club. I found it so when I came out. I couldn't learn anything about the accident, so I just told the garage people to fix it up."

"Broken that night?"

"That night."

"What club?"

He told us.

"Yeah? What way did you drive home?"

"I believe through the park. I can assure you that I didn't hit anyone."

"You've got your man, O'Malley," I remarked when we had left him. "Amby's lying—the glass from his car was in the park. Well, I'm rather sorry. The boy had everything in life before him and was to marry a wonderful girl."

"I guess it's that way. People in them night clubs take a lot of drinks; if something happens to 'em, maybe they themselves don't know what happened. When they found that girl she had been dead an hour. What do you think happened in the park?"

I didn't understand him.

"You don't think that dead dame was walking in the park at two o'clock in the morning and Amby's car hit her?"

"Of course not," I said wisely. "Amby knew the girl a lot better than he will admit—knew her too well, apparently. He became engaged to Miss Evling and wanted to get rid of the Monday girl. He admits he saw her that evening. If he didn't leave the night club with her, he met her afterward. They drove about in the park. No doubt they both had had a number of drinks and the girl threatened to make trouble over Amby's discarding her. They quarreled and Miss Monday got out of the car. Then, in his anger, Amby ran her down."

"Yeah, it might be like that. You're smart. You seen that picture in the park—cops been wondering how her things got scattered all around like that. Well, I wish we had a witness that seen it."

"A witness?" I questioned. "In the park at two in the morning?"

"Why, you can't never tell who might be in a park."

He was going back to headquarters to write out his report. I left him. The newspapers didn't say a thing about the case. They had first reported it as an accident and they must still believe it had been that. It would be a big story when it broke. I went to headquarters next day and found O'Malley.

"Isn't Amby under arrest?" I asked.

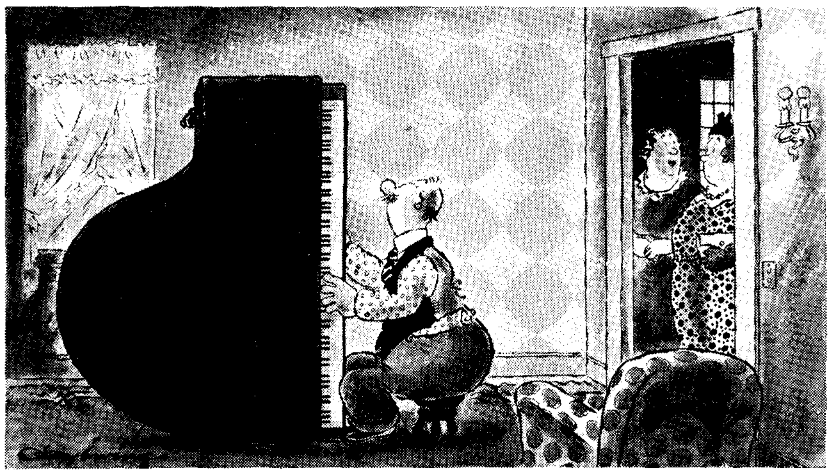
"You might call it that. He don't go nowhere but a cop goes with him. There's trouble over this case in the department because us cops can't agree. These is prominent people and we don't want to make no mistake. Well, we can't find nobody that knows what time Amby left that night club, so he probably knocked off the girl all right, but I wish I was feeling different."

"What do you mean?"

"When a cop gets a case right, he feels it's that way. This case, I only feel we got it wrong, and I don't know no reason."

After that I didn't see O'Malley for more than a week. I called headquarters every day and I went down there, but they wouldn't tell me where he was. Then late one night I met him in Times Square.

"I haven't seen you," I remarked inanely. "Aren't you still working on the Monday case?"



"Horace is practicing. He's going to buy an accordion" JAY IRVING

"You don't keep the right hours to see me. I guess you might say I'm working; they made a playboy out of me. All night I sit in night clubs and I don't see no daylight, only dawn and dusk."

He was going to a night club and I said I'd go along.

"Okay," he told me. "But first I got to go get my witness."

WE TOOK a cab and picked up a youth of about twenty who was waiting for us on the steps of a hotel. I had a feeling that I'd seen the boy before but I couldn't tell where. It bothered me. We went to the night club where Amby had told us he had parked his car. It was like any night club. I expected to see Amby there attended by his cop. He wasn't there. The man named Faber whom we had talked with was, and some others whom we had interviewed.

"You like these places?" O'Malley asked me.

"I guess they're all right," I replied. "if you don't care what happens to your money."

"You said it! Gyp joints—even when the guys that runs 'em don't want 'em to be that way. When people with money take too many drinks, other guys are watching 'em, hoping they can get something on them rich guys so they can shake some dough out of 'em. I'll tell you something that I've been holding out on you: them spots of blood on Amby's car is of the same blood-type that the dead dame's is, and they found hairs caught on his car fender that the laboratory says come from the dead dame's head."

"Of course," I said triumphantly.

Then the waiter brought O'Malley a folded note. He read it to himself.

"We'll go," he said.

WE LEFT our witness at the night-club door and grabbed a cab and went to an apartment building on the East Side. A plain-clothes cop was waiting at the entrance for us.

We went up one flight. It was a walk-up building. Two plain-clothes cops were waiting in the hall for us and O'Malley took the keys and unlocked the door. The rooms were empty. There was no clothing in the closets, nothing in the bureau drawers. In a closet we found a rolled-up rug with a big stain on it that looked like blood.

"We'll try the other place," O'Malley said.

We went to another building not far away, and again one of the keys unlocked a door. There was no one there. A man's clothing filled the closets and drawers. O'Malley broke open a locked drawer, and it was filled with newspaper clippings, and underneath them were a lot of keys, and with them a notebook on whose pages were scrawled the names of many people I had heard of, and house and telephone numbers, and names of banks and clubs and automobile license numbers.

We went to headquarters, carrying our rug. The cops went into the detectives' room where some other cops were waiting. I couldn't go in. But I saw, while the door was open, that they had the man Herch in there. Then they brought Herch out and took Murriner in, and later they took Herch in again. After a long while, O'Malley came out looking satisfied.

"In heaven's name, what is all this?" I demanded.

"Herch killed the girl."

"But how, and where, and why?"

"This was a blackmail business. Them two guys Herch and Murriner is a couple of blackmailers. They always worked with a girl. Amby got engaged to Miss Evling and he looked like a good mark to 'em. Their idea was to get Amby into some situation with a girl, and they figured that he would

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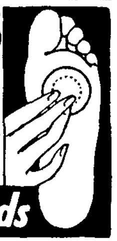

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come through with a wad of dough before he'd have a scandal that might stop him from marrying Miss Evling. Murriner had met this Monday girl, who was a kid around town, and she had fell for him, and they figured they could use her. She was a pretty kid but kind of dumb; she done whatever Murriner told her, but at first she didn't understand what it was all about.

"Murriner rented that first apartment you and I and them cops was in tonight, and they put some of the girl's clothes and some of Murriner's there, and the idea was the girl would get Amby into the place on some excuse and then Murriner was to bust in on 'em and claim to be the girl's husband. They found out how much cash Amby probably had, and what banks it was in, and the girl got impressions of Amby's car keys and the key to his apartment one night when she was at the same table with him, and they had keys made like 'em.

"THE night the girl got knocked off they tried to pull this game on Amby. He was at the night club and had spoke to the girl there about midnight. Murriner went to his apartment, which is the second one I and you went to tonight, and Herch waited at the night club to follow Amby and the girl and to phone Murriner when the time come for him and Murriner to bust in. Well, when it come to the point of carrying all this out, the Monday girl backed out on 'em. This was the first time she was ever in that game, and now that she understood what it all was, she wouldn't do it. She left the night club and Herch followed her to find out what was wrong, and they went to that apartment where the game was to have been pulled, and Herch phoned Murriner to come over there.

"This Herch is the kind of guy that don't know no way to make a woman do what he wants except to beat her up. He done that. They claim it was an accident the girl got killed. Herch hit her a few times and the last time he hit her the girl fell and her temple went against the corner of the dresser and they found that she was dead."

"An extraordinary affair!" I exclaimed.

"Yeah, it was extraordinary the girl got killed; otherwise all this wasn't no more than commonplace. Well, here was two guys with a dead dame on their hands and they didn't know what to do with her. They couldn't leave the girl where she was because Murriner was known to the building agents as the guy that had rented the apartment, and they couldn't take her somewheres else because they didn't have no car. Then they remembered they had a key to Amby's car. Amby was at the night club and was good to stay there for another hour, and his car was parked on a side street about a block from the club. They went and got Amby's car. There wasn't nobody near that apartment at two in the morning to see 'em get the girl into the car.

"They claim it wasn't till then that the idea come to 'em to make her death seem like a motor accident. They drove to a place in the park where there wasn't nobody, and they put the girl down on the road and scattered her things around to make it look like she had been hit, and then Herch run over her with the car. When he done that, he lost control of the car and hit a tree. Then they took the car back and parked it where they'd found it."

"They gave you a hard case," I commented.

"You said something! Well, it worked out this way: Cops that has seen a thousand accidents know where things fly when somebody gets hit by a car. The places them things of the girl's was scattered didn't look quite the way they'd ought to. It happened her wounds was all on one side like a car had hit her, but the medical office wouldn't say one had. Besides, what would she be doing in the park at two in the morning? Well, we proved Amby's car had run over the girl. So probably Amby was guilty. Most cops thought he had killed the dame, and they didn't think it was no accident. Still, he didn't act to me like no guy that had knocked somebody off.

"Plenty cops was going around trying to prove Amby guilty, so I figured I would take the stand he wasn't and see how that worked out. If Amby's car had run over the girl and still Amby hadn't, then somebody else had used his car. We had the names of guys that had been seen with the girl, but there was so many of 'em it wasn't no use to us, and we had 'em watched and nobody done nothing different from nobody else. We couldn't find no witness to what happened in the park, and I tried to find a witness that somebody else had taken Amby's car, and I couldn't do that. So what to do?

"Them Broadway and night-club people have habits: if a guy likes some café he usually shows up there for a part of every evening, and if he likes some night club, that's usually where he ends his night. I wondered could I make the right guy point himself out by changing his habits? When a dog's around, a rat stays in his hole, and I figured I'd be the dog. I'd go around to them places, making sure everybody knew I was a cop, and see if somebody acted different. But then I seen that wouldn't be enough; whatever guy had had to do with the girl getting knocked off knew he wasn't suspected. We didn't have no witness, so I decided to make one.

"That kid that was with us tonight sells newspapers every morning to people coming out of them night clubs. They all know the kid. He hadn't seen nobody take Amby's car; but if somebody had taken it, the guy couldn't be sure but what the kid had seen him. Well, I took the kid with me and every night we went to them night clubs, and particularly the one where Amby had parked his car. I didn't have to say nothing. Everybody figured, when they seen me with the kid, that I was trying to have him identify somebody.

"I HAD that list of all the guys that had been seen with the girl and whenever I seen one of them guys, and he didn't act troubled, I crossed his name off. In about a week there was only two of them guys I hadn't seen, and their names was Herch and Murriner. I figured there wasn't only one conclusion: if them two learned that I and the kid was in a place, they didn't come in there."

"I see," I ejaculated. "The rats stayed in their holes!"

"Sure. Once we had spotted them two guys, other cops looked up their records, while I and the kid kept on going to night clubs so they wouldn't suspect nothing. We found they was blackmailers. Knowing how them guys worked, cops went around to find if one of 'em had rented an apartment. Well, Murriner had and we learned where it was. Tonight we pinched 'em and worked an old-time gag on 'em. We kept 'em separate and told Murriner all we had figured out about the case and said Herch had told us. Then we told Herch all about it and said we got it from Murriner. Then we brought the two of 'em together and they begin accusing each other, and so we got how it was."

"Amby owes you a debt of gratitude, O'Malley."

"Well, he won't never know it, because the inspector will be the one that tells him how this was. You ever notice?—whatever cop is telling about a case is the one that done all the solving."

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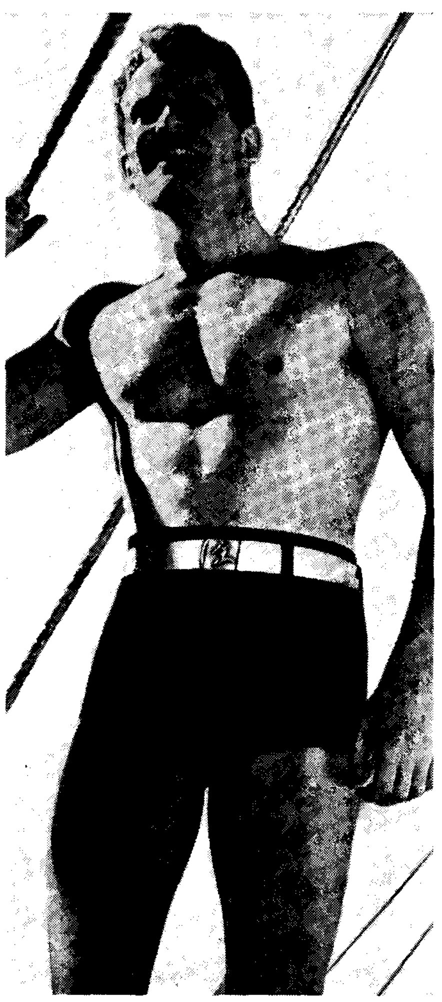

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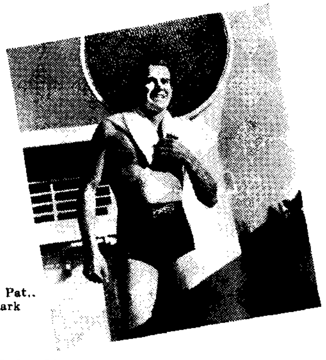

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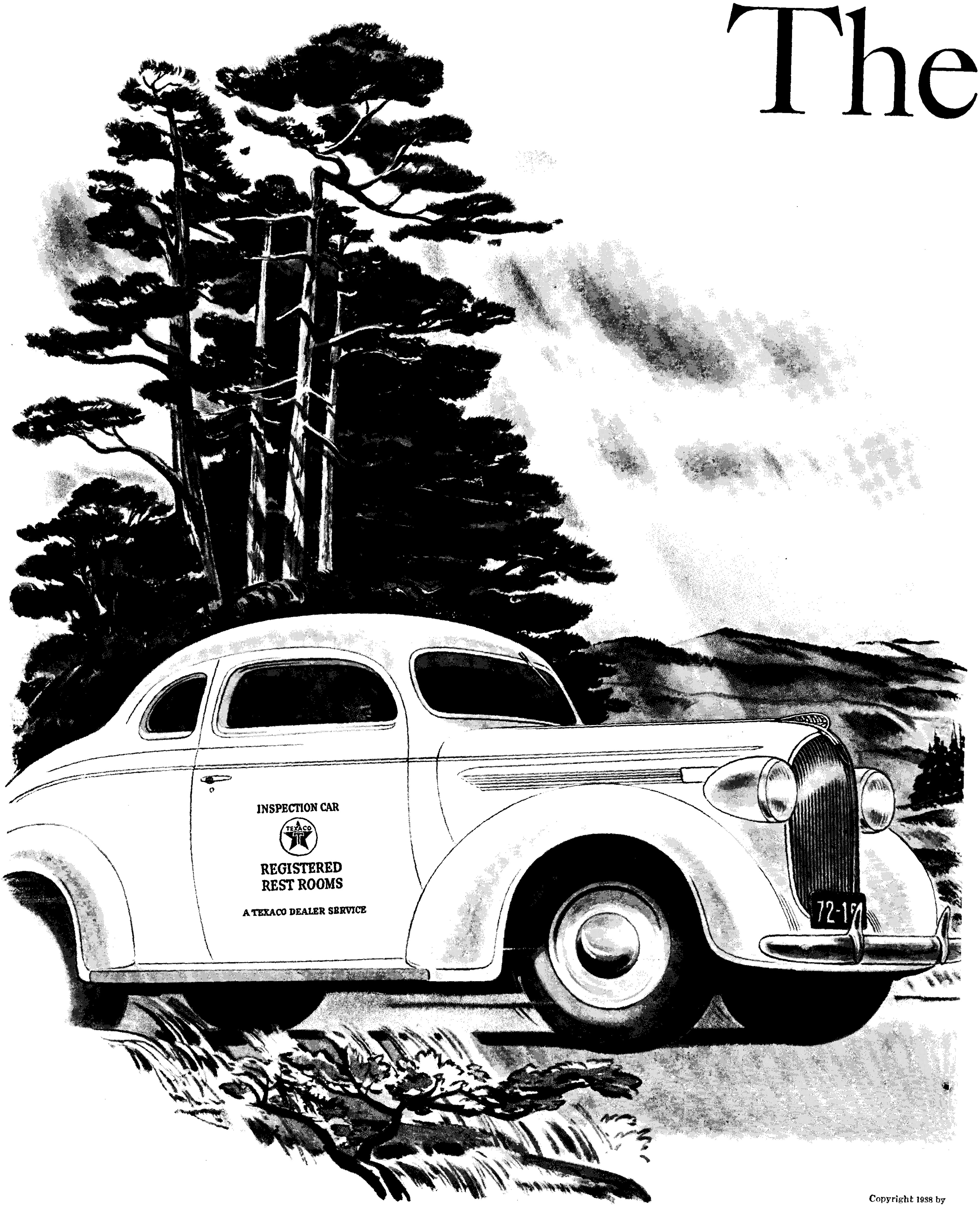
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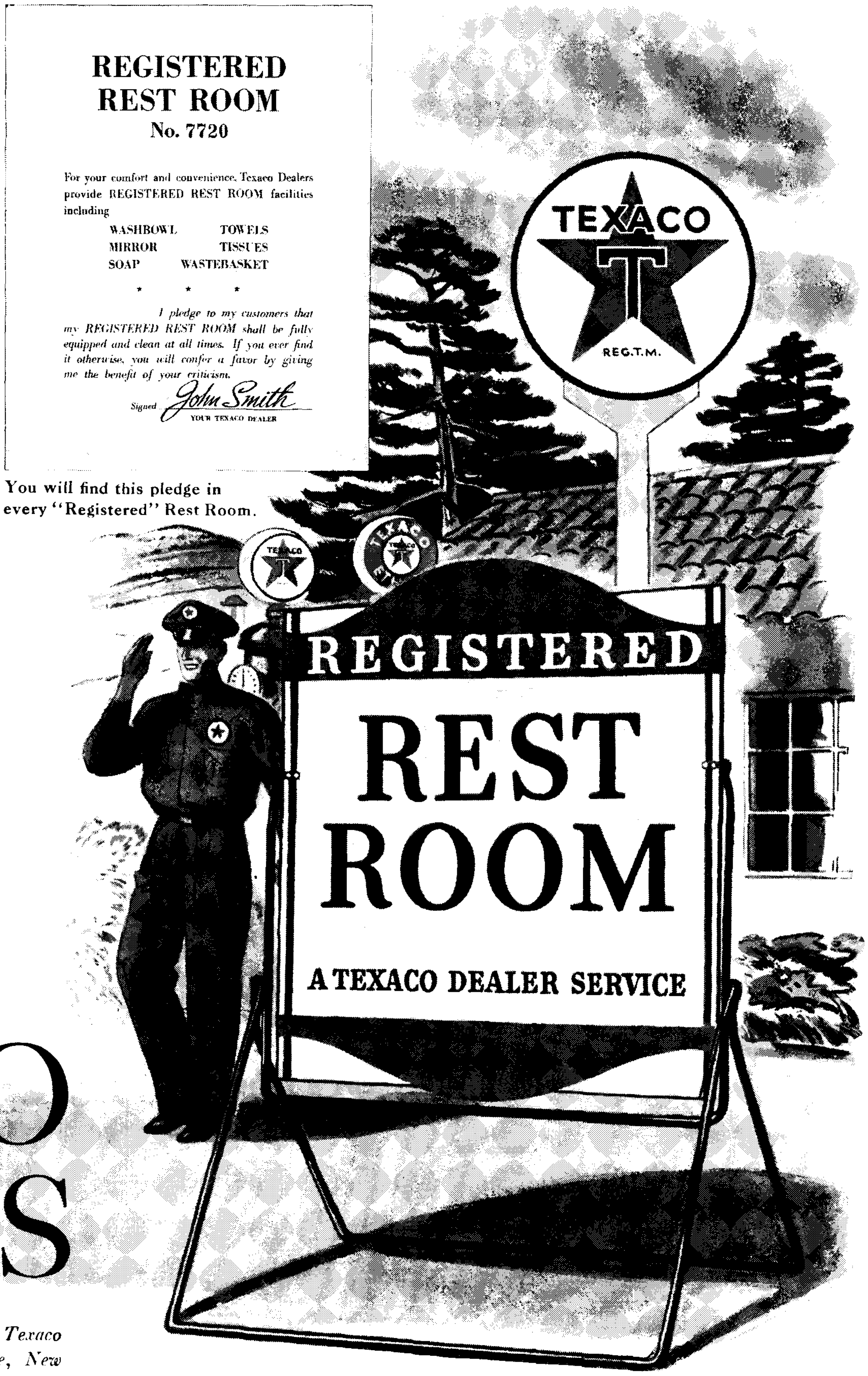

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HERO

By Paul O'Neil

IT'S all in how you see it—

The American newspapers made him a soldier of fortune—a gallant, mercurial figure—and used him as long as they could under italic heads to break up the grim running story coming day and night from Spain. That was natural enough. He had been a World War aviator at seventeen, and a famous test pilot afterward, and the correspondents didn't know the background of the thing. . . .

The story began before the outbreak in Spain—back in the United States in the year 1932.

He fell in love in 1932 with a slim, black-haired girl. She was young. The soft curve of her cheek above furs, the taut swell of her breasts beneath a scrap of flowered silk, the daintiness of her instep in golden slippers, and little inconsequential things—the way cigarette smoke got into her eyes, and the way she wrinkled her nose above a cocktail glass—all made other women old. He never suspected that she wore this youthfulness as armor, and that love, to her, meant only money. He gave her most of what he had of both.

It was in 1932, also, that the airplane plant that retained him as a test pilot sought a rich Army contract for pursuit ships. They built a tiny airplane with stubby wings, and a huge radial motor called the P-63. They built it as a wind-tunnel model, and watched it ride synthetic gales. After that, confident of perfection, they gambled—instead of building one experimental model to test they put the ship into production. By the time the Army was ready to see the P-63 fly they had five of them, and more in the making.

He had broken the jaw of the man who had offered him eighty thousand dollars to see that the P-63 would not be accepted. Then, for days, he had tried, unsuccessfully, to forget the money. He needed it—his passion for the girl was a terrible and demanding thing.

HE DECIDED, finally, what to do. When he took the tiny, terrible little airplane up for the final tests he flew away from the field. He climbed to seventeen thousand feet, remembering the smoothness of the girl's skin and the delight of her lips. He shoved the ship's nose down, fitted a piece of scrap metal against the stick to hold it where it belonged in a dive, and horsed open his throttle.

Then he started to get out. As he jumped, one of his parachute straps jammed into a clip that had been installed inside the cockpit to hold any papers a pilot might need. He stayed conscious for a while as the brutal, bellowing wind, beating him against the side of the fuselage, half killed him. The clip broke, releasing him, but he dropped two miles before he knew enough to pull the rip cord of his chute.

The airplane crashed into a twisted ruin. He told the Army inspectors, from his hospital bed, that the wings had started to come off in a pull-out. He got his eighty thousand dollars. But he never saw the girl again—she found a more profitable love before he was whole.

He didn't go to Spain because adventure called—the way the newspapers had it. He went because he was hungry—hungry enough to forget the awful fear of dives that had gnawed inside him and had kept him out of airplanes during the years since the P-63 had tried to kill him.

A Spaniard with very white teeth took him, gaunt and dirty and trembling, to a restaurant in Paris—he'd finished his money in Paris—and placed a steaming meal near him before asking him to join the army that was fighting for right beyond the Pyrenees.

When his stomach was satisfied, fear came back into him and ached there, now sharply, now dully, like the throb of an old wound. It kept on aching in him during all the days that followed. It was with him, just before dawn, as he went bumping through darkness in an ancient automobile to fly his first patrol.

He climbed out of the car with the others. He listened to a tough, harsh voice outlining the flight. The four airplanes, whose exhaust stacks thundered evenly near by in the gloom, were to keep a rendezvous with two bombers. The voice finished.

THE four ships had stubby wings and great radial motors. The company had built five P-63's. He had crashed one. These were the others, which the Army had refused. He got into a cockpit with sweat springing out under his helmet and on his hands.

Everything was the same. Then he saw four machine guns mounted on the leading edge of the wing. Leave it to foreigners, he thought, to tie everything but the sink on the wing. The ship had been built to mount guns around the motor. The plane to his right took off. He moved his throttle ahead. . . .

A half hour later, as the planes got up out of mists and gloom and into the rays of the sun rising off beyond the edge of the world, something began eating into the fuselage before him. The patrol leader's ship went up out of his vision, quickly, like a toy balloon escaping. He jerked his head. The sky was raining airplanes—dozens of them.

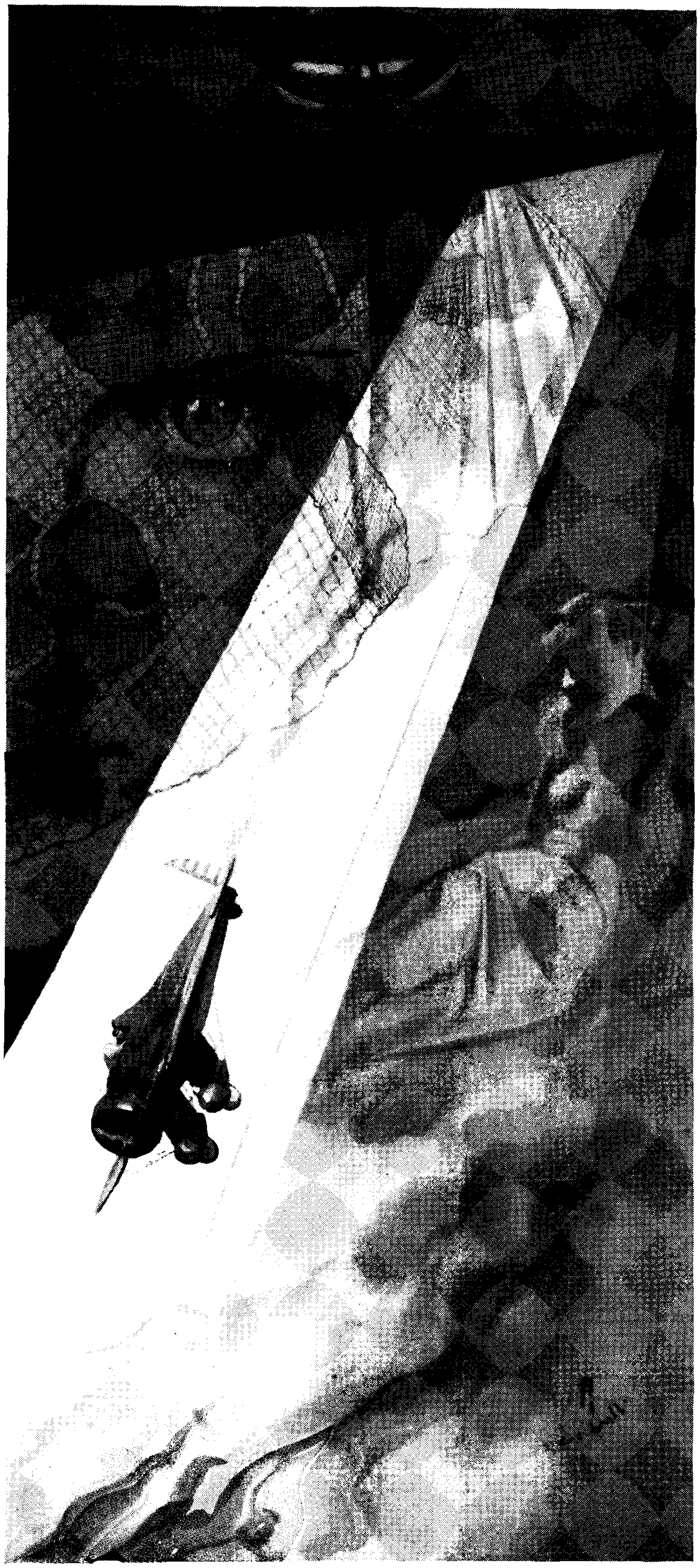
He quit thinking and began, desperately, to react, thumb pressing the gun key on the end of his stick as ships whipped by out in front of him, and the horizon whirled. He realized, after an age, that there were no more P-63's left and that two attacking ships were diving on him. He did the only thing possible. He shoved the nose of the ship down and horsed open his throttle, and waited to see if they had guts enough to follow him into the treetops.

He got down out of the sunlight. The dim landscape came up to meet him. . . . Dots became trees and a wavering brown line a trench. . . . Dots in the trenches became tiny men. He jerked his head back, shoulders hunched at the thought of the guns above him. Then one pursuer and the other leveled off.

Wild exultation flooded him. He remembered. He wasn't afraid. He had dived an airplane. He wasn't afraid. He could fly again. He wasn't . . . He got both hands on the stick and set himself for the forces that would try to crush him and make him unconscious when the ship came out of the dive. Something funny went through his mind as the earth came up to hit him in the face. Here was that nine-G pull-out he hadn't given the company. He hauled the stick back into his lap. The wings of the P-63, which had never finished its tests, folded back like broken cardboard and smashed him, and the crippled airplane, motor howling, hit the earth in a burst of fire.

The American newspapers made him a soldier of fortune—a gallant, mercurial figure—and used his death as long as they could to break up the grim running story coming night and day from Spain. But stories always hinge on a viewpoint. Those tough old pagan gods, high enough above the world to savor the irony in the little lives of men, would have held their sides in laughter. Human beings missed the humor entirely.

It's all in how you see it—



He climbed to seventeen thousand feet, remembering the smoothness of the girl's skin and the delight of her lips. He shoved the ship's nose down

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE ● ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

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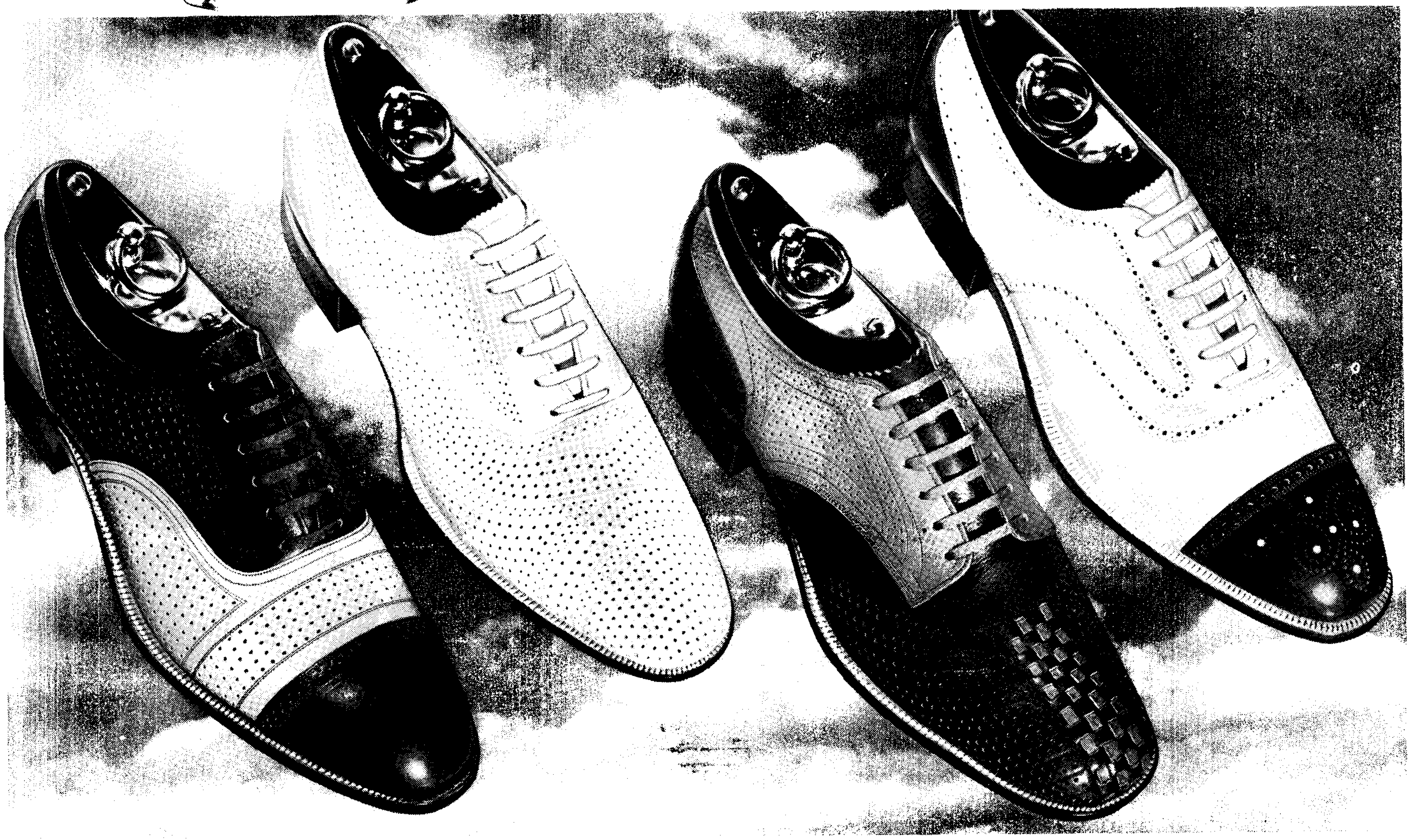

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That Child's a Problem

By Luciel McGorkey, R.N.

DIRECTOR, HOSPITAL DIVISION, STATE,
COUNTY AND MUNICIPAL WORKERS OF AMERICA

But he needn't be. You can nurse your sick child in a way not to spoil him. And a little sympathetic understanding will go a long way no matter what difficulty crops up. Nurse McGorkey gives you the benefit of a dozen years' successful experience with children

NURSING a child is a more difficult and demanding job than taking care of his elders, since the child sees through you more quickly. I have had to be far cleverer with my child patients than with any others. Nursing her own child is perhaps the stiffest ordeal any woman has to face—yet often she cannot escape it. While in cases of really severe illness the services of a trained nurse are essential, there is many an emergency when Mother must know what to do and how to do it. The first of all first aids for a sick youngster—the thing to imprint upon one's own mind from the start—is the necessity of achieving a casual bedside manner.

To be emotional, or even visibly tense with anxiety, is to run the risk of making a healthy child sick and a sick one sicker, simply through the power of suggestion.

Maternal oversolicitude not only has a bad immediate effect, but tends to create juvenile neurotics who will grow up into adult hypochondriacs. Calling up the doctor for a child's every sniffle, stomach-ache or sprain can be overdone.

When he seems fretty or flushed or very tired—even when his stomach or throat hurts—give him a break for twenty-four hours. In a careful undramatic fashion, suggest that "since we're not feeling so good, we'd better rest a while." During the process of undressing and bathing him, preparatory to bed, inquire—still most casually—what he's been eating between meals. Don't dose. Give liquids, orange juice, plenty of water—and fresh stewed fruit. A simple enema may seem advisable. Once he is in bed, don't hover, don't in any way register apprehension, whatever your feelings. Speak to him cheerfully in your normal voice. Be calm, objective.

Hard as this course of action may seem, perhaps you may find it easier if—out of many years' nursing experience with hundreds of boys and girls—I assure you that in the great majority of such upsets no danger or serious difficulty need be apprehended. Probably the trouble is caused by stomach or bowels or a slight cold, and, after the nursing treatment just outlined, the child will feel like himself again within twenty-four hours. If not, there still will be time to call in your physician.

In a real illness one of the great problems is to induce your little patient to accept a disagreeable dose or endure a painful treatment without the rebellion that, even when overcome, exhausts his strength. A trained nurse knows and a mother can learn that if, when a screaming fit starts, she walks out of the room, the noise will stop with unbelievable quickness. Crying is no fun with no one to hear. Return in a few moments with bottle or dressing, and you may be surprised at the lack of protest you find.

The mother usually can forestall a screaming fit if she knows her science of approach. Perhaps the one that works best with most sick children is a combination of frankness, firmness and sweet reasonableness.

Never try to fool Timmie about the bitter tonic; if you lie to him once he will not trust you again. Tell him the truth or tell him nothing. Never plead or coo; he resents being dealt with like a baby when he feels that he has

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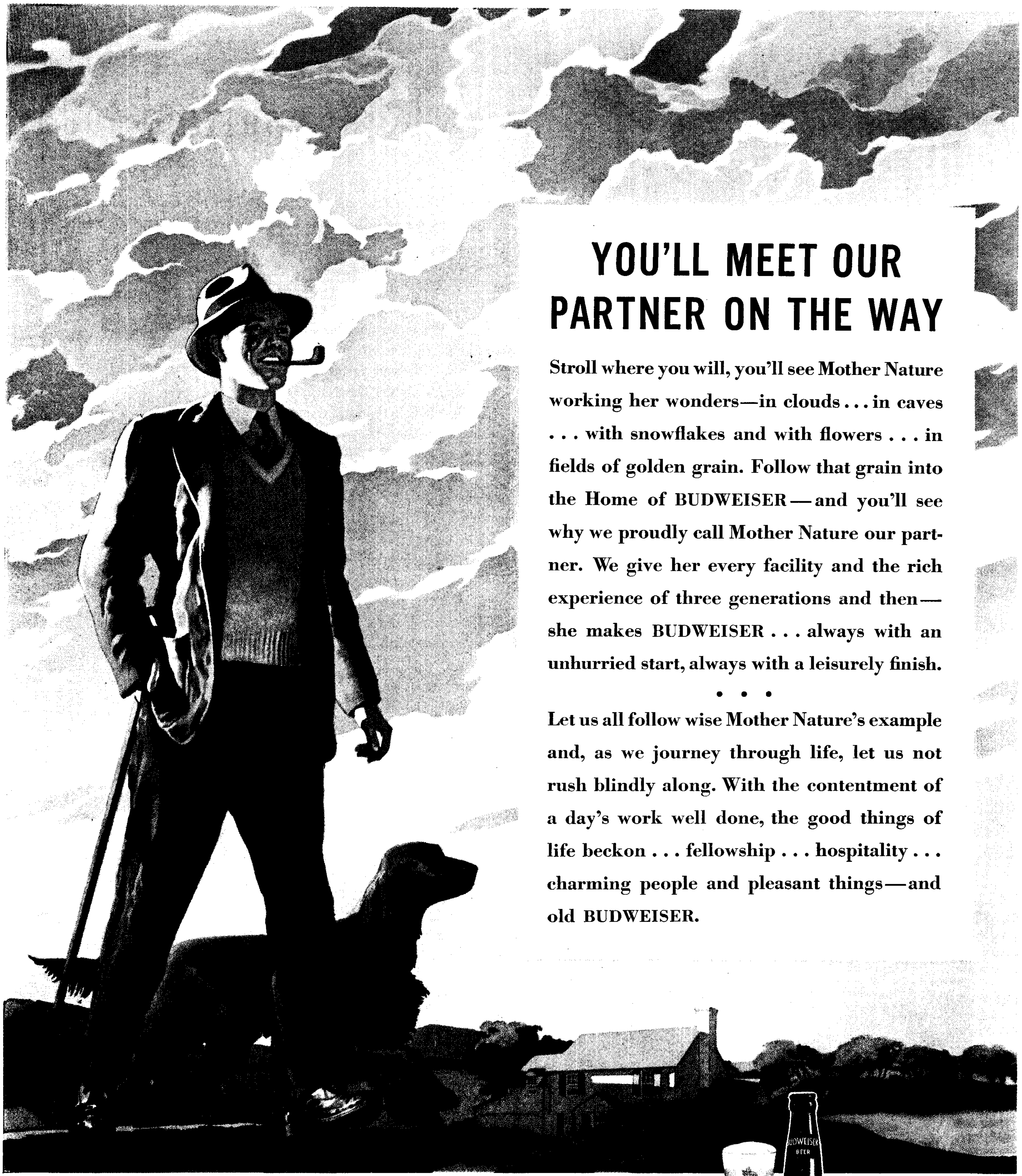

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outgrown babyhood. Behave like a rational fellow mortal. Explain that while the medicine won't taste very nice it has to be swallowed in order to make him well enough to play again.

Adjusting yourself to the child's viewpoint, being reasonable and gentle—these points matter so much. If, for instance, you have to hold him while a treatment is being administered, never make your grip so firm that he feels unable to move. You can tighten it quickly if you must—but how would you like the sensation of being helpless in the grasp of a giant while some mysterious torture was about to be applied?

Perhaps, because of a subconscious memory of the unfastened safety pins that pricked them as babies, little children often are frightened by a hypodermic needle. When it is necessary to use one, the sympathetic nurse explains the purpose and not only warns but shows exactly how much it will hurt. A good plan is to hurt a bit more than the hypo will, by pinching the child's skin and drawing across it the point of a paper knife or some other harmless, familiar object. Comment encouragingly.

"You can stand that, can't you? Well, this needle won't be as bad. And you are such a brave boy—" or girl, as the case may be. Children, like all of us, crave admiration. Tell them they are brave, and they do their gallant best to justify the praise.

In bathing and performing other necessary sickroom offices, a good trick for the mother is to let the young man in bed play doctor and give the orders. Every small person loves this game.

Once, when I was taking care of a brother and sister recovering from tonsillectomy and a mastoid condition in the same room, I made the boy a doctor's coat and the girl a tiny nurse's uniform, which they wore over their nightgowns. Each delightedly "bossed" the care of the other—"Nurse, it's time for you to have your bath—" "Doctor, you must take your medicine."

His Own Story

For making sick children forget pain, or relieving the monotony of convalescence, a mother-nurse will find storytelling invaluable. I learned that lesson as a student nurse in a children's ward, an experience that clutched at my heart, although there was a constant stimulus and satisfaction in making the little things forget their suffering and terror.

As your child grows stronger, begin a story and ask him to finish it. Or suggest that he tell one out of his own head. And do not, if you please, discourage his imaginative efforts. I know a mother who interrupted her son's narrative about a horse that crowed by explaining carefully that horses don't crow—they neigh! If he wanted *his* horse to crow, why not?

For the youngster who, when well, loves physical activity, the mother should provide a hammer-and-nails set. It is the perfect toy to while away convalescence in bed. The patient can sit propped up against pillows and pound to his heart's content, working off all his nervous irritation and enjoying himself hugely.

Noise of this sort, which he creates and can end as soon as he feels fatigued, will do him no harm, but keep phonographs and radios out of the sickroom! Their continuous racket is too much of a strain. To induce the extremely nervous child to take proper rest, provide a toy like a set of blocks that can be played with in just one way. Let him do it over and over until the sheer monotony makes his eyelids droop.

In the convalescent stage, the mother's problem also entails building him up with food of sufficient quantity and quality. Here again the fatal temptation of the average mother is to overdramatize the situation. He refuses a meal and she sees him growing thinner in the next half hour!

Make his tray attractive with pretty dishes. Consult his tastes about food as far as is sensible. For instance, a youngster on the mend told me he wanted a hamburger. That is what he got and nothing else for three days; with the craving satisfied he was ready for a balanced diet.

Be ingenious about a juvenile convalescent's food, but be subtle in your ingenuity. Never plead with him to eat, or show yourself tragically disturbed when he refuses. Remove the untouched tray without comment, and wait until the next meal. The less attention paid to a hunger strike the sooner it will end.

A final point for the maternal nurse to bear in mind, as her patient travels up the road to health, is that he must become psychologically as well as physiologically sound—and this will not happen if she coddles him too much! Now is the time to re-educate him, after the indulgences that his illness may have enforced, else you will have a permanently spoiled youngster on your hands. Neither coddle nor encourage him to coddle himself. If necessary, do something that I would consider unwise in most circumstances—compare him with other children to their discredit. When they are playing, express the conviction that Harry, who has been ill, can throw a ball farther than the others. Harry will try to prove you right—and this will be the beginning of his psychological comeback from illness and its aftereffects.

"I'm afraid I'm not very good company today, Miss Searle"

LEONARD DOVE

Among the commonest juvenile problems to be solved is the youngster with an inferiority complex. Here a useful technique is to find some field in which he excels and cultivate it. Another plan is to show deliberate dependence upon him.

I made my first real impression upon one such small boy by explaining that I had a bad headache and asking him to rub my forehead. He took the most serious satisfaction in the task and, after my warm thanks and praise, assured me that he would be glad to give his help whenever my head felt bad!

Punishment Fits the Crime

The only punishment either fair or effective is the one fitting the crime: a penalty, to return to one of my favorite postulates, that appeals to the child's reason. Suppose the problem in the case of your youngster is that he seems possessed by a demon of destructiveness such as dominated little Frank when his father and mother put him in my charge.

Naturally we played together and, before long, I managed to break a toy of which I knew him to be very fond. He stared at me with outraged eyes.

"Hey, whatcha doin'? Don'tcha know that's one of my nicest toys—an' you go an' smash it!"

"Why, Frank, I'm sorry," I responded sweetly. "But it didn't occur to me that you minded toys being broken—you break so many yourself."

"Yes, maybe I do, but this is different—I like this toy," he expostulated.

"Then I'm sorry," I repeated, and no more was said. At intervals, not too frequent, other playthings suffered from my destructive tendencies—and Frank suffered from their loss. An ounce of personal regret for things smashed proved more educative than a pound of precepts against the wickedness of smashing. Frank decided that breaking up the nursery, or his parent's possessions, wasn't really such fun as he had thought, and casualty rates in his home reverted to normal.

Lying about any little thing—saying, for instance, that they have brushed their teeth when they haven't—is not an uncommon trick among the six- to seven-year-olds. When the child is such a liar that he becomes a problem, the habit of deception may have been developed by his elders through their leading questions—asking him, for example, if he loves Mother when he is too young to understand the meaning of the verb.

To the mother who wishes to cure her child of lying I commend the method learned not from any manual of psychology but from my own mother. I never told her more than two lies in my life, and they were white ones. The reason was that my mother always believed in her girls. If an outsider tried to say something that differed from our account of the same incident, she turned a deaf ear.

"I've heard all about that from my daughters," she would say, "and they don't lie to me."

No more we did—because she trusted us.

It seems obvious that no parent can lie to a child even "for his own good," and expect the truth in return. That is why, in the case of illness, I find falsehood indefensible. Never tell a youngster that the extraction of a sliver or of a tooth won't hurt when you know it will. He will believe and trust you only if you deserve to be trusted. Show him your most honest and decent self—he will see through you soon enough.

Like Clay

Children, including the problem variety, are marvelously malleable to the right touch—as easy to shape as a piece of modeling clay. The child who has developed a criminal tendency as serious as stealing can be cured of it if he is handled in the proper fashion. I think of a youngster whom I knew several years ago, then on the way to becoming an accomplished sneak thief.

Because he was motherless I tried to help him as his mother might have done. He'd come to my apartment to play games, hear stories, eat peanuts and popcorn. Nothing was said directly about his "snitching," but he understood how I felt in the matter of taking property that belonged to someone else.

Presently he got into the way of turning over to me the odds and ends that he had grabbed when no one was looking, and asking me to return them. I always did, of course, not giving him away. Once, when he thought I had told tales, I reproached him hotly, even straining veracity with the assurance that he was not a thief, since he did not live by the proceeds of dishonesty and since his pilferings were exceptional acts that I felt sure he would not repeat.

My feeling was that he needed, more than anything else, a warm and positive faith in his essential decency and his ability to turn over a new leaf and keep it turned. The reforming process took time and underwent relapses, but in the end my faith proved justified.

A type of problem child less sensational than the violent or the mendacious or the thievish one, but especially in need of help before too late, is the abnormally introverted youngster. He may become the tragic young suicide when he has failed—or fears he has failed—to pass high-school examinations. Everyone is so shocked!

Watch carefully these unduly good and quiet children. Too many desperate, unknown things may be shut behind their downcast eyes and their mute lips. The task of the mother is to break ever so gently the dreaming spell in which they exist, to lead them out of it, little by little, with tactfully planned personal contacts and small festivities, into the world where we all belong.

Speaking as a nurse, my parting advice to mothers with the job of making their boys and girls physically and psychically healthy can be summed up in one sentence:

Treat them as reasonable beings—and never forget that they are smarter than you!

Mike Comes to Lunch

Continued from page 17

white men stood up. He talked most. He was partly bald, and quite lean, and his eyes had that vaguely bewildered look natural to a man who has lost his eyeglasses. The other white man lay down. Mike listened to the talk. It was authentic human speech. Mike could repeat whole words of it. It was not the same as the liquid syllables with which Atu had addressed him. But Mike was, after all, a parrot. He recognized familiar sounds. He could repeat some of them. But the words that came to his ears did not convey any meaning to him. They were to him practically what a tune is to a white man—a tune some parts of which he can whistle or hum, and which he can recognize readily, but which does not convey information of any sort.

". . . Captain Moore broke his leg getting ashore . . . set it in some fashion, I'm sure. . . ." The Reverend Mr. Hooker was speaking. ". . . Divine Providence watching . . . got through the surf . . . set his leg first of all . . ."

The two standing men set to work. Branches, straight ones. The missionary tore his shirt into strips. They worked over the man on the ground. Presently he swore. The missionary said:

"It's set . . . now the splints . . ."

Atu worked further. Captain Moore swore again. He used words in Mike's own vocabulary. Mike made little dancing steps on his perch. He watched attentively.

". . . All done now," said the Reverend Mr. Hooker. "I suppose the next thing . . ."

"Atu will find grub," said the man on the ground. "With your glasses gone, Reverend, you can't see. But Atu will do the work."

". . . Not exactly fair," said the tall man, ruefully. ". . . Be saddled with an able-bodied, helpless man. . . . You, of course, are different. . . ."

The men talked. Interminably. There was no motion toward breakfast. Mike grew restless. He waddled from side to side. Twice he opened his beak to call attention to himself. Each time a sudden gesture stopped him. The third time he had actually begun the utterance of a raucous, attention-arresting "Squar-r-r!" when Atu and the missionary moved off together.

MIKE would have followed them, but the call of his inwards for breakfast was insistent, and there seemed to be no indication of food about here. The man lying down remained lying down. The other two went out of sight. Mike teetered back and forth, irresolute. Then he flew irritably to hunt for breakfast.

When he found it he observed, "I've come to lunch," and ate until he was actually uncomfortable. Then he dozed.

But he saw the men once more that day. They were two plodding, distant figures, and they were empty-handed. They headed as if dispiritedly for the place where they had left Captain Moore on the ground. They looked hungry. But Mike could not imagine Tufuila as a place of famine. There were plenty of coconuts, and Mike adored them. He looked hopefully to see if the men carried any. They did not, and the missionary looked discouraged. Only Atu walked quite erect.

Next morning, after breakfast, Mike saw them again. He went for a stroll on the beach. He marched down the hard-packed sand with his cocksure, self-important waddle. Gulls flew overhead in a squabbling crowd above something in the surf close to the beach. Mike waddled out to the very edge of the water. The gulls squawked at one another. Mike squawked insultingly up at them. They continued to flap and fly in circles above the awash white thing in the surf. Mike danced upon the sand and hurled insults up at them. He swore at them enjoyably. He called them unprintable things, mingling his remembered oaths with less articulate but no less disparaging noises of his own contrivance. He had no purpose save fondness for a squabble.

THE tall white man appeared. He heard the tumult and came quickly. Mike scuttled away to the underbrush and watched from hiding. The missionary waded into the surf, blinking nearsightedly. The gulls swooped about him, always within yards of him, and sometimes seemingly within his reach. He found the thing they quarreled about. He came ashore, dragging a monstrous dead rock cod with a huge piece bitten out of it. It had escaped the attack of some still larger fish, and then had died of its injuries.

Atu came out of the palms. The Reverend Mr. Hooker conferred with him, hopefully. Atu shook his head.

"That bad fish, sar. Make 'm die we eat him."

"It's poisonous?"

"Yes, sar."

"I am very hungry," said the Reverend Mr. Hooker. Somehow, he contrived to retain some dignity even in the plaintive statement. "For myself, I am willing to undergo whatever privations Divine Providence may allot me. But Captain Moore, with his injury, should have some nourishment."

"Yes, sar," said Atu respectfully.

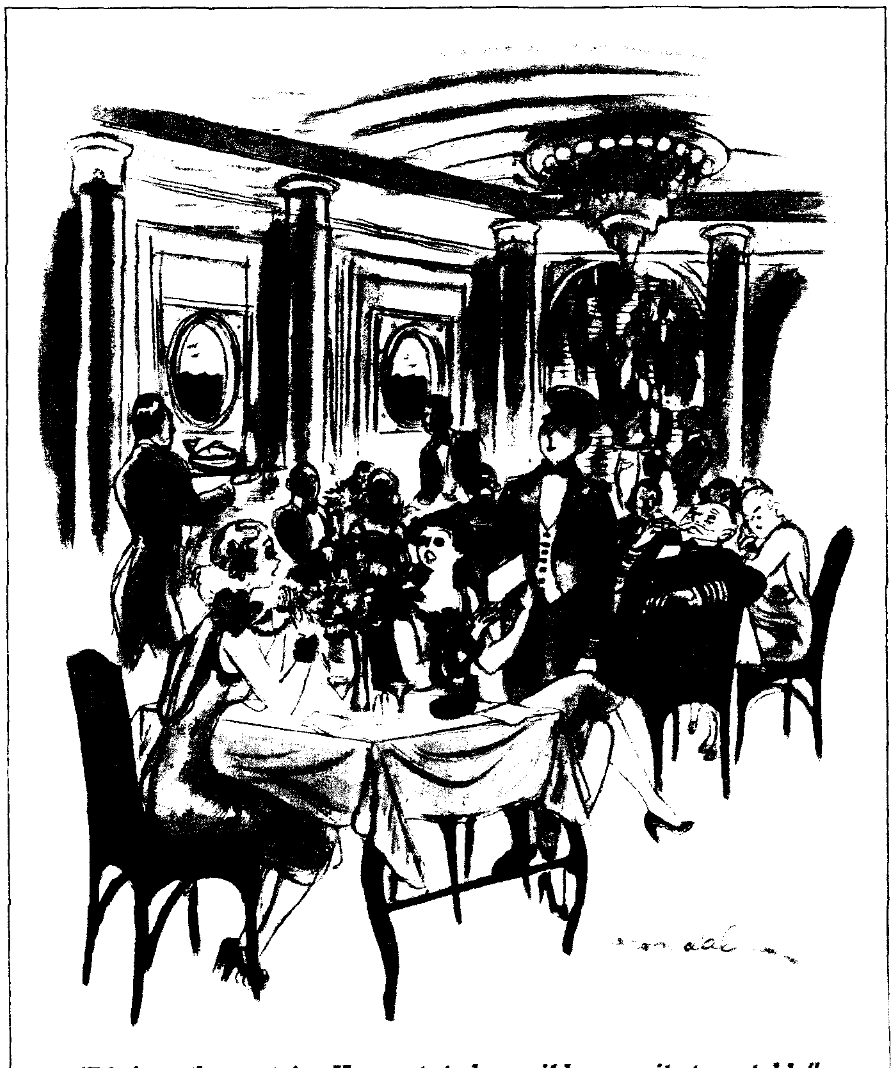
"Even coconuts!" said the missionary urgently. "I am sure that coconuts—"

"I look, sar," said Atu respectfully. "I look all places, sar. I are hungry, too."

They were directly underneath a coconut palm. Mike the parrot watched them throw the fish back into the surf, where the gulls instantly resumed their squabble above it. Mike may—it is possible—have seen Atu's lips work hungrily. But Mike would have paid no attention to such a symptom. He waited impatiently until brown man and white, together, moved off along the beach. Then he waddled out to resume his quarrel. It was a futile quarrel, of course. He could not keep them from eating the fish—which was not poisonous at all—but he did have a splendid row.

That night Mike slept at the farther end of the island from the men. Surf boomed hollowly during the dark hours. Large, luminous stars moved slowly across the sky. A gibbous moon rose late, and sent specks of lambent light dancing over the combers, and made deep shadows underneath the palms. But Mike paid no attention to such romantic matters because he slumbered comfortably against another day of enjoyable disapproval. The men paid no attention because they were hungry.

NEXT morning—the third after the storm—Mike again awoke and again waddled forth about his business. Of all creatures upon earth, he was undoubtedly most admirably placed. Far from his native home, the story of his coming to Tufuila would probably make an epic with a totally happy ending. Here he was far from any natural enemies. His manner and his appearance alike were



"It's from the captain. He wants to know if he can sit at our table"

GREGORY D'ALESSIO

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supercilious, and here he found many things to disapprove of—which he enjoyed. Here were many things to meddle with. These, also, gave him pleasure. And there were frequent occasions when he had an opportunity most satisfactorily to speak his mind.

Such an occasion arose on this third day. Mike came swooping erratically through the air to come to a rather startling stop on a palm frond above the beach. He teetered an instant uncertainly, and then settled down to regard the world. The tall white man and Atu came toward him, below.

"... Captain Moore says ... deliberate and malicious. ... I do not like to believe ..."

"Sar," said the brown man respectfully, "are I by myself any time? Could I eat alone?"

Silence, while Mike looked down with his head on one side.

"N-no," said the man without eyeglasses, helplessly. "Captain Moore ... wrong, of course, but ... at least coconuts!"

MIKE moved uneasily from side to side along his perch. He watched the men below with a sardonic eye. Mike was no more than a yard from a very fine cluster of coconuts. There were others on the ground. They were plainly to be seen by anybody but a man shortsighted by reason of the loss of his eyeglasses. That man looked hungry. So did Atu. Mike particularly saw him look longingly at the coconuts. But he did not point them out.

"Then ... starvation, I suppose," said the Reverend Mr. Hooker resignedly. "... Deplorable, but it is as Divine Providence. ... Is there no chance of a ship?"

"Look, sar," said Atu. He waved his hand as if despairingly at the sea. "Do you see boat, sar?"

The white man blinked helplessly at the heaving sea. He saw nothing, though Mike could see quite distinctly a dark plume of smoke near the horizon's edge. He could even see some small trace of the glitter of sunlight upon paint. But that was not remarkable. Tufuila is on the steamer track between Sydney and Samoa. It is used as a landfall for the correction of errors in navigation caused by unpredictable current sets and the like.

Mike was quite accustomed to the sight of smudges of smoke offshore. Once a boatload of men had landed on Tufuila, looking for fresh coconuts. They found plenty, and Mike squawked profanely at them as they departed. But the steamer now in sight was not likely to send a landing party ashore. It would, though, undoubtedly have responded to a signal.

"Of course," said the missionary drearily, "I can hardly see at all without my glasses. ... Captain Moore says you ..."

"Sar?"

"There should be food here. ... You could find it if you would. Coconuts. Fish. ... Fruits, perhaps ..."

Atu said: "Sar, do I look like I are not hungry?"

"No, Atu," said the Reverend Mr. Hooker, wearily. "You've eaten no more than we have, Captain Moore and I. It shows ..."

Atu said respectfully: "Divine Providence, sar, is angry with us. Not you. You are reverend. Maybe me. Maybe Captain Moore."

The white man said wistfully:

"I—I have found it hard to pray, Atu, with hunger cramping my vitals. You have reproached me. ... I shall ask Divine Providence again for aid. ..."

Atu said urgently, "Ask, sar, why it are angry with us. Who it are angry with."

"I wonder ..." said the Reverend Mr. Hooker drearily. "I wonder."

He plodded back toward the place where the helpless other white man lay resting. Mike the parrot stared down. He saw Atu look hungrily at coconuts in plain view. Mike sidled back and forth in anticipation. Men could break open coconuts with ease. They did not clean the shells as thoroughly as land crabs, either. If this brown man broke open a coconut to eat, there would be pickings. Mike even danced a little, hopefully.

But Atu did not open a coconut. He picked one up, to be sure. But it was to toss it farther out of sight. He went wandering aimlessly down the beach. He did not glance again at the clearly visible ship. And Mike stared after him and said indignantly:

"For God's sake!"

Mike could not imagine any catastrophe that could make anyone forego coconuts; not even such a thing as an economic obstacle to marriage with a white man's half-caste daughter.

Next morning he went again to the camp of the men. He was called there by strange sounds that arose from it. The missionary and Atu were singing in queer, cracked voices. They sang the same tune, but different words. Mike had no word for it, but Atu would have called it a *himene*. They stood above the bed of palm fronds they had gathered for Captain Moore. They beat time with their hands and croaked out a queer travesty of a hymn of praise.

Mike was fascinated by the noise. He sidled back and forth, gazing first with one eye and then the other. He made peculiar small sounds in his beak. He marched cautiously closer. The two figures beat time with the look of hunger upon their faces. And they sang, quaveringly.

The tune came to a close. The Reverend Mr. Hooker got clumsily to his knees. Atu joined him. The white man bent his head and spoke.

Mike stood cockily upon the ground, watching the two with his head tilted on one side, wearing an expression of disapproval.

"Squar-r-r!" said Mike, by way of introducing himself.

A tense, hoarse whisper came from almost behind him. It was Captain Moore, helpless with his broken leg. He stared at Mike's plump, well-feathered body with an expression of desperate hunger. And he whispered hoarsely:

"Here's something to eat! Don't let it get away, you two! Look! Here's something to eat!"

THE Reverend Mr. Hooker raised his head. Mike was close, regarding him with habitual disapproval. The missionary could make him out, however dimly.

"It's a parrot," said Captain Moore hoarsely. "Catch him! Parrots make good eating! Don't let him get away!"

The missionary said in a voice that was full and round:

"My prayer is answered—"

Then Atu plunged for the parrot. Mike jumped. He squawked indignantly. He scuttled away, swearing. Atu headed him off, and the missionary tried desperately to assist him. But Mike escaped with ridiculous ease. He scuttled between two palm trees growing close together, and darted here and there, and once Atu saw him clearly but turned aside and chased feverishly where Mike most decidedly was not.

Mike took to wing, presently, and flew heavily to a treetop where he smoothed his ruffled feathers and still more ruffled feelings. As proprietor of the island, he was indignant that his overture of friendship had been the signal for attempted capture. But there was something very odd about it all. He sat peevishly in the sunshine, thinking it over. And he seemed suddenly to realize that Atu had not only not tried to

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catch him, but had actually chased him away.

"For God's sake!" said Mike.

His final reaction must have been that of increased curiosity. It must have been, because late that afternoon he looked up alertly from where he dined chastely. He heard footsteps and rustlings. Atu came and hastily picked up four coconuts from the ground. He flung them one by one against the base of a tree, using just the touch that breaks the fibrous husk from the round inner shell. He gathered up those round balls of nourishment and hurried away. Mike scuttled after him. When men took coconuts to eat, there would be shreds remaining for any ingratiating parrot who happened to be around. Mike adored coconut. He waddled at full speed after the hurrying Atu, sometimes even using his wings for speed.

But Atu stopped and put down the coconuts. He was skinny and emaciated. He licked his lips hungrily. But he left the coconuts behind, with Mike staring amazedly, alternately at his brown back and at the deserted nuts.

"I've come to—" said Mike, and stopped. Then he swore. "For God's sake."

HE HEARD voices on ahead. He waddled discouragedly toward them. The Reverend Mr. Hooker boomed at Atu.

". . . Captain Moore desires to right a wrong . . . you were right. . . . Divine Providence has used this shipwreck for its own mysterious ends. . . ."

He sounded solemnly exultant. Mike moved on to where he could see. Captain Moore was hollow-eyed and enraged and starving. The missionary was thin and weak and starved. Atu came into view and leaned against a tree weakly. The missionary boomed:

". . . Mysterious ways its wonders to perform. . . . Captain Moore, many years ago, plied a native chief with rum and bought from him for a pittance the whole island on which a village of people lived . . . those people . . . slaving for him, making him rich. . . . But in the presence of death he has desired to right this wrong. . . . No ordinary influence would have moved him. The law was on his side . . . but justice and Divine Providence . . ."

Mike the parrot looked from the emaciated missionary to the skinny Atu, and to the half-starved Captain Moore with his leg in a splint of straight branches. Mike made disgusted noises to himself. There were those husked coconuts, waiting at the foot of a tree not thirty yards away. And Mike liked coconuts, even if he could not open them for himself.

"For God's sake!" said Mike *sotto voce*.

"He has written and signed a document," said the missionary exultantly, "admitting his former cheat and returning the land to those from whom he got it, adding all improvements as a free gift to the natives to whom it once belonged. I have witnessed that document, Atu. Now I have told you what it contains and he will admit to you that he signed it of his own free will. Is not that so, Captain Moore?"

The man on the ground croaked an assent. His tone was not penitent, though. It was raging; despairing; hate-filled.

"And now," said the missionary triumphantly, "we know that Divine Providence will cause our rescue! It must! Because this is plainly the purpose for which we have undergone these sufferings! We are saved, Atu!"

Atu licked his lips. He said: "Yes, sar."

He turned and stumbled out of sight among the trees. Mike the parrot moved agitatedly. He danced a little when Atu came back. He opened his beak to call attention to his presence.

"S-sar," said Atu, stammering a little because of his hunger. "These I found, sar. Four coconuts, sar. I think I found more trees with more coconuts, sar."

"Let us give thanks!" cried the tall man triumphantly. "Divine Providence has cut short our sufferings—"

Atu cracked two coconuts, one upon the other. There was liquid in them, which spilled. He handed a fragment to the missionary. He handed another fragment to the man lying on the ground. He bit ravenously into a third fragment himself.

"And—and, sar," he said unsteadily, with his mouth full, "there are smoke at sea, sar. A ship, sar. Maybe we make fire and smoke, sar—"

The missionary raised his eyes to heaven and ran toward the beach. His short sight would not permit him to see the distant smoke, but he would peer toward the horizon and imagine that he saw.

Mike the parrot cocked his head on one side. He opened his beak again. But the man on the ground spoke harshly:

"You damned clever Kanaka," he said bitterly. "Who put you up to it?"

"Sar?"

"Who put you up to it?" demanded Captain Moore bitterly. "Who tipped you to starve yourself as well as the other two of us? If it wasn't for that I could break that damned deed—but nobody'd believe that! Who put you up to pretending there wasn't any food on this island, and that no ships ever came by? Don't you think I know where we are?"

"Yes, sar," said Atu.

"I KNOW damned well!" raged the white man. "And I know that I'm licked! That triply damned missionary's word'll be taken against mine any day, and I've lost that plantation—and if I told what made me sign it over I'd be laughed at till my dying day! I'm licked! But who put it in your head?"

Atu chewed feverishly.

"You know Tanaua, sar?"

Captain Moore snarled:

"I ought to!"

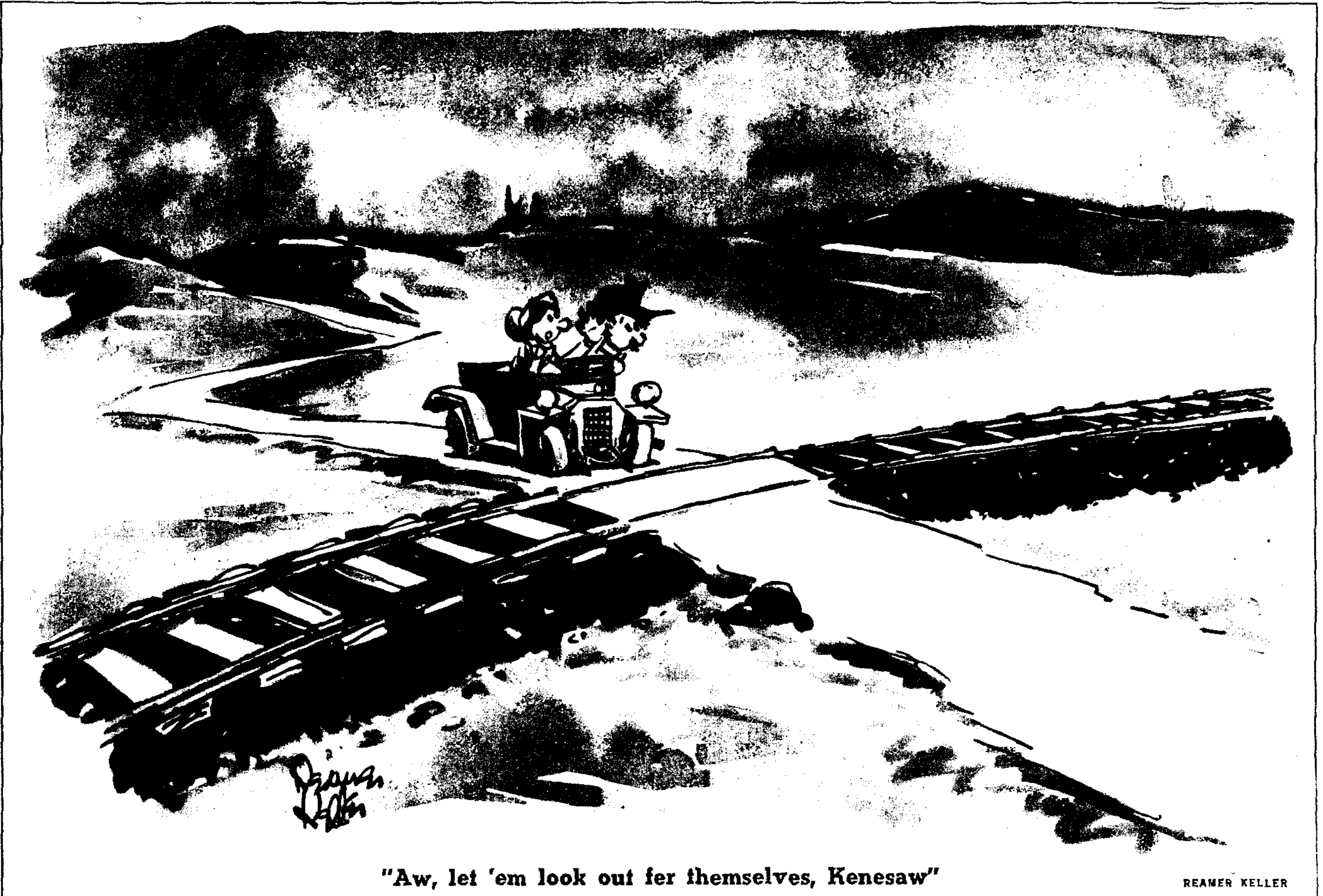
"She is your daughter, sar," said Atu respectfully. "You send her to mission school. She tell me much white man tricks, sar. She going marry me, sar."

The white man swore, furiously.

"My own daughter, even if her skin is brown! And she'll marry you!" He swore again. "Atu—" Then he said wrathfully. "Atu, for God's sake give me some more of that coconut!"

Atu obeyed. Mike the parrot waddled out of the underbrush with his head cocked on one side. He had seen Atu cast aside a part of the rind of the coconut. There would be pickings on that for Mike. He came into plain view, waddling importantly, but striving to put aside his ordinarily supercilious air for an ingratiating expression. He climbed up a slanting branch with beak and claws, and sidled along it nearer to the two men.

"Squar-r-r-r!" said Mike hopefully. "I've come to lunch!"



"Aw, let 'em look out fer themselves, Kenesaw"

REAMER KELLER

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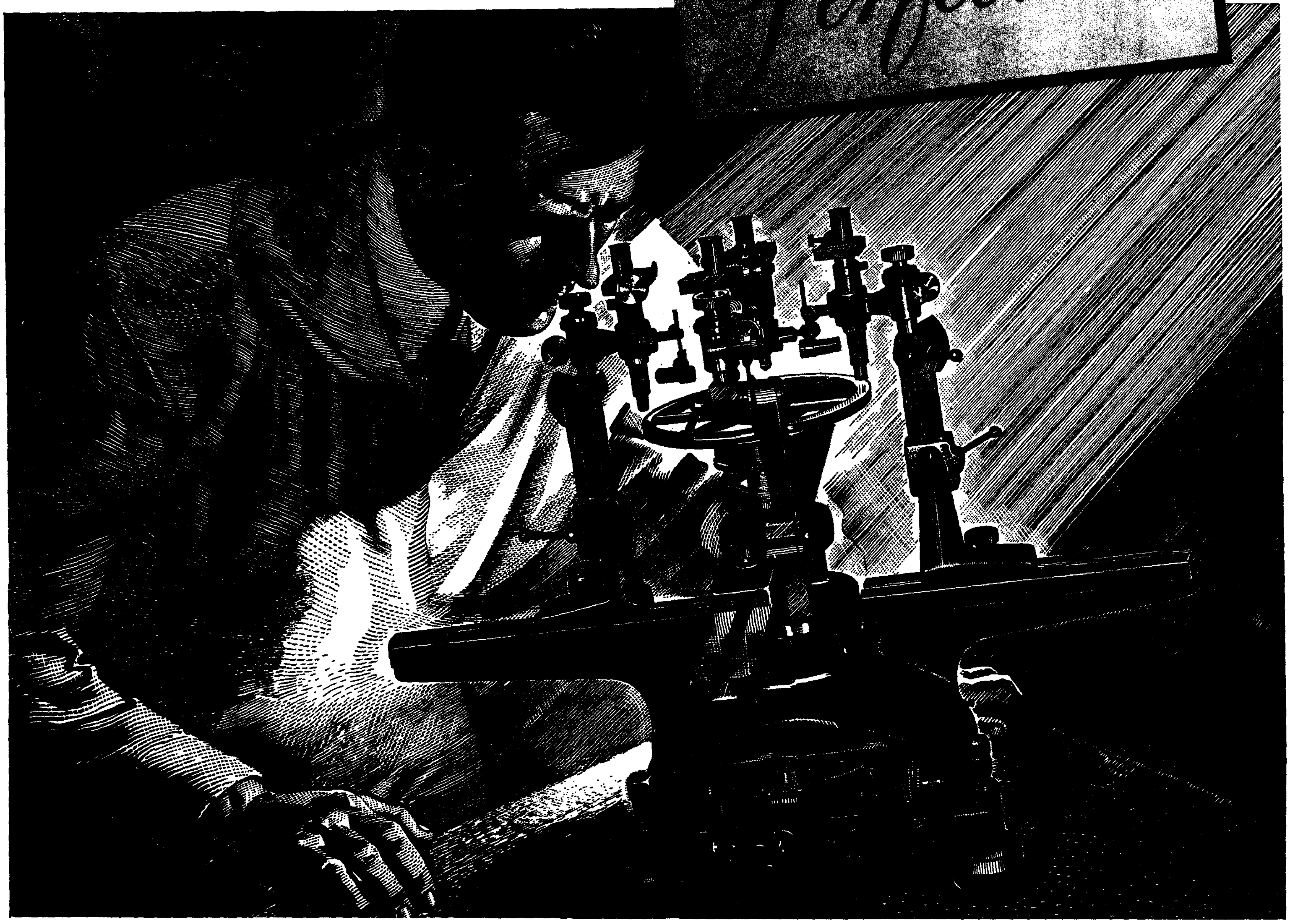

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BETTER OILS FROM THE GROUND UP!

The Glass Slipper

Continued from page 13

said Juliet and closed her eyes; her head fell forward sleepily.

"Remember—what do you mean, Julie? What do I know? Juliet—wake up. Tell me—"

"Sleepy," muttered Julie. "Changed my mind. Don't trust—memory—"

"Julie!"

Rue hesitated, went across the room and touched the bell. Tea would be up; strong black tea was what Julie needed.

It came almost at once. Gross carried the tray and Rue, not wanting him to see Juliet, took the tray at the door herself and brought it to the low table before the fireplace. Julie did not look up or rouse, and Rue went back to the door behind the screen and closed it, shutting out the distant sound of the piano—a phrase had reached her ears and she recognized it; it was from the piano score of a modern piece of Steven's own composition, full of violent dissonance. She returned. She didn't know she was excited until she lifted the teapot and tried to pour the tea and her hand shook so she spilled it. It was hot and strong and she waited for it to cool a little, stirring it, watching the nurse. At last she took the cup to Julie and lifted her head.

"Listen. Listen, Julie. Wake up. Drink this."

Julie opened her eyes. "Had cocktail," she said fuzzily and with great effort. "Don't want tea—"

"Drink it," said Rue and held it to her lips. The girl gulped, but did not wince at the hot liquid, and drank as if she did not know what she was doing.

Perhaps she drank half a cup before she choked and slumped sidewise in her chair. Her plain little hat dropped off; her hair was flat and not very tidy and gave her a defenseless look. Rue got a cushion and tried to prop Julie's head comfortably with it.

But something was wrong. She couldn't make Julie's head stay on the pillow. She couldn't hold Julie upright. Something was terribly wrong in that rose-scented room where Crystal Hatterick had died.

From habit her fingers went to Julie's pulse. Went and sought along the white, thin wrist and sought feverishly, terrified, for a flutter that was not there.

"Julie—Julie—"

It wasn't a scream, for her voice had gone. And Julie's shabby, thin little body slid slowly out of the chair, hesitated in a queer kneeling position for a grisly instant and then went down on the rug.

Rue couldn't kneel beside her. She couldn't get down on that French rug and try to find Julie's strangely quiet pulse. She couldn't—

She did.

Oddly her muscles obeyed her will. But there was no pulse in Julie's bony wrist; no heartbeat below her worn sweater. No life in her eyes when Rue made her fingers remember their training and pull those thin eyelids upward.

There was a sound somewhere but Rue did not hear it.

She did not know Alicia Pelham was in the room until a voice spoke to her and said coolly: "Why really—what's all this? One of your friends, Rue? She looks as if you've given her too much to drink."

Rue looked up then. Alicia, coated and hatted and furred, was smiling down at her and at Julie as if amused. Rue heard herself say: "She's dead. Julie—dead—"

IT DID not seem strange to her that Alicia was there. Nothing would have seemed strange to her at that moment because all her consciousness was stunned by the one enormous strangeness of Julie's death. She said again with crazy, jerky loudness: "She's dead. She's been murdered. Alicia, what shall we do?"

It was completely still. All the house around them was quiet except for the sound of Steven's piano, distant, still crashing out dissonant chords. Going on, uninterrupted, with that music just as if Julie had not died tragically, in all the pathos of a starved, meager little life—at Rue's feet.

They must do something. Call doctors—what did one do? Julie was dead; Rue recognized death.

Alicia, beautiful in her trim black street suit, suave and elegant with her sable scarf flung around her shoulders and her small black hat set expertly upon the black and silver waves of her hair, was bending over the shabby little heap on the rug. She pulled a loose beige glove from one hand and touched Julie's cheek with long white fingers, rosy-tipped and flashing with a huge emerald. Her fingers shrank and hovered. Then she rose and looked at Rue.

Alicia was no longer beautiful; her face was drawn and gray and her lips had drawn back from her shining teeth. She cried shrilly and pointed at the rug and the limp thing upon it:

"She—the nurse—she's dead! Dead! So—you've done it again."

There was no mistaking her meaning. It cut as sharply clear through the fog of horror and bewilderment as the thrust of a knife. But Alicia repeated it:

"You've done it again. It's the way Crystal died. Poison. I suppose the nurse knew and threatened you. She knew it and came here and— Where are you going?"

Rue's feet were taking her across the room; she felt disembodied and light and had no consciousness of moving.

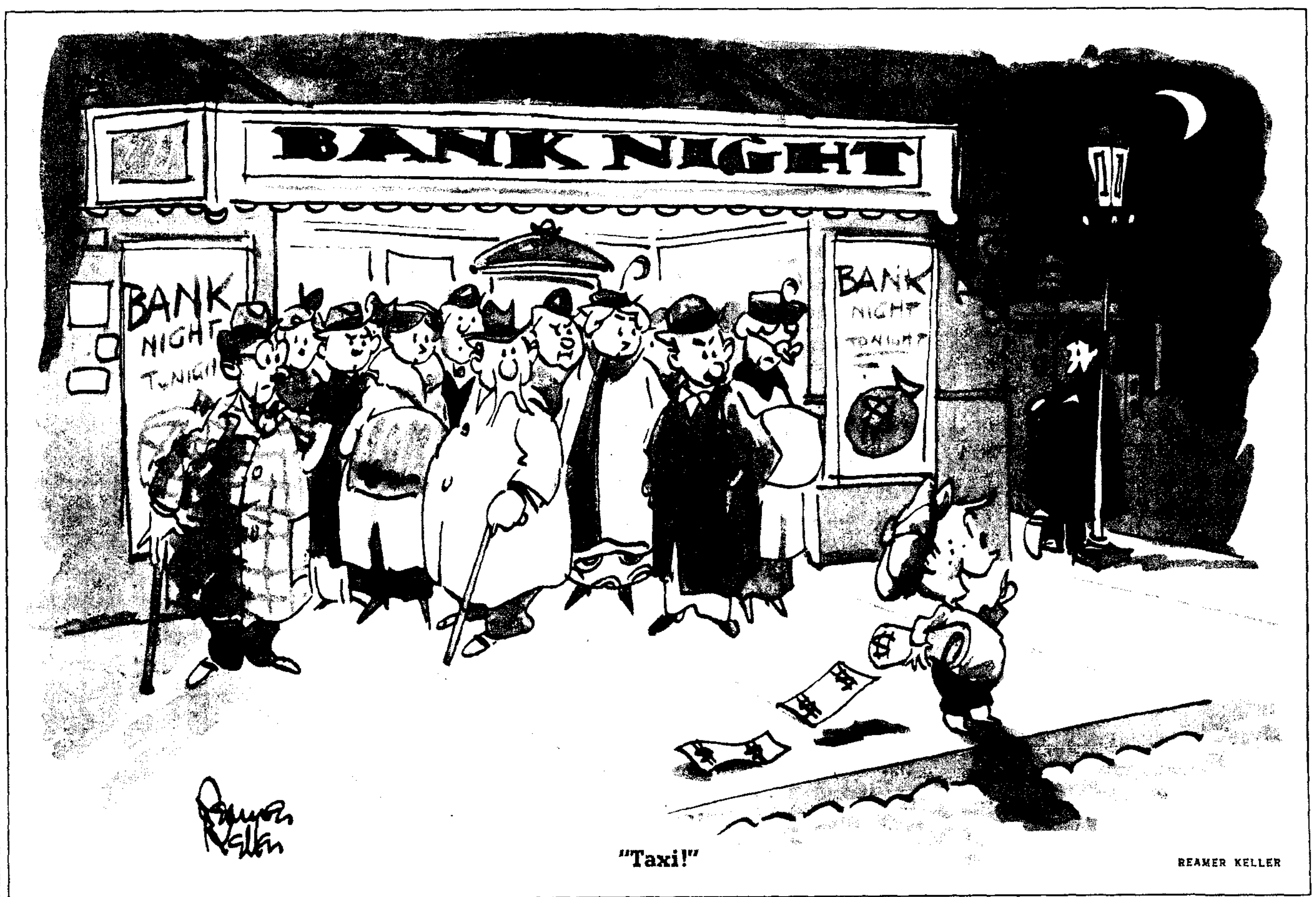
"Stop—what are you doing?" Alicia was following her, her small face thrust forward, her eyes so bright and hard they were feral; the savagery of her attack was at sharp variance with her civilized, sophisticated appearance.

"I'm sending for the police," said Rue. She rang the bell. Alicia cried: "The police—are you going to give yourself up!"

"I didn't murder her. I didn't murder Crystal."

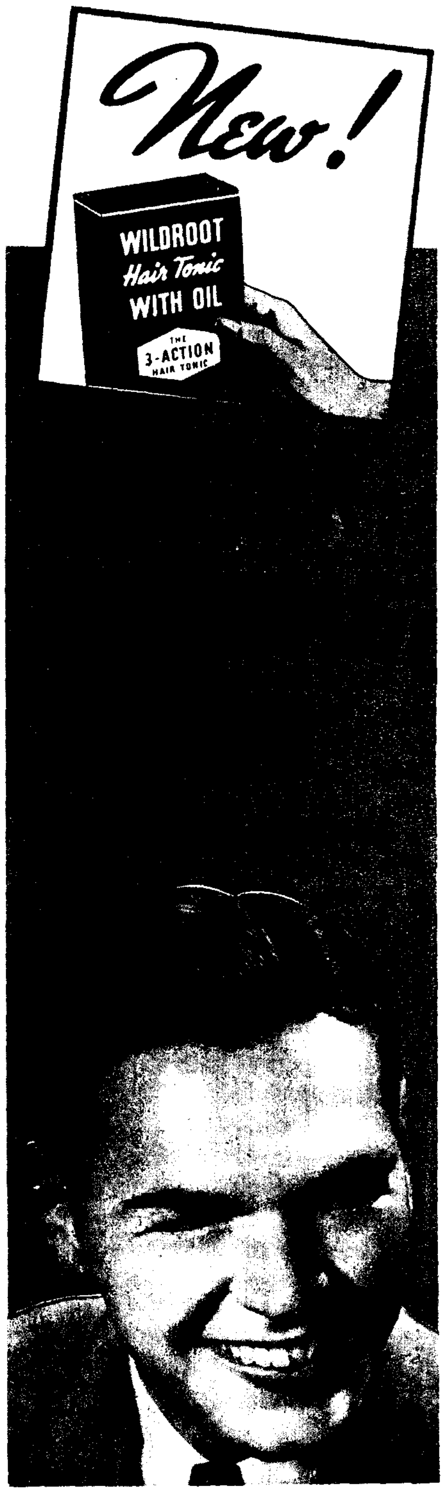
Alicia's eyes were very bright and watchful. Rue had an untraceable impression that there was a suggestion of triumph and eager certainty—as if chance had put some weapon in Alicia's lovely white hands.

Alicia said, more thoughtfully, watching Rue:



"Taxi!"

REAMER KELLER



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"You were here when Crystal died. She was better; she ought not to have died. She was in your care when her—extremely unexpected death took place. And you married Brule."

"If Brule were here—"

"If Brule were here he'd know."

"Yes, madam," said Gross, opening the door. "You rang—" he began and saw Julie.

Alicia was breathing quickly, thin red lips drawn back a little from perfect teeth; in the sudden silence Rue could hear that and could hear the way Gross' breathing seemed to stop short and then suck inward sharply. He turned quite gray and became instantly helpless, turning blank pale eyes to Alicia for direction:

"What—" he wavered and Alicia said quickly:

"The lady is dead. She's been murdered. In this room."

How Alicia must hate her, thought Rue swiftly. And how well, up to now, she had hidden that hatred. There was no time to think of that; not with Julie lying dead.

Yet, if Alicia had been a dozen Alicias, Rue was still Mrs. Hatterick.

"Gross. Look at me."

"Y—yes, Madam." He did so with reluctance. Obviously he preferred to take orders from Alicia. Rue said stiffly:

"Get Dr. Hatterick on the phone. He should be in the office now. I'll talk to him." He blinked and she said sharply: "Gross, do you hear me?"

"Yes. Yes, Madam."

HE TOOK the telephone on the bed table. Both she and Alicia could hear in that quiet room the vibration of the office girl's voice.

"He's not in, Madam," said Gross helplessly, looking over the ivory telephone at the little heap on the rug. "He's not in—"

"Ask where he can be found."

"She says try the hospital—"

Rue had remembered Steven.

"Very well. Do so. But first call Mr. Steven."

"Yes, Madam—" He put down the telephone quickly, with obvious relief, and vanished.

"Steven—" said Alicia. "Why not the police?"

Rue did not reply; she went to Julie again. It wasn't possible Julie was really dead. She'd been excited, she told herself; frightened. She forced herself for a second time to bend over Julie.

But there was nothing she could do.

She was again conscious of Alicia's bright, oddly triumphant eyes watching her. She must pull herself together, think clearly, make no mistakes. If they couldn't find Brule then she herself must act; not Alicia, not Steven. It had been a mistake to say they would call the police; there was no reason—no real reason—to believe that Julie had been murdered. First they must have a doctor; it would be his place to say why Julie had died. And if he said murder, then the police.

Julie. Rapidly Rue went back over the years of their acquaintance. Julie never drank—yet she'd been drinking then. And Julie, inexperienced, would have been so easy to poison in that way because she wouldn't have been able to distinguish the taste of the poison. A strong hypnotic, say—with no nausea.

"Well," said Alicia coolly, leaning against the back of the chair, "I thought you were going to call the police. Why don't you do it?"

Again Rue refused to reply to the taunt in Alicia's voice; that suddenly unveiled enmity mattered, it seemed to Rue then, so little.

And Steven Hendrie, taking three steps at a time, reached the top of the stairway and flung himself through the doorway.

"Gross said—" began Steven and saw Julie and stopped as Gross had done. "Good God! Is she really—dead! What happened? Rue, tell me—"

"We've got to have a doctor. If we can't find Brule then someone else," said Rue.

Alicia smiled the faintest, thinnest little smile and said: "Why not get Andy? He'll say anything you want him to say. He did before."

Steven flashed a troubled look at Alicia. He was kneeling beside Rue, his face pale and his eyes two bright sharp pin points.

"Andy," he said, failing to perceive or at least to give attention to Alicia's implication. "Certainly. If we can't find Brule we'll call Andy. Though if the girl is dead—Gross—"

The butler was in the doorway. "I've already taken the liberty, sir," he said. "Dr. Hatterick was not at the hospital. So I left word at the hospital and then telephoned for Dr. Crittenden. He'll be here in a few moments. Is there—anything else?"

"Wait," said Steven. "You're sure she's dead, Rue?"

"Yes. There's nothing we can do."

"What happened?"

"Nothing. She—just—drank her tea and—and died—"

"Her tea"—said Gross from the doorway in a strangled way. Alicia looked at him and back at Rue.

"Steven," she said, "thank God you are here. Look, Steven. There's the tea tray. There's the cup the poor girl drank from—half emptied. Look carefully—so you'll remember."

"What do you mean, Alicia? Surely you aren't trying to say that—"

Alicia's eyes flashed impatiently.

"Have you forgotten how Crystal died?"

There was a gurgle from the doorway where Gross stood as if transfixed.

Steven got up.

"Look here, Alicia. You can't go around saying things like that. Crystal wasn't murdered. What do you mean?"

"Can't you see for yourself, Steven? Have you never questioned Crystal's death? Or the circumstances of it? Because if you haven't, you may as well know right now that the police have. They think she was murdered."

"Alicia, what are you saying! You are mad. Nobody thinks Crystal was murdered. Who would have murdered her?"

ALICIA'S clear voice went on; she was still altogether collected and, obscurely, triumphant. Her cheeks were not flushed; she stood in a quiet and graceful pose. Not a hair was out of place and her white fingers were gentle and detached-looking against the huge black bag she carried.

"Ask yourself questions, Steven. Who was with Crystal when she died? Who knew how to give her poison so you wouldn't think of it being poison? So Crystal would die like that—in a coma without active symptoms of having been poisoned. Who profited by Crystal's death? Who—Good God, Steven, are you as blind as Brule?"

"Do you mean—Rue?" said Steven.

Alicia smiled a little scornfully, as a teacher might with a backward pupil.

"The nurse—Julie Garder, must have asked those questions, too," she said with a curious effect of lightness. "Now she's dead. As Crystal died."

There was a slight, muffled motion from the doorway and some surface sense of Rue's discovered that Gross had forsaken all training and dissolved dazedly into a sitting position on the edge of a chair as if his hitherto rigid knees had failed him. This, said Gross' attitude, was catastrophe.

"Rue, you hear what Alicia said. Of course it isn't true." Steven's deep-set

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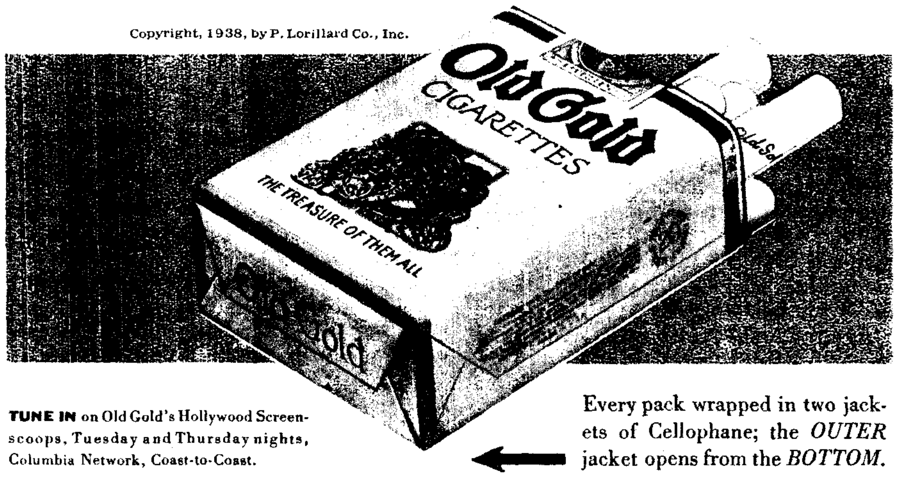

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eyes, though, questioned her, begged for reassurance.

"No, Steven. It is not true. I don't know why she accuses me."

Alicia caught it up neatly and replied with an adroit touch of wistfulness. "I was Crystal's best friend. And I'm engaged to marry you, Steven; I love you. How can I remain quiet and see you taken in by—" she checked herself too obviously. "I make no accusation."

Steven rubbed his hands through his hair, already disheveled. He wore a brown sweater instead of a coat and his tie and collar were loosened and he had on soft, woolen slippers.

"I don't know what to do." He turned. "Gross."

The butler jerked himself upward but could not resume his usual rigid posture. He looked slack and old and said waveringly: "Yes, sir."

"Did you let in this—Miss Garder—?" His hand indicated Julie, and Gross said, understanding him:

"No, sir. If you mean to say did I let the young lady into the house, I didn't."

"But you announced her," said Rue. "You told me she had come to see me."

"And so she said, Madam. But she was—already in the house. It—I—I hope it wasn't wrong. I hope the police —I didn't mean any harm. It was unusual but I saw no reason to tell Madam—"

"What do you mean?" asked Steven.

"I mean, sir, the nurse was already in the house. I came into the drawing room to turn on lights and she was there. Sitting in the dark. She—she seemed to be waiting. She said she'd come to see Mrs. Hatterick and would I please let Madam know. So I—I did," said Gross helplessly.

ALICIA was listening intently, her small, classically beautiful face like porcelain and as brittle. She said: "Who let her in, then? She couldn't have entered unless someone opened the door."

"I don't know, Miss. She—I was taken aback as it were. I didn't ask. But I—I know nothing of this. If it is murder—"

Julie in that silent house; waiting in that shadowy French drawing room. Rue thought back to the silence of the day; the quiet and apparently empty house. She'd heard no sound of Julie's arrival. She'd heard no one moving about.

But, then, the house hadn't been empty. Had Julie had that cocktail in the French drawing room while she waited? Then, if so, who had given it to her? Only Rue and Steven were at home. Only she and Steven and—how had Alicia got there? When had she come? Who had let her into the house?

Rue said: "Gross, when did Miss Alicia arrive?"

The butler opened his mouth to speak but Alicia quickly interrupted.

"Why, really, Rue," she said, "what a question! I came to see Madge, of course. After all, Rue, this house is almost my home and has been for years. I've always come and gone as I chose. I have always been like a member of the family." Her look said, you are the interloper here: you are the stranger; your time is short. She continued in silky, cool reproof. "At any rate, Rue, this is scarcely the time and place to attempt to quarrel with me."

Steven did not appear to note what she said or what Rue had said; he was staring downward at the little heap on the rug. He said: "Can't we move her to the bed? Or—or cover her. Or wait in another room—if we can't do anything for her—"

Again a small voice in Rue spoke almost without Rue's own volition.

"You can't move her; if she was murdered—"

"You see," said Alicia to Steven, "how well-informed she is! She's trying to tell us that the body ought not to be moved until the police have come! Oh, Steven," she crossed to him suddenly, beautiful and svelte and slender with her lovely face close to Steven and her lovely hands on his arm: "Oh, Steven, I realize I ought not to have let my feelings get the better of me just now! But how could I help it! I've stood by so long, telling myself that my suspicions must have been wrong. I've told myself that over and over; I've forced myself to be as friendly as I could be with Rue. I've tried to help her. I've felt it was due my friendship to Brule and my love for you to conquer my doubts, to help so that life will go as smoothly as possible for both of you. I've made friends for Rue; I've given hints to the servants; I've tried to help Madge; I've done everything possible. Truly I have, Steven. But this—this proves how futile it's been. It's no use, Steven, I can't keep quiet any longer. How do I know that you are safe? Or Brule! Or Madge! You are my only family; the only people I love in the world. Don't you understand, Steven?"

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HOW beautiful she is, thought Rue with a kind of stab; how can any man resist her beauty? Steven, white, perplexed, was looking down into Alicia's perfect small face. He put his hand upon Alicia's hand.

"I know how you feel, dear," he said. "I suppose it's only natural to resent Crystal's place being filled. But you mustn't let your feelings—" he broke off.

Brule and Andy were in the doorway. Rue didn't know how long they'd been there, but she thought it had been long enough for them to hear Alicia's words—that or her distinct clear voice had met them on the stairway and in the hall.

"Where is she?" said Brule, and looked past Alicia and Steven and saw.

Brule would know what to do. He didn't look at Rue as he went to Julie. Andy followed him. The room was so still you could hear a faint small hissing in the old-fashioned radiators concealed below the windows. Neither Andy nor Brule spoke for a moment. Then Brule said in a preoccupied voice:

"No chance."

"She'd been drinking," said Andy.

"Yes, I know. But—I'd say a strong hypnotic; look at her eyes."

"Yes, I see."

Andy rose and his eyes sought out Rue anxiously. Brule got up too and looked deliberately at all of them but his glance when it met Rue's eyes held no special message for her. His eyes were bright and dark and preoccupied. He took off his overcoat and dropped it on a chair.

"Gross."

"Yes, sir." The butler sprang forward from the doorway.

"Get a sheet. What happened, Rue? Tell me exactly—"

"Brule," said Alicia. "It's the way Crystal—"

"Wait, Alicia, please. Tell me, Rue."

"She came to see me," said Rue. "She said she'd had a cocktail and I thought she was drunk. Julie never drank. I ordered tea and gave her some hot tea and —then she died."

"How did she die?"

Rue swallowed heavily. Her hands were pressed against her throat, though she didn't know it; her figure, slim and taut under her green wool frock, was pressed against the chair before her. "She—seemed to become unconscious; it was as if she'd been drinking a lot; she talked some—"

Brule's eyes sharpened.

"Oh, she talked?"

"Yes. Some. In a wandering way—not very sensible."

"Why had she come? Were you expecting her?"

"No. I think she came about—about Crystal. There was—she knew something. I think the police inquiry had alarmed her—"

Steven looked up quickly.

"Police?" he said. "Then Alicia was right—"

"Steven, if you'd only believe me," cried Alicia. "Brule—how can you question her like that! As if you believe—with that girl dead exactly as Crystal—"

Brule swerved around with a quick compact motion to look at Alicia.

"You are talking of my wife," he said.

IN THE little silence Alicia laughed a very small, faint laugh that managed to be unutterably scornful.

"Your wife," she said and laughed. And then as Brule turned purposefully toward the table near the bed she said sharply: "What are you going to do?"

"Get the police, of course," said Brule and took up the telephone. He knew the dial number and they listened while the dial murmured and while he spoke; Andy moved out of the way as Gross tiptoed into the room with a sheet and spread it gingerly over the little shabby heap on the rug before the fireplace. A maid—two maids were in the hall, peering with frightened faces through the doorway. They heard Brule give the address. "I think it's murder," he said. "Yes—all right. We won't touch anything."

He hung up.

And dialed again. This time for Guy Cole.

"Guy, can you come right away? Before the police get here. Yes, it's the thing I talked to you about but a—bad development. The nurse — the day nurse, I mean, who took care of Crystal, has been murdered. Here, in the house—"

They could hear Guy's exclamation and the sharp click of his telephone. Brule put down the instrument and sat for a moment looking at it; his face was as always impenetrable except that there was a tight, hard look about his jaw and his eyes were very bright. He'd been operating that day, probably, thought Rue; for he looked tired and there was about him a look of weary, but satisfied accomplishment — something almost intangible, yet to Rue's eyes obvious enough. He was planning now; sitting at the table in complete silence while his mind leaped ahead, arranged, considered; they all waited. Andy removed his overcoat quietly and put it down on a chair. Steven watched Brule. Gross hovered, his face sagged and gray, about the door. Alicia was like a fashionable statue with a face done in alabaster and jewels for eyes.

Brule said: "Go downstairs to the library. All of you. Guy will be here in a moment. He'll be present while the police question you. He won't let you make any damaging admissions; but of course you'll have to tell the truth. Exactly what happened but that's all. Don't volunteer any information. Stick to the simple facts as you know them. If Guy tells you not to answer, don't answer. Do exactly what Guy says."

"Brule, what's this about Crystal's having been murdered?" asked Steven

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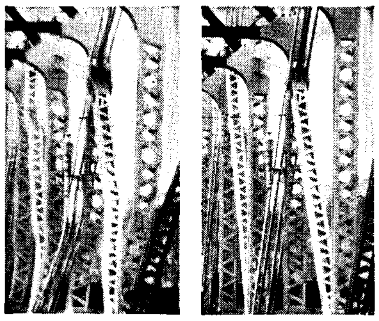

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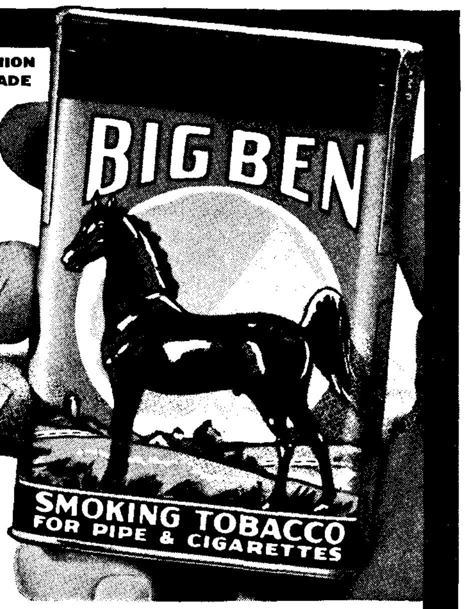

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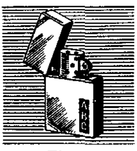
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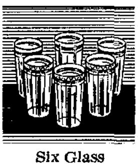
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abruptly. "Has there actually been an inquiry?"

"Yes. But I don't think the police have any direct evidence. Don't answer any questions at all about that. Now then—"

He stopped thoughtfully. Andy said slowly:

"Well, that ties it. We're in for it now. But I don't see, Brule, why you told the police it was murder. I mean, the nurse. It seems to me it could be either accident or suicide."

"The girl came here to see Rue; she'd probably been questioned by the police sometime yesterday about Crystal's death; whatever she told them the inquiry seems to have aroused her suspicions, or reminded her of something she knew and wanted to tell Rue—"

"Yes. Yes, that's what she—" Brule's glance stopped Rue; she didn't know what it meant, she only felt that something in that swift look compelled her silence. Brule went on in terse sentences:

"If she really knew anything, if Crystal was murdered, if the murderer knew Julie Garder had any knowledge of it—then Julie was stopped. Before she could tell it. It's obvious—as the police will see it."

"But—but it isn't conclusive, Brule. You know that. That's assuming that Crystal was murdered," said Andy, troubled. "That's assuming the girl actually knew something that would lead to the murderer. That's assuming that even if she knew it she would come here to tell Rue. Wouldn't she have been more likely to tell the police—"

"I said, that's as the police will certainly see the case. Call it murder then, for they will. Don't try to dodge their own certain and obvious conclusion; tell them straight off that it's murder."

Steven said slowly: "Of course Brule's right. I wouldn't have seen it myself, but I do now."

"If you please, sir." It was Gross.

"Yes, Gross?"

"I think Mr. Cole has arrived."

Brule got up swiftly, with the compact elasticity of motion that characterized him.

"Go downstairs. All of you. I'll stay here. Except—Rue, I want to talk to you."

ALICIA gave Rue a swift look and Steven put his arm about Alicia's waist and together they left the room. Rue moved uncertainly toward Brule.

"Tell me, Rue, exactly what happened. Quickly. Don't leave out anything." He paused and then said more kindly: "Don't tremble like that, Rue. But tell me. Everything. What time did she arrive? Where did she sit? Where did you sit? Above all, what did she tell you? Did she—" he glanced at the door but the others had gone. His voice lowered, however, and he put his hands on Rue's shoulders and drew her nearer him so he could look directly down into her eyes. "Did Julie know anything of Crystal's death? For you see if she did, if she told you, if you share her knowledge you—share her danger."

Rue's heart was like a bird caught in her throat. "Her—danger—" she said stiffly.

Brule's eyes were suddenly a little less hard and bright. He said:

"Don't be afraid. You are my wife and I'll try to take care of you."

She looked up into his eyes for an instant. He said: "Hurry. Tell me what Julie told you."

She told him hastily. Brule's bright, searching gaze seemed to draw from her every smallest phrase Julie had uttered as if she, Rue, were mesmerized. She told of the girl's wavering entrance; of what she had said; of how Julie had seemed confused as if she'd been drinking; of how she confused names, calling Rue Julie; of her repeated warning that memory wasn't to be trusted; of how she had said that she knew something of Crystal's murder and that Rue knew it too.

"What did she know?"

"I don't know. I can't think—it's all so horribly sudden. I don't know what it is. She thought I knew, too, but there's nothing."

"All right. You'll have to go down. Listen, Rue, and obey me. Don't tell the police what Julie said. It would be advertising your own danger. I'm being blunt with you because you've got to know. Remember Julie was almost certainly murdered because she knew too much; she was the day nurse; you were the night nurse and she was murdered on her way to you."

"You speak as if you know it was murder," cried Rue.

"There's not much doubt of it," said Brule tersely. "We'll make the most of what loopholes we can find—but there may be none. It's murder; I'm afraid there's no reasonable doubt."

HE RELINQUISHED her shoulders, strode to the window, looked down through the gathering dusk and abruptly turned toward her again.

"They're coming in. All of them. God—Well, Rue. Remember not to tell exactly what Julie said; say she seemed confused and didn't say anything that made sense; insist upon it. Do you understand?"

"I—yes. I'm to tell them nothing that she said. I'm to tell them I know nothing of Crystal's death that suggests murder."

"That's right. And listen, Rue—"

Feet were on the stairs. People and voices and movement had quite suddenly flooded the house. Brule took her hand.

"Listen. We've stood shoulder to shoulder before this. When life was the stake as it is now. We can do it again."

"Yes, Brule."

He looked at her for a second or two without speaking; then quite suddenly took her in his arms. She felt briefly the pressure of his shoulder and the hard warmth of his face against her own. Then he released her.

"All right, Rue. Go downstairs with the others. Follow Guy's lead in everything and remember what I've told you. I'll stay here and see the police."

They were in the hall when she reached it. She shrank back into the shadow beyond the stairway and watched them flood its narrow width. Gross led them into the bedroom. Men in ordinary, everyday business suits carried strange boxes and paraphernalia up the stairs. Here and there were policemen, looming huge and bulky in their blue winter uniforms with the badges and buttons on their chests winking and catching lights.

When they had flooded into the bedroom, she crept along the hall, and down the stairs. There were policemen in the hall below, too, but they didn't question her, just looked after her, their eyes all but boring into her back, as she went down the hall, past doors into the drawing rooms and reached the library.

They were all there. Alicia and Steven and Andy and Guy Cole. And Madge was there, too; still in her coat and hat as if she had just arrived from school, sobbing hysterically in Alicia's arms. And ten minutes later two policemen walked into the room and remained there, so they had to talk cautiously, aware of listening, official ears.

Madge lifted her head as Rue entered; she stared at Rue with implacable, hating eyes and wiped tears from her face with the back of her hand. Alicia had removed her coat and furs and sat erect and graceful in her suave black street gown with pearls—real pearls—at her throat.

Andy came at once to meet Rue.

"Sit here, Rue. I'll get you a drink. Guy's telling us what to do."

The police inquiry, or at least her initial experience of it as it took place then and there, that night, was like nothing Rue had ever imagined. Mainly she would not have imagined that so many men took an active part in the inquiry. Previous to that she had thought, vaguely, that a police inquiry concerning any one crime was in the hands of one police officer, designated by whatever powers there were.

Now she found that instead of one officer directing and sifting and taking entire responsibility for the inquiry, there were at least a dozen. That every department and every angle of investigation was to have its own special direct contact with suspects; that there was no opportunity actually for brilliant individual action to be publicized, for instead the whole aim of every bureau and every department was to pool whatever knowledge they rooted out. That a man who kept knowledge he discovered to himself, in the hope of a brilliant coup and personal triumph, would have been booted out of the police department in a fortnight. There was only concerted knowledge, concerted and pooled action and conclusions; concerted inquiry and effort.

"Well, Your Honor, what can I do for you?"

BEN ROTH

Hours, it seemed to Rue, passed while the police and Brule remained for the most part in the second-floor room where Julie had died. Andy and Guy Cole during the waiting made occasional scouting trips into the hall, Andy coming back with a grave face.

After a while they removed Julie's body; Andy pulled the old-fashioned sliding doors of the library together but it was so quiet in the room that they could hear the heavy tread of the men carrying the girl away. There is only one occasion in the world when the tread of men sounds just like that.

It must have been about then that the first reporters reached the house, for next morning there were pictures of the long police ambulance and a basketlike shape, dim in the flare of lights, being carried down the steps. Guy saw the reporters.

"Tell 'em we don't know yet whether it was suicide or—or what," said Andy. "Don't say any more than you can help—"

Guy looked at him rather pityingly and went away. He returned with news.

"They're going to have an autopsy done right away. Tonight. Meantime they'll question you. They can't make a definite murder charge yet. But they'll proceed as if they knew it to be murder," said Guy rather dryly. "Remember, when they question you, everything I've told you."

He had warned them and he repeated it, undeterred by the stolidly listening ears of the two policemen.

"Chances are the girl simply took an overdose of some medicine. Nurses are always prescribing for themselves. But in view of this stink they tried to raise about Crystal, you'd better be prepared. Stay on the safe side. You never know what kind of admission, no matter how innocent it is, is going to be turned around by later evidence into something —incriminating," said Guy, pausing and looking at them with large, humid blue eyes. He was a balloon of a man, short, glistening, round, with a fringe of fluffy light hair around an expanse of pink blandness and fat red cheeks. He had the round face of a baby, and the friendliest smile in his watery-looking blue eyes and was one of the finest criminal lawyers in the country. So Brule had told her and so she believed, for Brule had known Guy since they were boys in school, and they had been neighbors since Brule's marriage to Crystal, sixteen years ago.

HIS matter-of-fact way was subtly sustaining. Guy knew about these things; they happened all the time; their own special nightmare was a labyrinth whose twisting paths Guy could follow.

"I'll stay with you," he said. "Anything they ask that I think might be damaging in the event they prove the girl was murdered I'll object to. They can't force you to answer anything. Unless, of course, they get enough evidence to justify an arrest; if so, they are likely to take anybody arrested off to jail and —keep 'em there a few days while they question."

His eyes remained blue, humid, wide-open and ingenuous. The vista his words opened was inexpressibly chilling. Andy stirred restlessly, gave Rue an anxious look and said in a voice that failed to disguise that anxiety:

"You don't think they're likely to do that, do you? Right now. I mean—well, do you think there's enough evidence against anybody to justify an arrest?"

He meant against Rue, of course; everyone knew it.

Guy lighted a cigarette and said he didn't think so.

"Not unless you tell them something you haven't told me. And I wouldn't advise that, Rue."

It was like Guy to address Rue nonchalantly and directly. But it made still clearer her position of prime suspect.

"See here," said Andy, glancing at the policemen uneasily but continuing. "Does she have to tell them about—well, I mean, the tea—"

"Why not? Gross knows he brought up the tea tray; the kitchen girl knows it was ordered and prepared. Besides, the fingerprints will be on the cup and there's no other explanation for Rue's fingerprints being there and not the girl's. Julie's. But if Julie was poisoned and the poison's been in her stomach long enough to show it was given her before she arrived here Rue will be in the clear."

(To be continued next week)

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The Morning After Taking Carter's Little Liver Pills

Love Made Simple

Continued from page 18

Since the guests were married couples, talk centered on what Pete would call factors involved in an assumedly permanent relationship. That is, babies, what car to buy next year, insurance, etc. There was a feeling that Pete and Tiny might be considered staid married folk. Any day now they would go down to City Hall—or so it seemed.

And this was taken as another sign of the depth of Pete's understanding. When the time came to change, he changed: put an end to brawls, quieted down.

In his own mind, however, Pete was merely playing a game, teasing himself and his friends; the game was more elaborate *than usual, but he had the full* pattern in his mind; he knew just when he would turn the surprise.

In October, the six-months lease on his apartment—it was a principle with Pete never to lease for more than six months—would expire, and it would be just about at that time, he felt, that he and Tiny should have been all that they could be to each other.

Early in September he began to be extremely tender toward Tiny. Tiny, being not quite so smart as Pete, responded to his tenderness with a surprised happiness.

When he mentioned the fact that the lease would be up and that he was kind of tired of the place, she was glad, for she had never thought of this apartment, with its immense studio room, its cubbyhole of a bedroom, its excuse for a kitchen, as a possible home.

"You know what I think?" she said. "For the money you pay here we could get a swell apartment farther out; why, we could get four or five rooms around Edgewater Beach."

Pete shuddered. "You might as well live in Evanston," he said.

"Why not?" she responded happily, thinking of marriage. "You know, there's a place right near the Turners, Wops told me—you saw it. Remember that cute red house, the one you called the little red schoolhouse? It's for rent."

"Good Lord! Suburbanite!"

"Let me look around," Tiny offered eagerly. "And if I discover a really swell place I'll take you out to look it over."

It would be interesting, he thought, to see what Tiny's secret desire of a home was. "Okay," he said. After all, he had warned her he was opposed to the suburbs.

TINY took the next day off—she had a pretty good job modeling dresses—and went out hunting. She had an instinct for shopping. The morning she assigned to Evanston, she lunched with Wops, and tried Wilmette in the afternoon.

She could hardly wait for dinner before spreading all her notes on the table.

The little red schoolhouse was still her passion. It was close to the Turners. The rent was but little more than Pete paid for the studio—he could swing it easily. Tiny never thought of working after her marriage. True, the rooms were small; but they were cheery. There was even, she laughed, a nursery. "We could make it into a game room—if you want," she said. "I thought we might even leave the calico elephants on the walls; they're cute."

Aha. *The baby wish. He had thought* it was about time for that to turn up in Tiny.

Well, he said, small rooms depressed him, made him feel that he was imprisoned in a crate. Besides, the whole idea of the suburbs . . . why not find something around here?

So Tiny spent Saturday chasing around the near north side. All the nice places within his price were one-room-and-alcove affairs. She gave him the list, and the next day Pete investigated. He found a studio that pleased him. "It's the nuts. Fireplace the whole width of one wall—"

"But that's even more impossible than this place," she protested. "It hasn't any room at all."

Then Pete slipped her his suggestion. It fitted their problem so well that she probably would not suspect a brush-off, and the rest would follow naturally. The main thing was not to hurt her when the inevitable break came. He was very fond of her. And, after all, he had let it go *pretty far with her. Almost too far.* But he could always manage to part without hurting a woman.

"Look, I got a sort of idea," he said. "See if this would work out." First, she knew he wanted to get back to his research in the evenings, and naturally if they were together he'd never get any work done. Not her fault. He just was built that way. Had to have absolute seclusion. So, besides this studio apartment, he had seen a very cozy little place only a block away: her own lease on her place away across town was up, so she could move into the new place—it would be swell, so close to each other and all. . . .

"But for that much money we could get—" Again she had visions of a house in the suburbs, a perfectly secluded study for him on the second floor, but she didn't say anything. She began to get the idea: Pete wasn't thinking of marriage.

So they moved.

The arrangement was really ideal. All the fellows said what a wise guy Pete was. He had everything he wanted fixed just right. A cozy little woman with an apartment where he could go for dinners whenever he pleased. While for himself there was his own place, where he could stay during those inevitable hours and occasional evenings when a man simply felt the need of complete freedom. He might not do anything more than lie around reading a magazine. Or he might invite a new girl up to the place. . . .

Now, Pete felt, was the time for the second phase of the brush-off. He saw her only twice that whole week. On Sunday he watched Tiny closely. She seemed jumpy, excitable. He was going to have to be very subtle with her.

The time he let five days go by without calling her he found her very nervous. "Is anything the matter?" she said before *he had got in the door.* "*I was almost* on the point of calling you. There's nothing the matter, is there?"

He took her to the beer place, and after a few beers he bent his head over the table, watching his fingers make circles, and said, "Tiny, maybe for a while I won't—we won't be seeing each other so much. You know how it is. Sometimes I get that way. I just have to be alone."

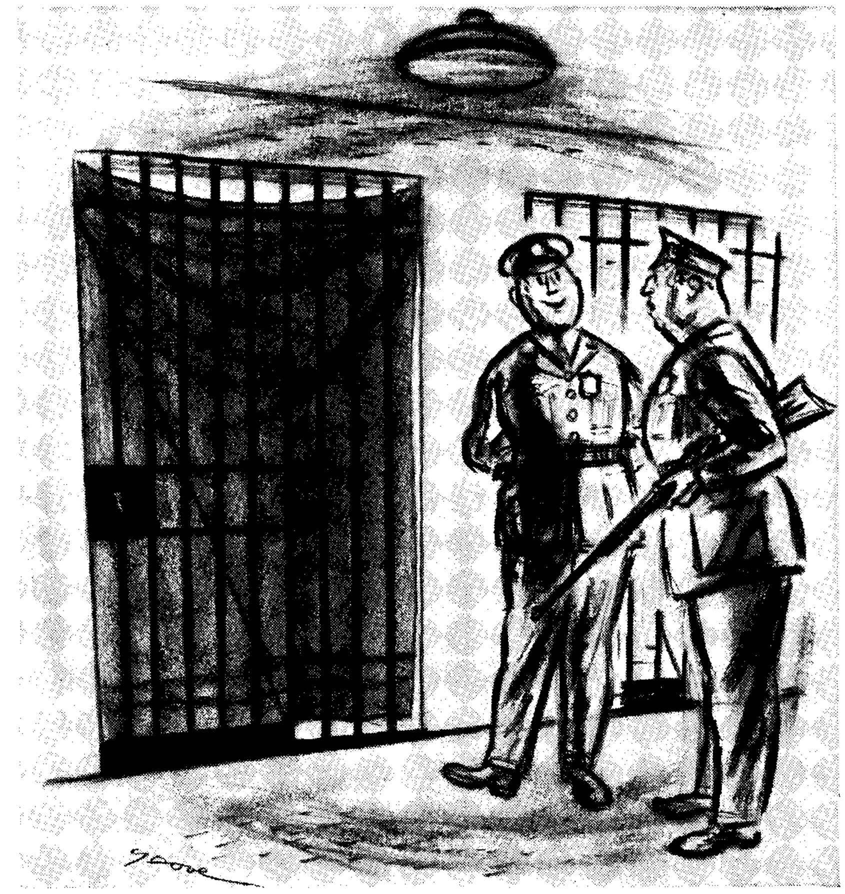
"Oh," she said. Then, "All right." And she patted his arm.

After another beer she said she was thinking of taking some evening courses in a foreign language. French would be very handy for a girl in the dress business.

"Uh-huh," he said. She was going to take it hard.

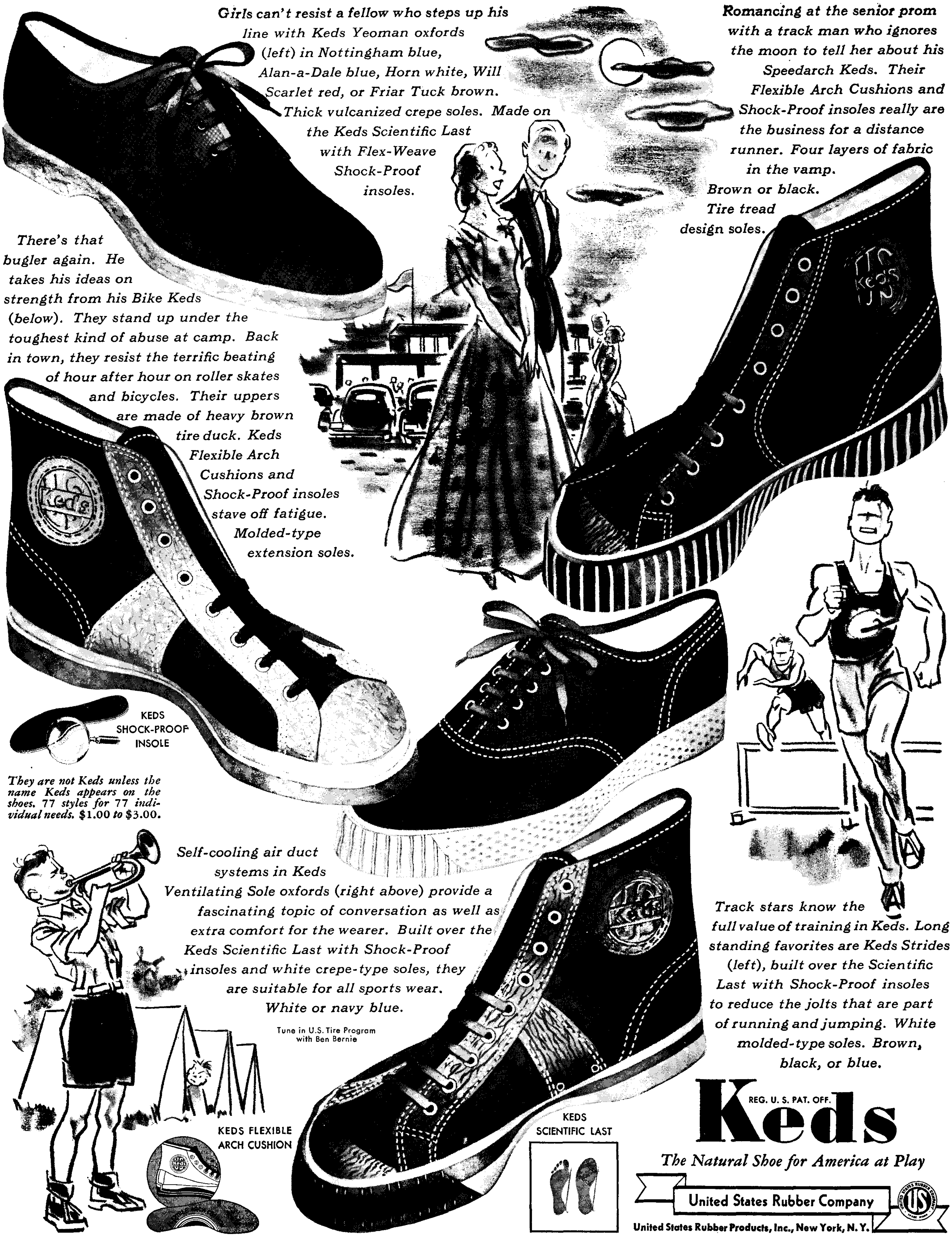
PETE gave quite a bit of thought to their relationship, and decided that this time he would have to try something strong. He had gone almost too far with her, almost beyond the breaking-off point, but for a fellow with his knowledge of human nature it could still be managed.

Just then Red Callagham came back from St. Louis. He had been there almost a year, doing a job of advertising



"He says he's building something to surprise the warden with. I hear him hammering and sawing at all hours"

LEONARD DOVE



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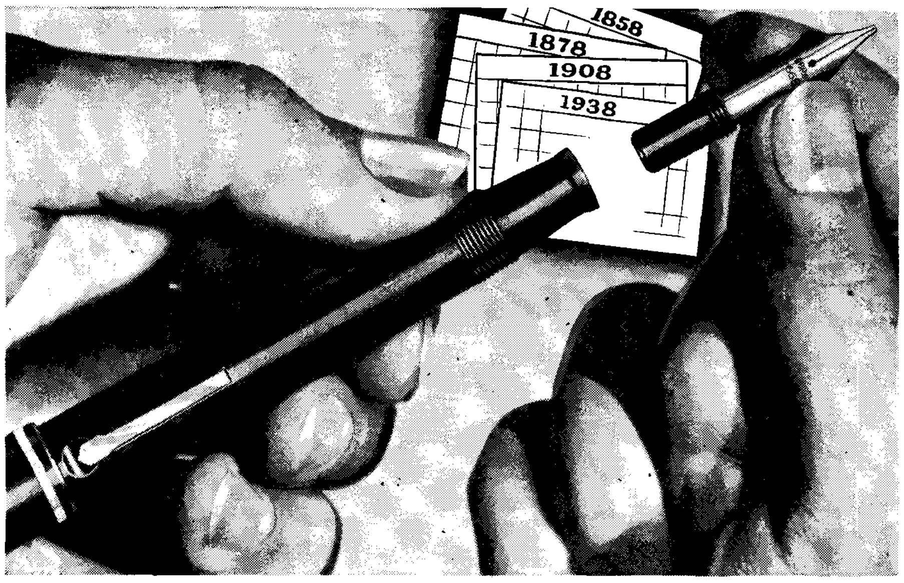

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HOW many times have you said, "I need this—or I need that—but I'll not say a word. We can't afford it."? Your folks don't suspect you of having secret longings. They believe, because you don't say much, that you are as happy as the day is long. But that isn't quite true, is it?

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for a brewery, and was he glad to get back to a white man's civilization!

"Say," Red demanded as soon as he had set down his grips, "how's your collection right now? Bring out that little blue book, Pete." He described what he wanted. You know, nothing too flashy. Wanted something real. Lord, a fellow has to grow up sometime.

"Yeah," said Pete, wisely. "What you want is a combination of a home girl and a playfellow."

"You always understood me," said Red.

Then Pete had the big idea.

"By the way, Peter," Red inquired, "who's the current lucky dame?"

"Nobody special at present," said Pete.

"Ah," said Red.

Then, thumbing through his blue book, Pete snapped his fingers.

"Say, here she is! Right according to specifications!"

"What's her name?"

"Name is Tiny."

"Tiny? Good-looking? What you call petite?"

"Petite but perfect! Sweet face, nice eyes—"

"Know her well?" Red asked.

"Oh, not so well. Say, she's a swell girl."

"Uh-huh. How come you're so generous?"

"Well," said Pete, "matter of fact, I was sort of saving her up for future reference. But since you're here—"

"Save it, save it," said Red.

Then Pete discovered that she lived right near by, only a couple of blocks.

"Oh—Pete!" she cried, and her happy surprise at seeing him was just the sort of surprise a girl might have at a call from a man she had only met once or twice, taken a fancy to, but almost given up.

Later, over beers, Red said, "Say, that was a pretty swell little number."

"You bet," said Pete. "I'm beginning to feel sorry I neglected her."

"Listen," Red said. "How about it? Engaged?"

"Nope," said Pete. "I happen to know."

"How come? A dame like that?"

"Well, you know . . . how come, a guy like you. Circumstances, m'boy. Circumstances."

Well, then Red wanted to know what about her. So Pete told him all about Tiny. It could all be summed up by the word "perfect."

"Golly," said Red. "Am I lucky or am I lucky!"

The first few times she dated Red, Tiny told Pete. He expressed his permission with a smile filled with tolerance and wisdom.

ABOUT two weeks later there was the night when Red failed to come home to sleep at Pete's. The next morning there was a wire: "Married. Rented little red schoolhouse. Thanks. Tiny and Red."

Pete, the wise guy, grinned like a cream-fed cat, as he read the wire. It had worked perfectly. He certainly knew people. Of course he had not quite thought as far as a marriage, but why not? Then, even as his face was grinning, he felt a strange sensation in his body. He felt as if all the juice had suddenly drained out of his bones.

He couldn't understand that at all, then. He couldn't imagine what the devil had happened to him.

I Did So Strike Out!

Continued from page 15

to make people believe that I was a pretty good ballplayer, but no home-run king. Folks have been kidding me all my life about that poem. There really wasn't much to get mad about, and if it hadn't been written nobody would have paid any attention to me."

The Mighty Casey got in a high dudgeon when it was suggested that perhaps he wasn't really the inspiration of Thayer's poem, after all. He snapped, "Who says I'm not?"

"Well, there's a rumor in baseball circles that King Kelly of the Boston Red Stockings was the player the author meant," the old man was told.

King Kelly was the Babe Ruth of the '80s. The blustering, swaggering Irishman was a tremendous hitter and the most picturesque athlete of his era. William Douglass Kilpatrick, a New York real-estate man who was a baseball fan in those days, insists that Kelly was the man Mr. Thayer had in mind.

No Mistake

This heresy annoys Casey no little. The hero of yesteryear scoffs: "I'm the man, and not Kelly. I can give you a dozen reasons why. In the first place, King Kelly could hit and he wouldn't have struck out. Secondly, the poem says there was a smile on Casey's face and that he lightly doffed his hat when the fans cheered. Kelly never smiled, he always scowled. And he never doffed his hat to anybody, fans or otherwise. If they cheered King, he'd probably make a face at 'em. As a matter of fact, the fans used to boo the King. He was so good he made 'em mad."

Anyway, the Mighty Casey has convinced Ford Frick, president of the National League, and Will Harridge, head of the American loop, that he is the man who struck out for the Mudville nine. They recently gave Dan belated recognition in the form of a silver lifetime pass to all ball parks. And you don't get those for spinning tall tales. Old Dan visited Frick in his Radio City offices when Casey made his first radio appearance not long ago. The National League head escorted Dan into his private suite, pointed to another oldster seated on a divan and asked: "Do you know him?"

Casey and the other vet regarded each other a moment. Then their faces lighted with mutual recognition. "Sure," said Dan. "It is Mickey Welch, and many a pitchers' battle we had when he was with the Giants years ago!"

Casey hasn't seen a ball game since he hung up his glove a half century ago. He returned to Binghamton, his birthplace, and spent a lifetime as a trolley-car conductor. "I'm not interested in the small-time baseball they have up there," he explained. "With me, it's the big leagues or nothing."

Casey has but one regret. He wishes he'd saved the bat with which he struck out. But this didn't seem especially important at the time. "If I'd saved all the bats I struck out with," he says, "I could have gone in the lumber business."

There's only one other complaint Casey has. Don't insinuate that he smote safely that memorable afternoon against Tim Keefe. For Casey didn't get to first base all afternoon. He struck out—and he wants the world to know it. Thus he thinks kindly about the man who made him immortal: Ernest Thayer.

"Ten thousand eyes were on him as he
    rubbed his hands with dirt,
Five thousand tongues applauded when
    he wiped them on his shirt—"

Brother Orchid

Continued from page 10

Sarto snorted. "Only three grand!" he said indignantly.

"That's serious sugar nowadays," said Fat Dutchy. "I'm tellin' you times is sour. Jack Buck has cornered the few grafts that still pay. He's got a mob of muzzlers that was in reform school when you was head man. You ain't nothin' to 'em but a name and a chance to earn three thousand fish."

Sarto sipped his drink. Lines of thought furrowed his face.

"I'll stay here till I figure out an angle," he announced.

"Boss," said Fat Dutchy, "I don't wanna speak outa turn, but wouldn't it be a smart play to take it on the lam for a while?"

"Where to?"

Fat Dutchy shrugged his stout shoulders.

"I wouldn't know, boss," he said. "When the heat's on—"

"Yeah, I know," cut in Sarto. "You're cooked wherever you go."

"What are you goin' to do, boss?"

"I'm goin' to hit the sheets and dream up an out," said Little John.

Dog-tired though he was, he could not get to sleep. His mind yanked him away from dreams, back to prison, to the death-house, where men were lying in the dark, as he was, trying to sleep.

They got the bulge on me, at that," he thought. "They *know* when they're goin' to get it."

He felt like a man reading his own obituary, complete but for two facts: where and when.

He knew he was safe where he was, but not for long. They'd comb all the known hide-outs. He tried to think of some friend he could trust to hide him. Name after name he considered and rejected. He had come to the ninety-sixth name and found no one he could count on when he fell asleep.

A LIGHT in his eyes and a voice in his ear jerked him awake.

A man was bending over him, smiling and saying:

"Wake up, dear. You'll be late for school."

He was a huge, soft-looking young man with a jovial freckled face. His suit was bottle-green and expensive. Sarto had never seen him before.

"Up, up, pet," he said, and waved at Sarto a big blue-black automatic.

A second man watched from the other side of the bed. He was younger and smaller than the first man, and his flour-white face was perfectly blank. Sarto did not know him either.

Sarto sat up in bed.

"Listen, fellas," he said, "if I get a break you get five grand."

"Got it on you, darling?" asked the freckled man.

"Nope. But I can dig it up inside a week."

"Sorry. We do a strictly cash business," the freckled man said.

"I'll make it ten grand," said Little John. He addressed the pallid man. "Wadda you say, bud? Ten G's."

The freckled man chuckled.

"He'd say 'no' if he could say anything," he said. "He doesn't hear, either. His eyes are good, though. His name is Harold, but we call him Dummy."

Sarto held his naked, flabby body very stiff and straight.

"Do your stuff," he said.

Dummy took his hand from his pocket. There was a pistol in it. The freckled man brushed the gun aside.

"We don't want to give this charming place a bad name," he explained to Sarto. "For Dutchy's sake."

"So that fat rat tipped you," said Sarto.

"Yes," said the freckled man. "For a modest fee. Come along, baby."

THEY were speeding through open farm country. The speedometer hit seventy-five. Sarto closed his mouth and his eyes.

"Praying?" asked the freckled man.

"Naw!"

"Better start, toots."

"I know nuttin' can help me."

"That's right," said the freckled man cheerfully. "Nothing but a miracle. But you might pray for your soul."

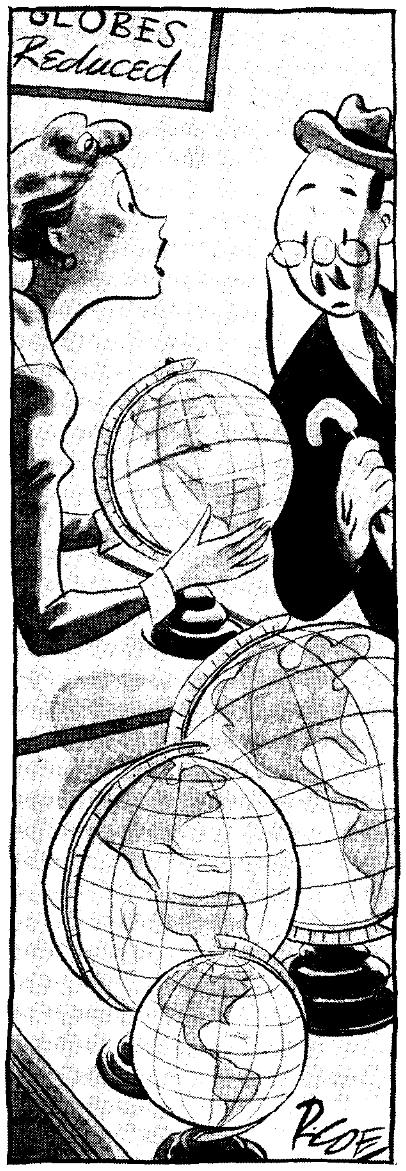
"Aw, go to hell."

They turned into a rutty, weed-grown road. As they bumped along through a tunnel of trees, suddenly, silently Little John Sarto began to pray.

"Listen! This is Little John Sarto of Chicago, Illinois, U. S. A. I know I got no right to ask any favors. I guess I got a bad rep up there. Well, I ain't goin' to try to lie away my record. Everything on the blotter is true. I don't claim I rate a break. All I say is I need one bad and I'll pay for it. I don't know how; but look me up in the big book. It ought to say that when I make a deal I never run out on it. If I'm talkin' out of turn, forget it. But I won't forget if—"

"Last stop. All out," sang out the freckled man. He halted the car by a thicket of thigh-high brush.

Sarto got out of the car. Dummy got



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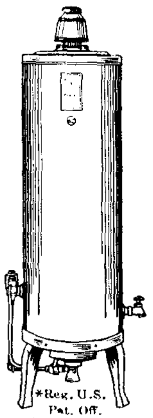

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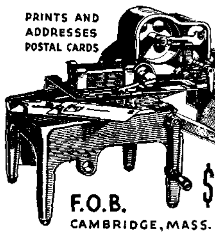

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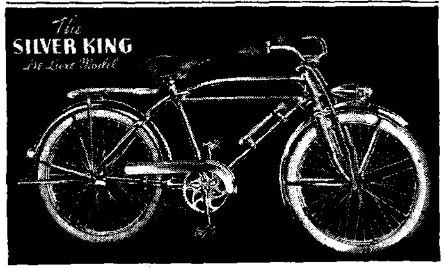

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out, too. He kept his gun against Little John's backbone.

"Goodby, now," said the freckled man, and lit a cigarette.

Dummy marched Sarto off the road and into the thicket. Abruptly, like a spotlight, the moon came out. Dummy spun Sarto around. Sarto could see his face. It held neither hate nor pity. Dummy raised his pistol. As he brought it up on a level with Sarto's forehead, the breeze whipped a straggling branch of a wild rosebush across the back of his hand, and the thorns cut a wet, red line. For part of a second Dummy dropped his eyes to his bleeding hand. Sarto wheeled and dove into the underbrush. Dummy fired three quick shots. One missed. One raked across Sarto's skull. One seared his shoulder. He staggered, but kept plunging on. Dummy darted after him. Then the moon went out.

As Sarto floundered on he could hear Dummy crashing through the brush behind him. But Dummy could not hear his quarry. Dizzy and weak, the wounded man fought his frantic way through tar-black brush. Thorns stabbed him, briers clawed. A low branch smashed him on the nose, and he reeled and nearly went down. Bending double, he churned on. Then his head hit something hard, and he dropped, stunned for a moment. He reached out an unsteady hand and felt an ivy-covered wall. No sound of pursuit came to his ears.

Painfully he dragged himself up to the top of the wall. Not a sob of breath was left in him. He straddled the wall and clung to it. Then he fainted.

IN THE monastery of the Floratines, today was like yesterday and yesterday was like a day in the ninth century when the order was founded. Neither time nor war nor the hate of kings had changed their humble habits or their simple creed. Over the door this creed was carved: "Be poor in purse, pure in heart, kind in word and deed and beautify the lives of men with flowers."

These were the words of the Blessed Edric, their founder, and, ever since his day, Floratines in every land had lived by them, harming no one, helping many, raising flowers.

When King Henry the VIII set his face against other monks he let no hostile hand be laid on the few Floratines.

"They do much good," the monarch said, "and, in sooth, they have nothing worth the taking, these Little Brothers of the Flowers."

They kept the name, and it gave rise to a custom. When a man left the world behind to enter their ranks, he left his name, too, and took the name of a flower.

In the first light of a new day they sat in their refectory, forty-four men in snuff-hued robes, most of them growing old. Their tonsured polls were brown from the sun, their faces serene from inner peace.

"Brother Geranium is late with the milk," observed Brother Tulip, eying his dry porridge.

"Perhaps the cow kicked him," suggested Brother Hollyhock.

"She wouldn't. She's fond of him," said Brother Nasturtium. "I'll go down to the dairy and see if anything has happened to him," volunteered Brother Nasturtium. But as he rose from his bench, Brother Geranium, popeyed and panting, burst into the room.

"There's a naked man lying in the petunia bed," he gasped out. "I think he's dead."

LITTLE John Sarto thought he was dead, too, when he opened his eyes in the infirmary and saw Abbot Jonquil and Brother Nasturtium at his bedside.

"I made it," he exclaimed huskily. "I beat the rap."

"Take it easy, son," said the abbot. "You've been badly hurt."

"But I ain't in hell," said Little John. Then he added, "Or if I am what are you guys doing here?"

"You're alive and in a safe place."

Sarto stared at him.

"Say, do you know who I am?" he asked.

"No."

"You musta seen my mug in the papers."

"We don't see newspapers here," the abbot said. "And we don't ask who a man is if he needs help."

Sarto touched his bandaged head.

"How long am I in for?" he inquired.

"Until you are well and strong again."

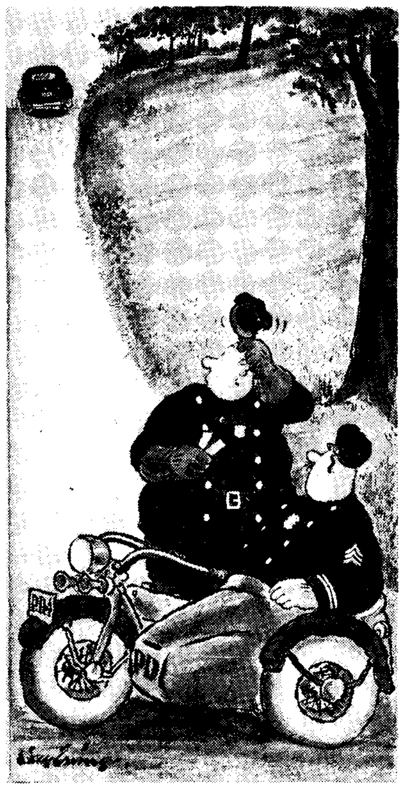
"I got no money."

"Neither have we," said the abbot. "So that makes you one of us, doesn't it?"

"That's one for the book, mister," said Little John.

"I'm Abbot Jonquil. This is Brother Nasturtium, your nurse. If you wish us to notify your friends—"

"I got no friends," grunted Little John.



"I can't figure it out . . . before I knew it, he sold me two tickets to the Policemen's Ball . . ."

JAY IRVING

"You have now," said the abbot.

"I tell you I'm broke."

"You poor fellow," said the abbot gently. "What a life you must have led!"

"I been round long enough to know you never get sumpin' for nuttin'."

"I think you have talked enough for the present," the abbot said. "Try to rest and try not to worry—about anything. You may stay here as long as you wish, as our guest."

He went to the door.

"I'll look in again this evening," the abbot said. "Meantime, if you need anything, tell Brother Nasturtium."

His sandals shuffled softly away down the stone corridor.

Sarto squinted at the bulky monk.

"Get me a slug of bourbon, Nasty," he said.

"If you don't mind, I'd rather be called Brother Nasturtium," said the other mildly.

"Whatever you say, only gimme a snort."

Brother Nasturtium brought him a glass of water.

"Try it," he said. "'Twill give you strength."

"Water?" said Sarto disdainfully.

"Look at lions and tigers," said Brother Nasturtium.

As he drank the water, Little John studied the man. He noted the dented nose, gnarled ears, lumpy knuckles and the jaw like an anvil.

"You was a fighter, wasn't you?" said Sarto.

"We don't ask questions like that," said Brother Nasturtium. "What we were, rich or poor, big or small, good or bad, does not matter here."

"That's double jake by me," said Little John. "I think I'm going to like it here."

"I hope so."

"Say, tell me sumpin', big boy. What's *your* graft?"

Brother Nasturtium's eyes twinkled.

"'Tis twenty years and more since I've heard such talk," he said. "We raise flowers and sell them in the city."

"There's good gelt in that," said Sarto. "You boys must be cuttin' up a nice profit."

"What we clear, and it isn't much, goes to the poor."

"That's a nutsy way to run a business," observed Little John.

HE CLOSED his eyes. Presently he said:

"How does a guy join up with this outfit?"

"It's fairly easy," Brother Nasturtium told him, "if a man wants to be a lay brother—"

"A which?"

"Lay brother. I'm one. They don't take holy orders. They have few religious duties, chiefly saying their prayers. They are not permitted to go outside the walls, and they must obey their superiors. The discipline is rather severe. Some men say it's like being in prison—"

"They do, do they?" said Little John.

"Except that there are no bars."

"That might make a slight difference," conceded Little John. "What are the other catches?"

"Before a man can take his first vows as a lay brother, he must be on probation for a year. That means—"

"I know about probation," said Little John. "Where do I sign?"

"You'll have to talk to the abbot."

"Shoo him in."

"Lay brothers do not shoo abbots."

"Then tell him I wanta proposition him."

"If you're in earnest about this," Brother Nasturtium said, "you might be choosing the name we are to call you."

"Just call me 'Lucky.'"

"It must be the name of a flower."

Little John thought a moment.

"I've picked my new tag," he announced.

"What is it?"

"Brother Orchid."

AT DUSK Brother Nasturtium left the sickroom to get his patient's supper.

When he had gone, Little John began to laugh. It hurt him to laugh, but he couldn't help it.

"Boy, oh, boy!" he said. "What a hideout!"

As he weeded the rose garden Brother Orchid sang softly:

"Johnny saw Frankie a-coming,
Out the back door he did scoot,
Frankie took aim with her pistol,
And the gun went rooty-toot-toot,
He was her man—"

He turned the tune deftly into "Abide with Me" as he saw Brother Nasturtium come out of the greenhouse and head toward him.

Three nights before he had taken the vows that made him a full-fledged lay brother. As he flicked a ladybug from

A letter that came the night before she graduated

Dear Daughter:

I wonder if every father is surprised to find his daughter grown up? It all seems to happen so fast. Yesterday you were a baby with very pink toes and a smile the neighbors ran in to see.

I'm glad you have kept that smile. I wish I could tell you how your mother and I really feel about you. But that would take a better writer than your dad. The best we could do was to say it with a present.

We thought a long time about this present. It had to be something as far above the ordinary as you are. And we wanted something you could use and enjoy for many years. That's why we chose a Hamilton Watch.

Your mother and I aren't very much on talk. Tomorrow, after the ceremony, we probably won't have a thing to say. But I want you to know now that we'll be as happy and proud as any two people on earth.

Yours, Dad

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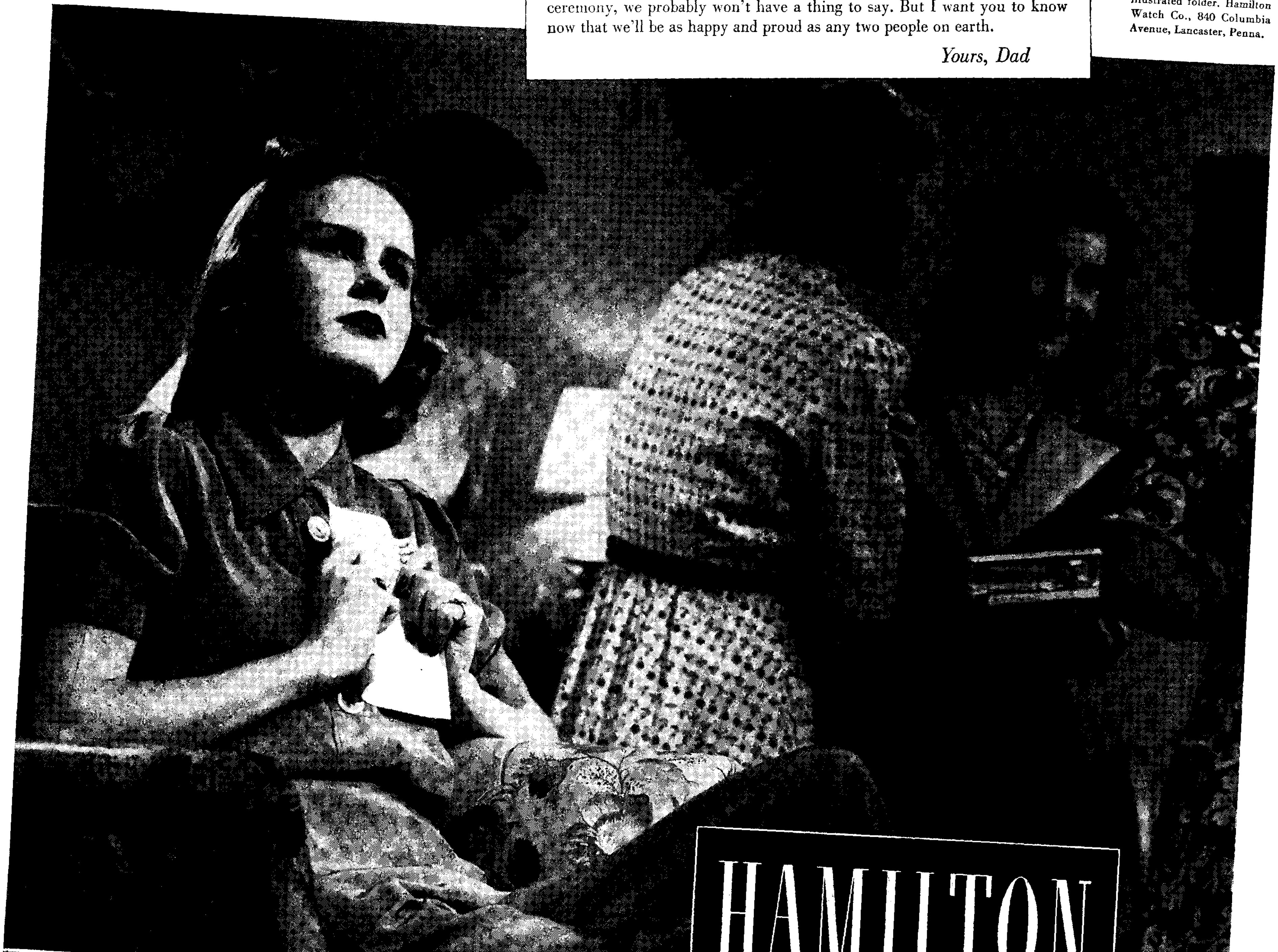

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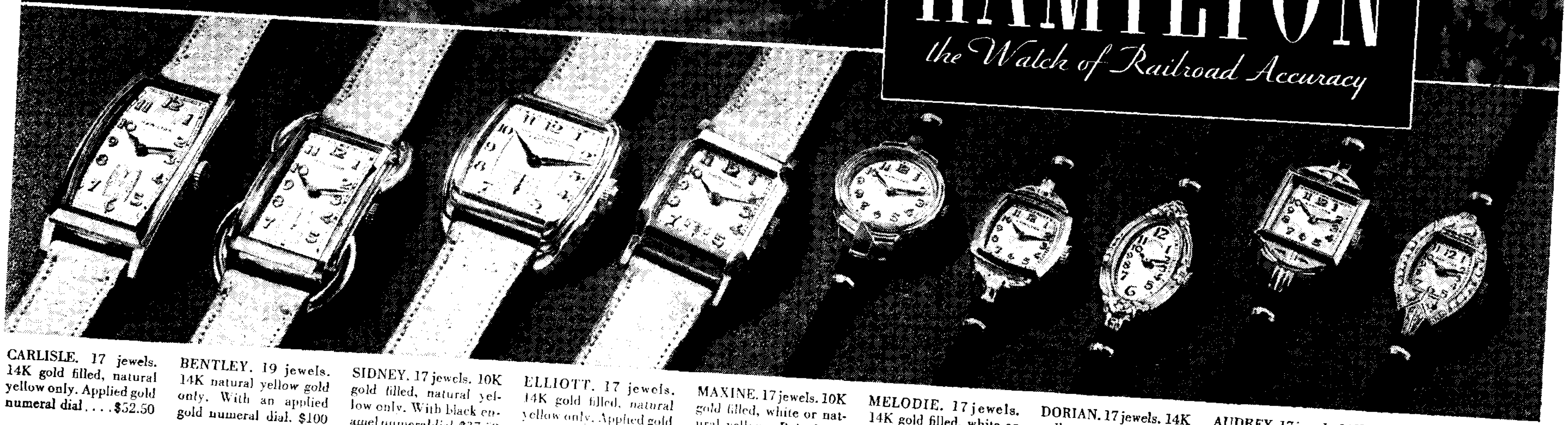

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Dad's got grimy fixing the car
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For the "Old Ranger's" radio dramas of romance and adventure in the Old West, *tune in* "Death Valley Days," N. B. C. Blue Network Fridays . . . Pacific Coast Red Network Tuesdays. See local papers for time. Pacific Coast Borax Company, New York; Los Angeles.

a leaf, he reflected that it hadn't been such a tough year. The routine didn't bother him; he was used to one far more rigid; but he was not used to men like Abbot Jonquil, Brother Nasturtium and the rest. At first he felt sure that some sly, dark purpose lay behind their kindness to him. He watched, warily, for the trap. No trap was sprung. Always they were thoughtful, patient, pleasant with him and with one another.

"Maybe I've got into a high-class whacky-house," he thought.

Whatever it was, he decided, it was perfect for his plans. There he could bide his time, snug and safe, ready to strike. He was old enough to know the wonders time can work. And he was wise enough to know that while Jack Buck reigned as czar he must remain in exile. If he ventured back to his old kingdom now, he might just as well go straight to the morgue and book a slab. But czars slip, and czars fall, sometimes suddenly in this violent world. He'd wait and be ready.

"Well, Brother Orchid, your roses are doing well," said Brother Nasturtium as he came up.

"Lay you three to one they bring more than your lilies," said Brother Orchid.

"It's a hundred to one they won't bring anything," said Brother Nasturtium, somberly. Brother Orchid looked up and saw that the face, usually so benign, was grave.

"What's the gag?" he asked.

"Our market is gone."

"How come?"

"They won't handle our flowers."

"Who won't?"

"The wholesalers. We don't belong to the association."

"Why don't we join it?"

"They won't let us. Not a flower can be sold in the city that isn't grown in their own nurseries."

"I get it," said Brother Orchid. "The old chisel. Who's the wheels in this shakedown?"

"A man named Buck is behind it, I believe. So Abbot Jonquil learned when he was in town. He tried to see this Mr. Buck to plead with him not to take away our only means of livelihood. One of Buck's ruffians kicked him downstairs."

"I suppose the abbot was sucker enough to go to the coppers," said Brother Orchid.

"He did go to the police."

"What did *they* do—slug him?"

"No. They were polite enough. But they said that so far as they knew the Floral Protective Association was a legitimate business concern."

"THE bulls still know the answers," said Brother Orchid. "And the D. A. said he'd like to do sumpin', but his hands is tied, because you gotta have evidence, and all the witnesses is scared to talk."

"You seem to know all about it."

"I seen movies," said Brother Orchid.

He weeded away, deep in thought.

"Have we got any jack in the old sock?" he asked suddenly.

"About four hundred dollars, the abbot told me."

"Peanuts," said Brother Orchid. "But enough for a couple of secondhand choppers. You and me could handle 'em. We'd need roscoes for the rest of the boys. But I know an armory that's a soft touch. You and me and Geranium and Lilac could charge out tonight, hustle a hot short, and knock it off. Once we was heeled we could move in on Buck and his gorillas and—"

"Man alive, what sort of talk is that?" demanded the scandalized Brother Nasturtium.

"Forget it, pal," said Brother Orchid. "I guess this sun has made me slap-happy. What are we goin' to do?"

"Be patient and pray."

"And eat what?"

"Heaven knows."

"Yeah, and they claim it helps guys that help themselves."

"Maybe Mr. Buck will see the light."

Brother Orchid plucked up a clump of sour grass.

"Maybe this weed'll turn into an American Beauty," he said.

He wrung the weed's neck and hurled it into his basket.

"That's the only way to treat weeds," he said.

"But is it?" said Brother Nasturtium. "Wasn't everything put into the world for some good use, if man had the sense to find out what that use is?"

"That's a lot of words," said Brother Orchid. "Weeds is weeds."

"No," said Brother Nasturtium, as he turned away, "weeds are flowers out of place."

HUNGRY after their day of work, the Little Brothers of the Flowers waited in the refectory for their abbot to come in and say grace. They tried to make light talk of events in their small world. But there was a shadow over them.

Abbot Jonquil entered, walking slowly. It came to them for the first time that he was a very old man.

"I'm afraid I have more bad news," he said. "Our funds have been taken from my safe. Of course none of us took them—"

He stopped and looked down the long table.

"Where is Brother Orchid?" he asked.

"Maybe he's in his cell, praying," said Brother Nasturtium. "Shall I fetch him?"

"Yes, please."

Brother Nasturtium came back alone. His big ruddy face was twisted with trouble.

"Maybe I was wrong about weeds," he said.

IN HIS office, Thomas Jefferson Brownlow, special prosecutor of rackets, was talking to the press. The reporters liked him. He was so earnest and so green.

"Same old story, boys," he said. "All I can tell you is that men are selfish animals, and that's not news. I know Buck is back of all these new rackets. So do you. But I can't prove it in a court of law. The men who can simply will not go before the grand jury and tell their stories. They put their skins before their civic duty. I'm not blaming them. But the fact remains I can't force them to testify. They're not afraid of *me*. I wish they were. *That's all today, gentlemen.*"

The reporters filed out. Brownlow bent morosely over the indictment of a jobless man who had stolen a peck of potatoes.

Swerling, his assistant, bustled in. He was excited.

"Chief," he said, "they're back."

"Who?"

"Those florists and laundrymen and fruit peddlers. And they're ready to talk."

"The devil you say!"

"Better grab 'em while they're hot, Chief," urged Swerling.

"But what's got into 'em?"

"You have me there."

"It doesn't matter," said Brownlow, "if they'll talk. Send 'em in and lock all the doors."

Once they started to talk Thomas Jefferson Brownlow had a hard job to stop them. The Grand Jury was back before its seats in the box had cooled off, and shortly thereafter Jack Buck and three of his top aides were passengers on a special train that would not stop till it had carried them to a station near a big, gray gate. Most of his lesser lieutenants also took trips, accompanied by large, official-looking men, who returned alone. A few escaped, some by taking to their heels, others by wriggling through loopholes in the law.

Mr. Brownlow was walking toward his office, debating whether he should run for governor or the Senate, when he bumped into Mr. Chris Poppadoppalous, emerging from the room where witnesses are paid their fees. Mr. Poppadoppalous beamed, bowed, and handed Mr. Brownlow a large box.

"Gardenias," he said. "I brink dem for you."

"Thanks," said Brownlow. "And there's one more thing you can do for me."

"Anythink," said Mr. Poppadoppalous, with another bow.

"One day you boys were afraid to talk. The next day you talked. Why?"

"We were afraid not to," said Mr. Poppadoppalous.

"Afraid of me?" asked Brownlow, rather pleased.

Mr. Poppadoppalous tittered apologetically.

"Oh, no, sir," he said. "You're a nice mans. You don't say, 'Talk, you Greek So-and-so, or I'll tear out your heart and eat it before your eyes.' "

"Did somebody say that to you?"

"Yes, sir. To all us boys."

"Who?"

"The little fellow," said Mr. Poppadoppalous, and bowed, and scurried away.

FROM his hotel window Little John Sarto looked out over the lighted city spread at his feet. Somebody knocked on his door.

"Come in," said Sarto.

The freckled young man came in. He had on a new suit, moss-green this time, and he was still jovial.

"Hello, sweetheart," he said.

"Hello, Eddie," said Sarto.

"You know why I'm here."

"Sure," said Sarto. "Have a drink?"

"Why not?" said Eddie, and poured out a drink from a bottle of bourbon on the table. Sarto took one, too.

"Nice going, boss," said Eddie, raising his glass. "We'll run this town right."

"We?"

"You will, I mean," said Eddie. "I'll be glad to work under a man with your brains. Poor Jack didn't have many. Nerve, yes. But he never looked ahead. You do. Well, what do you say, boss? Dummy and some of the boys are waiting downstairs for the answer. They're solid for you, boss. Anything you say goes."

Sarto didn't say anything. He went to the window and looked out over the city.

"Of course, things are rather ragged right now," said Eddie. "We'll have to take it slow and easy for a while. But the boys are counting on you to work out some nice, new, juicy angles. The town's yours."

"I don't want it," said Little John.

"What do you mean?" Eddie was not jovial now.

"I got other plans."

"You can't run out on us."

"I'm walking out," said Sarto. "Right now."

"The boys won't like that."

"I'm doing what *I* like."

"That's always expensive," said Eddie.

"I know all about that."

Eddie shrugged his shoulders.

"Okay," he said, and sauntered out of the room.

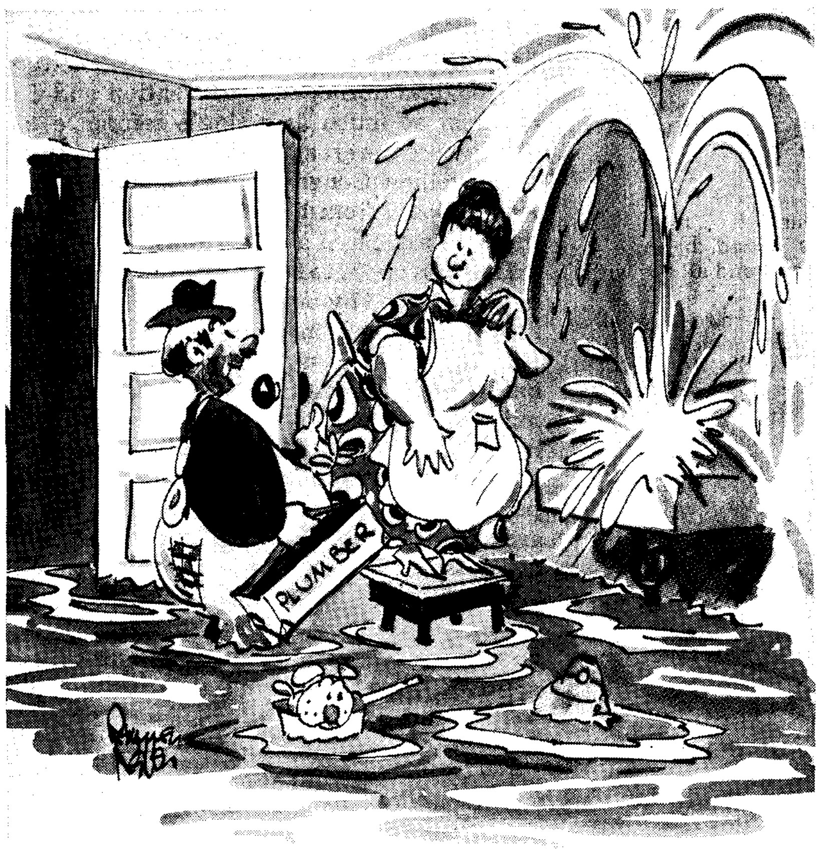
Hurriedly, Little John Sarto began to strip off his loud, plaid suit.

"I'M RIGHT," said the warden to the chaplain, laying down the morning paper. "You say all men have some good in them. I say some men are all bad and nothing can change them. Take this fellow, Sarto. Last night in Chicago, as he was getting on a bus, he was filled full of lead."

"That hardly proves your point." The chaplain smiled. "Bullets are very democratic. They'll kill good men as well as bad, you know."

"There was nothing good about Sarto. Just listen to this: 'The police say Sarto plotted to return to power in the underworld. They are at a loss to explain why, at the time of his death, he was disguised as a monk.' Why, the scheming wolf! Whether there's any good whatsoever in such a man, I leave it to you to judge."

"He does sound pretty bad, I grant you," the chaplain said. "But, even so, I hate to condemn him or any man. I might be reversed by a higher Judge."



"Ain't it funny, lady—in Central Park that would be considered beautiful"

REAMER KELLER

Mr. Stewart, now ...he st-st-stutters

Some folks you gotta learn to like, but not Mr. Stewart. He stutters terrible, but nobody notices much, because they like him.

The first time he came in my station, I tipped him off to our oil.

"Everybody has to do a lot o' stop-and-go drivin' these days," I started in, "an' that means they need a special oil."

"B-B-B-But . . ." says Mr. Stewart.

"When you stop and let your engine cool off," I hurried on, "your oil drains down off the movin' parts, leavin' 'em practically dry."

"B-B-B-But . . ." says Mr. Stewart.

I interrupted him: "And when you START you oughtn't to have to WAIT to have your oil get moving. It oughta FLOW faster'n greased lightnin'."

"B-B-B-But . . ." says Mr. Stewart.

"Yessir," I cut in, "and only a quarter for a quart, too. Ain't that something!"

"B-B-B-But..." says Mr. Stewart, laughing at me, "I-I b-b-been using G-Golden Shell for s-six months."

So I laugh, too.

Sincerely,

Your Shell Dealer

P.S. Believe me, after this I'm going to give the customer a chance to talk a little.

COLLIER'S

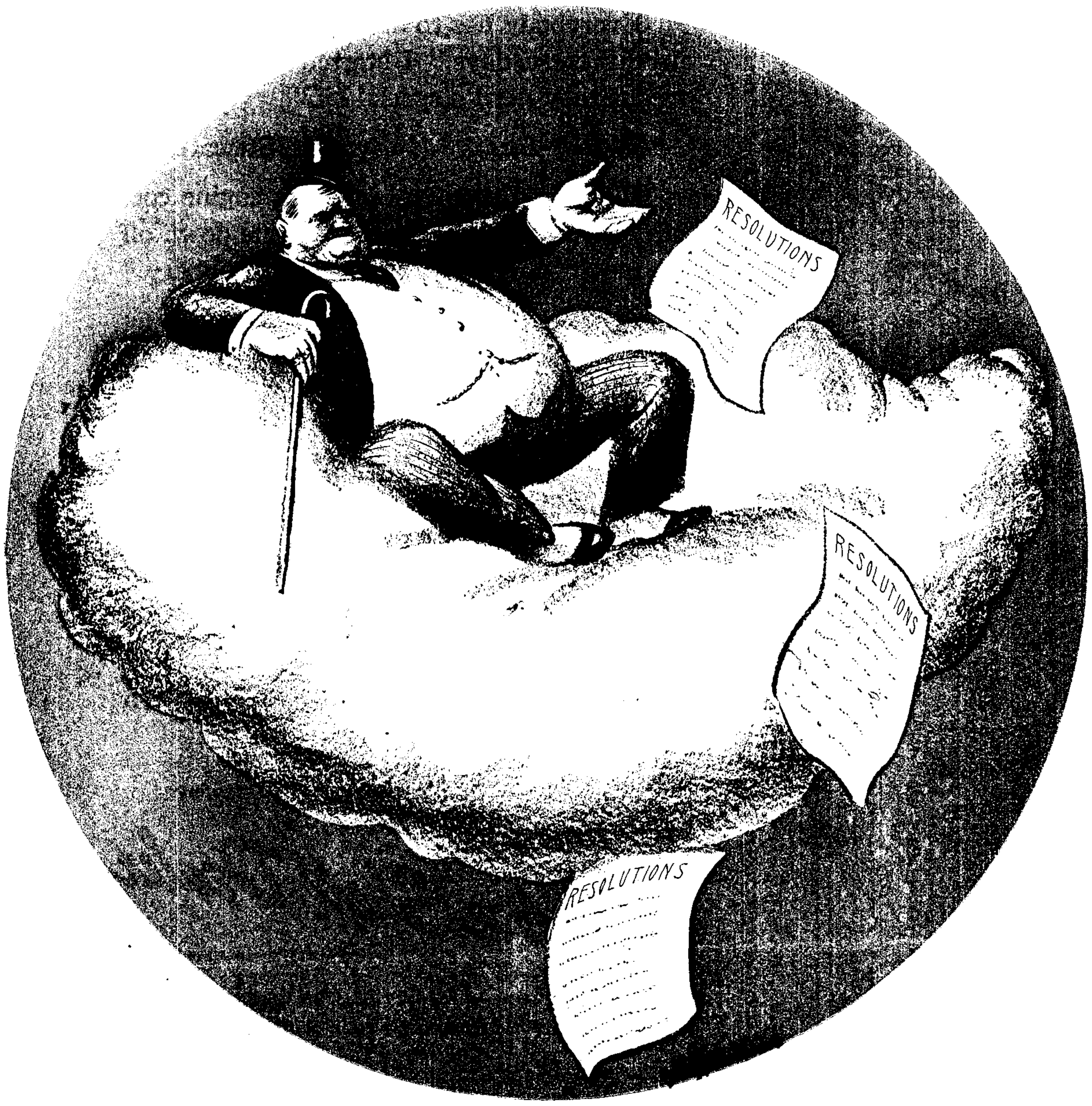
The Powerless Rich

ONCE upon a time there was a "drive" for funds to finance a certain charity, and I was an unimportant member of the committee. The important members, who finally had to make up the deficit and were, in fact, drafted by the committee for that express purpose, were two partners of a Wall Street banking house. The executive secretary, an ambitious young lawyer, confessed to me that he had left his small practice and volunteered his services because he thought it would be an advantage to meet and mingle with these rich committeemen. "Such contacts are bound to be valuable," he said.

When the campaign was over he dropped into my office and remarked that he was now going to use his "contacts." He said: "These bankers have seen my work; they will get me placed somewhere." I answered: "You are now about to make a very disappointing discovery. You are going to discover that the rich have no power. You have read about the far-flung interests, and how a little group of men run hundreds of corporations. Well, you will discover presently that this is largely bunk. The financial tycoons may have their fingers on millions or billions of assets, but there is one thing they can't do: they can't get a man a $5,000-a-year job."

He laughed at me and went his way. Some weeks later he returned crestfallen. The bankers had given him letters to the presidents of a dozen corporations that they were popularly believed to control. The presidents had passed him down the line to the personnel managers, and the personnel managers had taken his name and references and politely bowed him out the back door. After five or six such experiences he lost his patience, and in the office of one president burst out: "I am being given a run-around; I *must* have a job; your Wall Street bankers *want* me to have a job." To which the tough president, who had come up from the mill, remarked bluntly: "It is a fact that the men you name are the bankers of this outfit, but *I* am running it. If you don't think that is a true statement of the case, go back and ask them."

The young man did go back. He sought out one of the bankers and complained that the president of this supposedly controlled company had been discourteous. The banker shook his head and made a gesture of helplessness. "Jack is right," he said. "He's the most efficient operator in his line in America. He is running that business. If we were ever to try to give him any instructions he would tell us to go to hell and put on his hat and walk out. Then where would we be?"



Of course, this incident, while strictly true, does not tell the whole story. A few very rich men *have* held and exercised tremendous power over the financial affairs of our corporations, railroads and banks. They have enjoyed altogether too much freedom in the handling of the savings of the people; they have been clothed with too much authority over the production of the country and the welfare of the workers. Time was, a generation ago, when such men could and did translate their wealth into political influence. They controlled legislatures; their personal friends and representatives sat in the United States Senate. It was considered politically dangerous to oppose them; they were supposed to hold the lives of politicians in the palms of their hands.

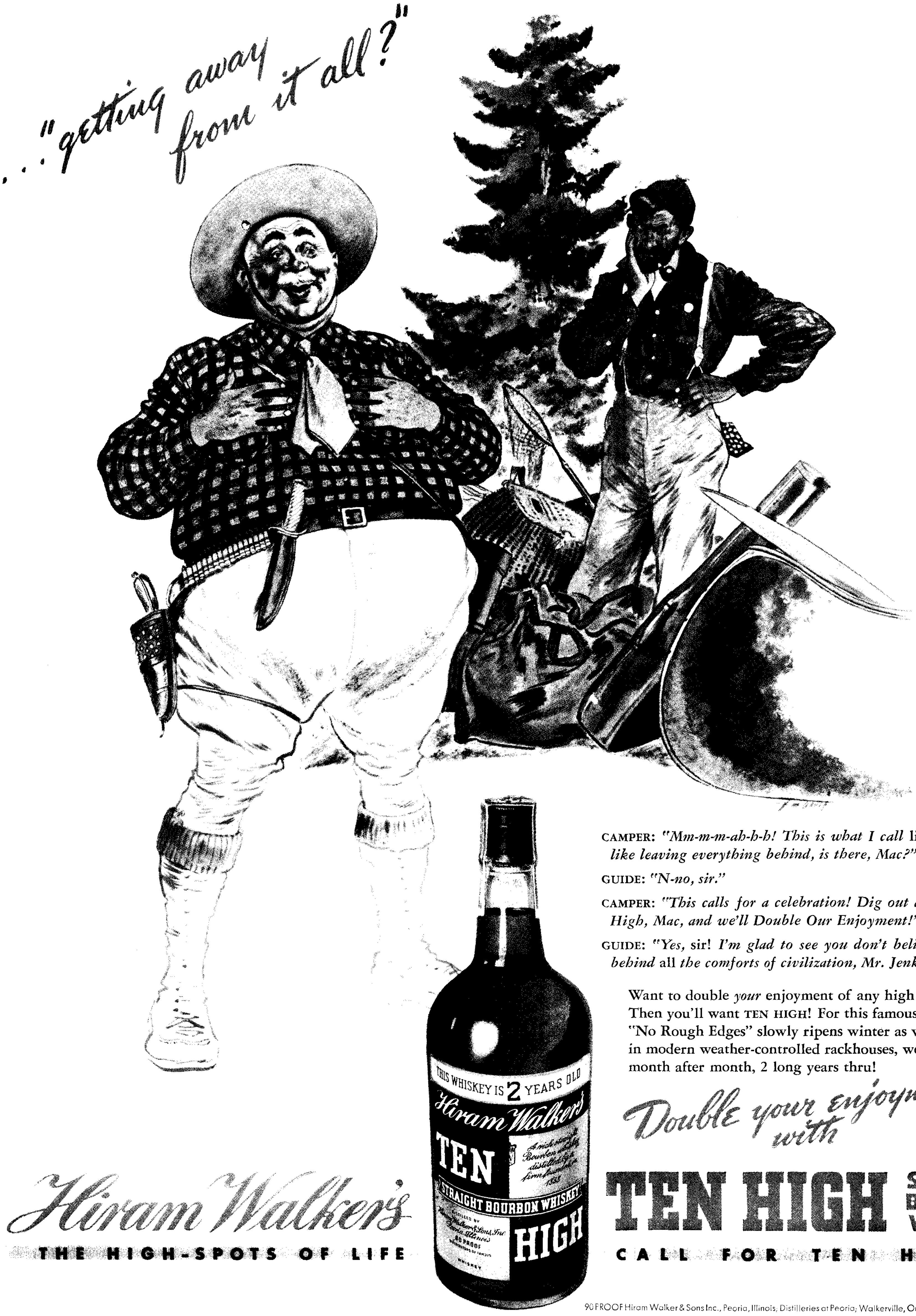
But away back in the early years of this century something surprising happened. There arose in New York State a young man named Theodore Roosevelt, and in Wisconsin another named Bob LaFollette. These two courageous and somewhat demagogic young fellows made a frontal attack on the citadel of Privilege. They stormed the heights of entrenched wealth. They defied the power of the interests. And what happened? Were they routed and crushed? By no means. The walls crumbled, the Janizaries promptly surrendered, the feudal lords meekly laid down their arms. The political power of great wealth proved to be only an empty myth. The rich started to run before the advancing crusaders, and politically they have been on the run ever since.

Some months ago there was held in New York a convention of the most important corporation officials in America. These men spent a lot of time preparing their program and resolutions. They met and made speeches that were widely publicized by the press. It happened that I was in and around the cloakrooms of Congress during that convention and I did not hear so much as a single reference to it. There were the great interests in session in New York, telling Congress what should be done. And nobody, from the biggest congressman to the smallest, cared a straw.

Business *ought* to have more influence in government. And by business I do not mean a few rich stockholders in Chicago and New York; I mean the hundreds of thousands of butchers, bakers and candlestick makers, and the tens of millions of thrifty folks who have saved a little money and put it into corporation securities. This vast, voiceless middle class could be very powerful. If one business leader in each congressional district were to organize the small businessmen and the little security owners of the district, he would have an influence that congressmen and senators would respect. But no business leader wants to work that way.

Nevertheless, the shouting and the tumult continue. Young politicians, seeking election, stand up and cry aloud their defiance of the interests, and by so doing make themselves heroes and get elected. But don't worry. They are risking nothing; they will not get hurt. Next to a friendly game of checkers at home, defying big business is the safest sport in the world.

BRUCE BARTON


. . . "getting away from it all?"
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HIGH
90 PROOF

CAMPER: *"Mm-m-m-ah-h-h! This is what I call* living! *Nothing like leaving everything behind, is there, Mac?"*

GUIDE: *"N-no, sir."*

CAMPER: *"This calls for a celebration! Dig out a bottle of Ten High, Mac, and we'll Double Our Enjoyment!"*

GUIDE: *"Yes,* sir! *I'm glad to see you don't believe in leaving behind* all *the comforts of civilization, Mr. Jenks!"*

Want to double *your* enjoyment of any high spot occasion? Then you'll want TEN HIGH! For this famous bourbon with "No Rough Edges" slowly ripens winter as well as summer in modern weather-controlled rackhouses, week after week, month after month, 2 long years thru!

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